Runway Report: The Luxe Life and Beyond

Dana Giacchetto: How He Fell From the (Movie) Stars

Manhattan Tea Party: The City's Best Spots to Sip

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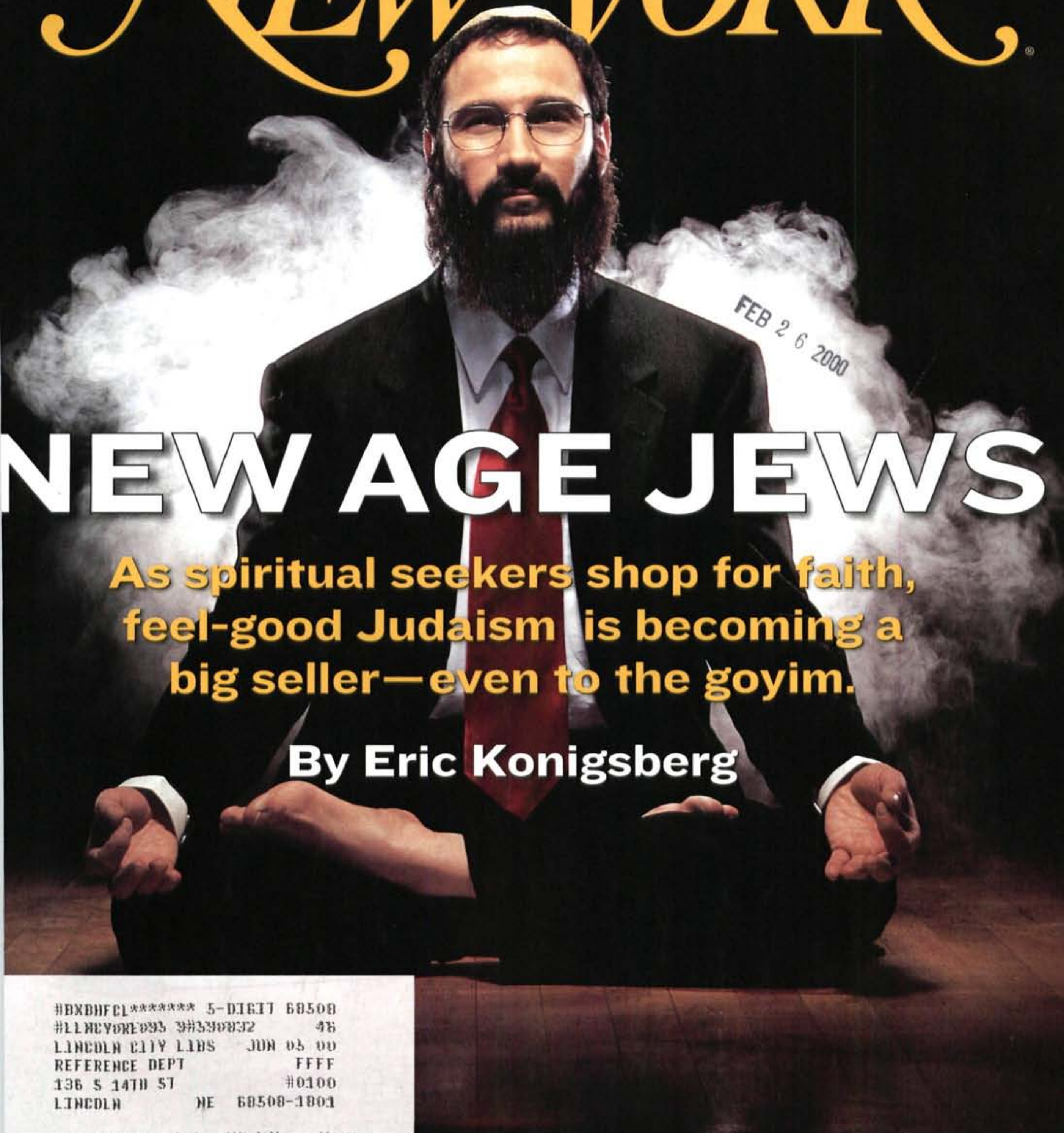

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NEW AGE JEWS

As spiritual seekers shop for faith, feel-good Judaism is becoming a big seller—even to the goyim.

By Eric Konigsberg

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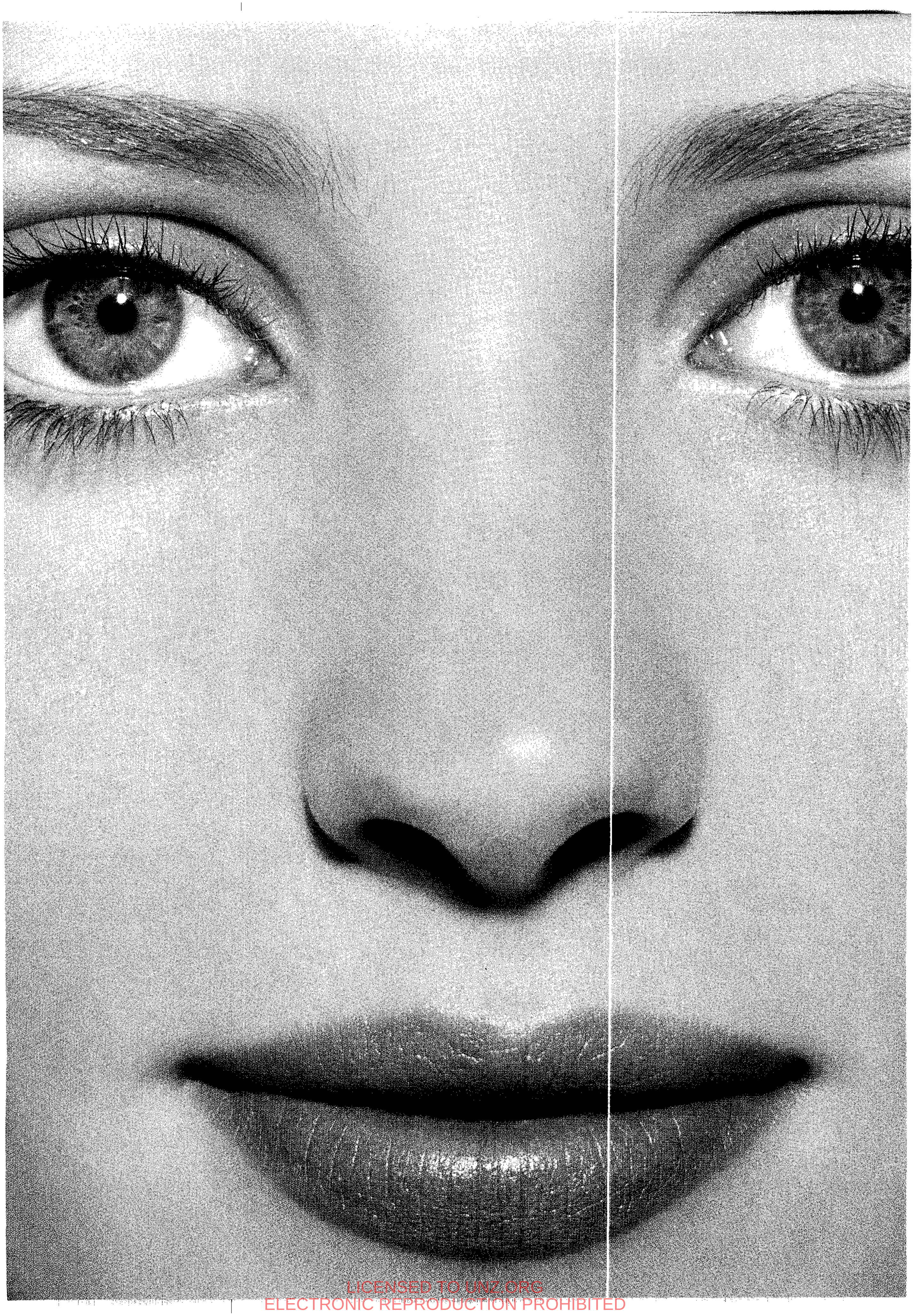

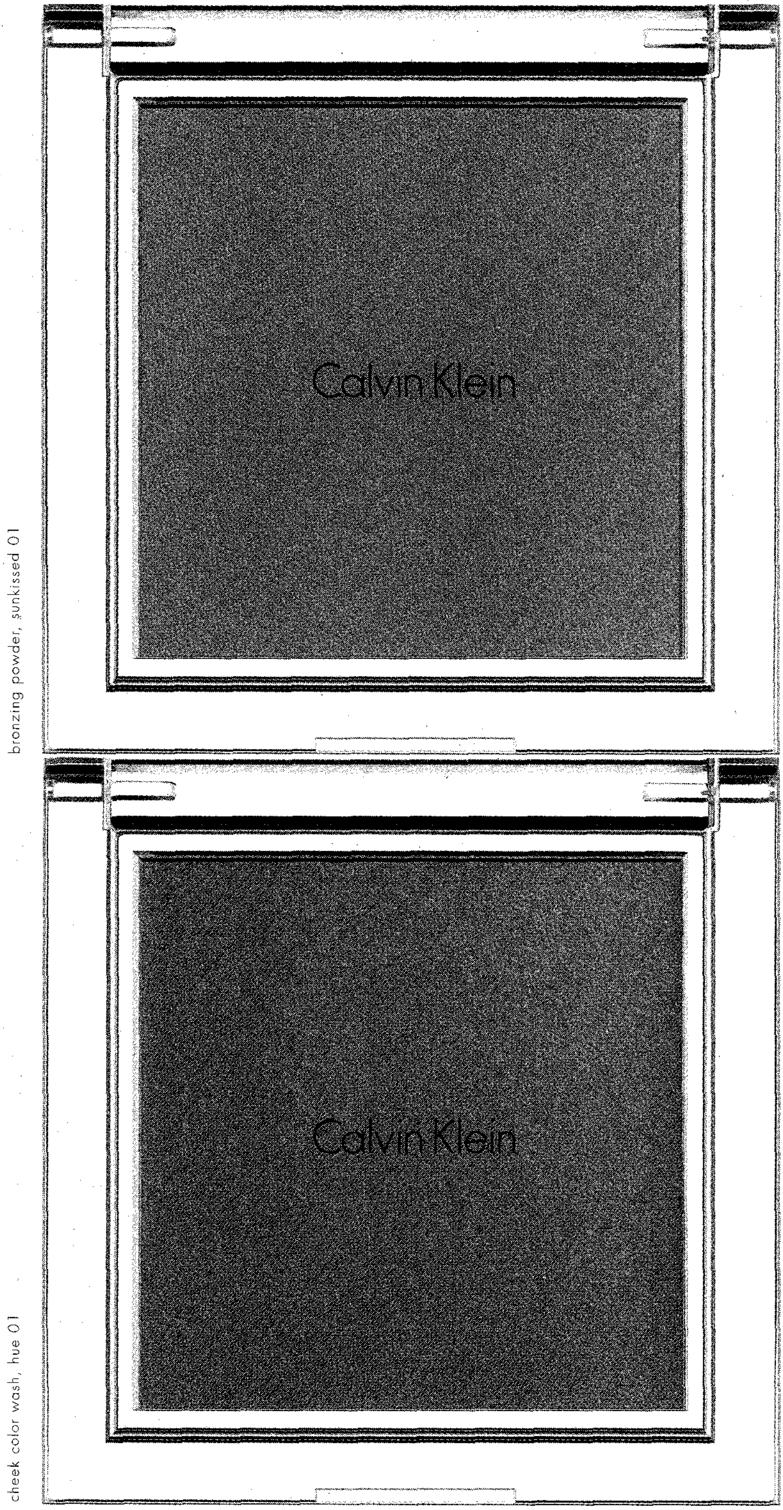
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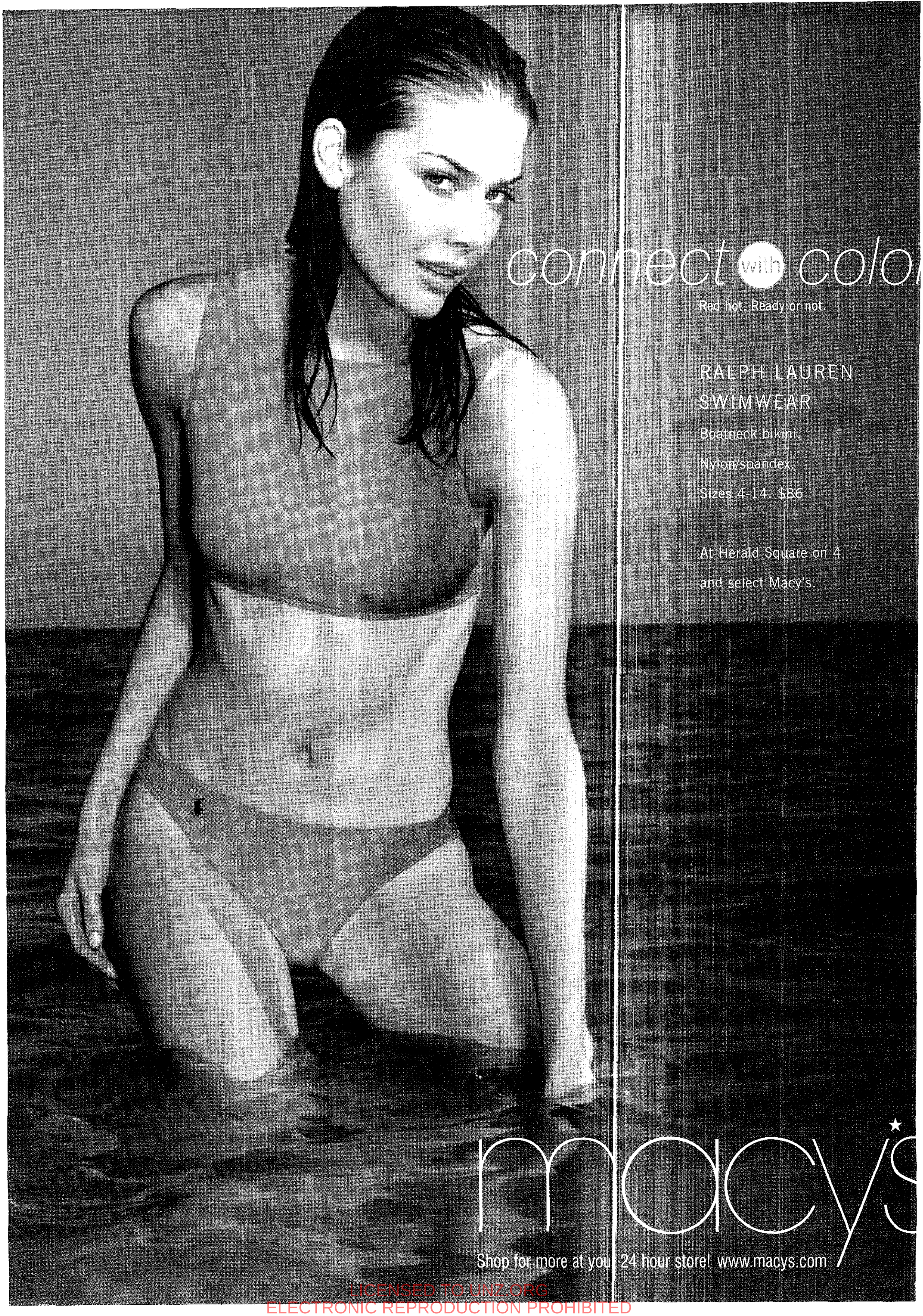
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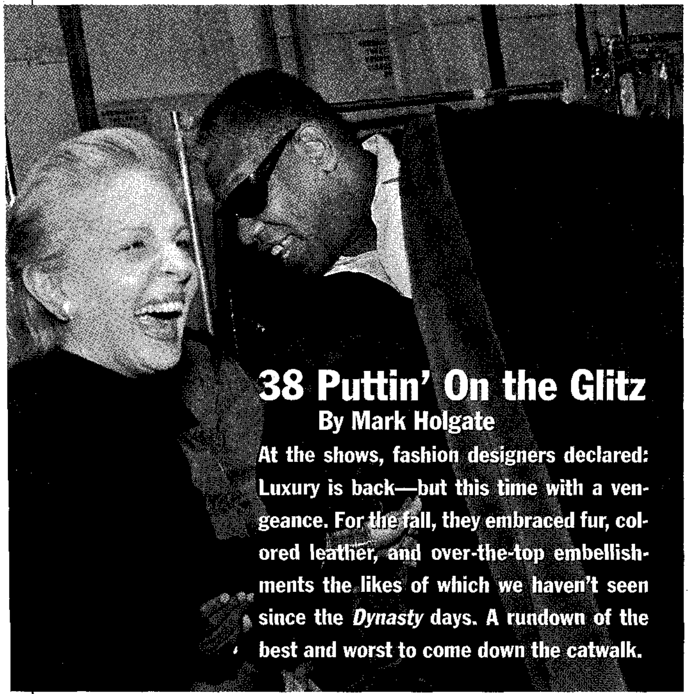

38 Puttin' On the Glitz

By Mark Holgate

At the shows, fashion designers declared: Luxury is back—but this time with a vengeance. For the fall, they embraced fur, colored leather, and over-the-top embellishments the likes of which we haven't seen since the *Dynasty* days. A rundown of the best and worst to come down the catwalk.

24 Apocalypse, Nu?

By Eric Konigsberg

From Hollywood to the Upper West Side, practitioners of what might be called roll-your-own Judaism are filling lecture halls and book-signing parties in pursuit of everything from Kabbalah to "kosher sex" to crossover Hinduism. Joining the wondering Jews are curious Christians, Muslims, and other seekers of the lite—including the likes of Madonna, Michael Jackson, and Deepak Chopra. Rabbi Shmuley Boteach sees it as the dawning of a Jewish millennium; others say it's the worst blow to American Jewry since the McDonald's bagel.

32 Winging It

By Kevin Gray with Nikki Finke

Calling himself an artist who served artists, high-living funds manager Dana Giacchetto was known as much for the cockatoo perched on his shoulder as for the young stars who placed their money with him, including Ed Burns, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Matt Damon. Until, that is, they tired of his name-dropping and began to wonder where their assets were going. Now many of his A-list pals are gone, the SEC is looking over his shoulder, and he's suing his former partners. In an interview with *New York,* Giacchetto takes on his critics.

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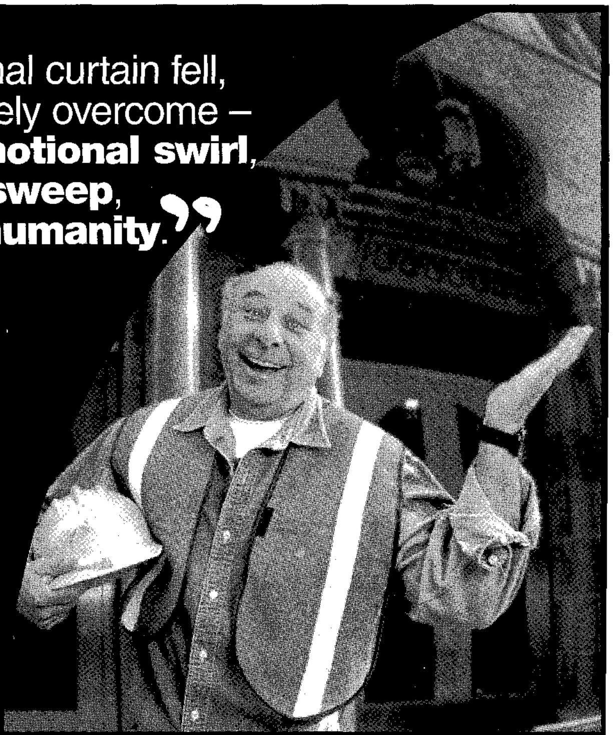

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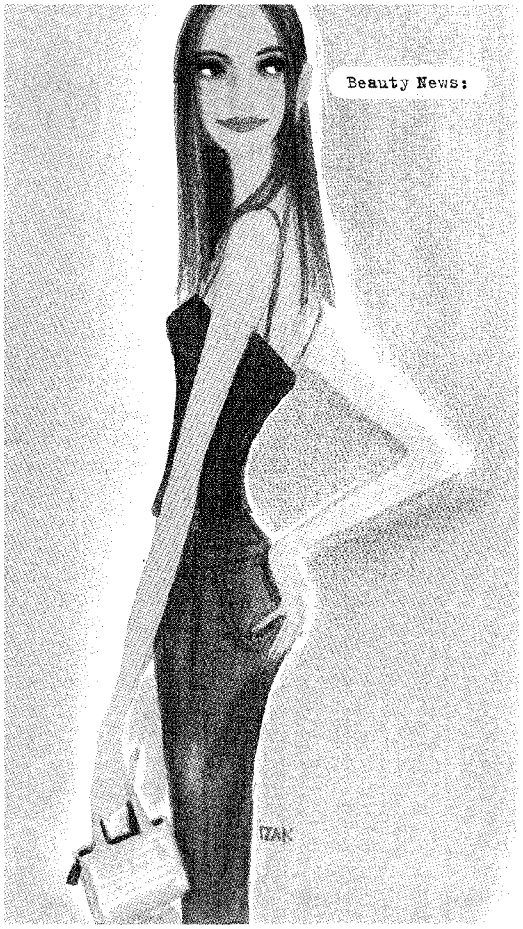

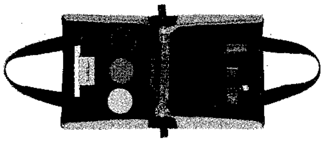

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The Cancer Killers

More government funding is needed before hopes for a vaccine can become reality; no cure is ever truly "global"; why doctors are afraid to prescribe pain medication.

ON JANUARY 31, 2000, MY GRANDmother died of ovarian cancer. Coincidentally, that evening I received your magazine, which proclaimed on the cover that "We are going to see a global conquering of cancer in five to ten years" ["Winning the Cancer War," by Craig Horowitz, February 7]. I would like to extend a heartfelt thank-you to all who contributed to the article, including the doctors who were interviewed, for creating a piece that explained how far we've come and where the current research is headed, giving us hope that a cancer-free future may be on the horizon.

Lisa Dane
MANHATTAN

THIS STORY PAINTS A HOPEFUL PICTURE OF an America where cancer is prevented by a vaccine and controlled gene therapy. But how will we make these hopes a reality? With half a million Americans still dying of cancer every year, we cannot be complacent, assuming that patient trials, therapies, and vaccines will just come. There is still a great deal of work to be done, and a cure found in five years rather than ten saves millions of lives. We must demand that our federal government step up cancer-research funding. Currently, just one penny out of every $10 in tax revenue goes to cancer research. Presidential candidates, can you hear us?

Sidney Kimmel
Chairman, Jones Apparel Group
Chairman, Sidney Kimmel Foundation for Cancer Research
MANHATTAN

CRAIG HOROWITZ'S ARTICLE IS THE LATEST in a long series of articles making promises that we physicians cannot keep. I shudder whenever I see World War III–size headlines—such as those on the cover of your February 7 issue. Development of a cure for any disease does not mean that the disease is then conquered. Pneumonia has been curable for decades, but it is still the fourth-most-common cause of death in this country. Why? Because other medical problems gang up on elderly patients, and pneumonia is merely the final insult. Another readily curable disease, amoebic dysentery, is a leading cause of death in children worldwide. Why? Because the squalid conditions that cause it are ubiquitous in many countries and the drugs that treat it are not. It is irresponsible of Dr. Carlos Cordon-Cardo to predict "global conquering of cancer in five to ten years" because even if everything predicted in Horowitz's article comes to pass in this country, none of those wonderful innovations will be available globally for decades, if ever. Even in the U.S., for the foreseeable future, cancer will still be the final illness for most people who don't die of pneumonia first.

Joseph S. Eastern, M.D.
BELLEVILLE, N.J

SURELY YOU MEANT WELL WITH YOUR DRAmatic cover touting "a global conquering of cancer in five to ten years," but aren't you jumping on the same bandwagon as the dreadful commercial that showed a superimposed Christopher Reeve walking? It's one thing to cover these promising medical developments, but to use your cover to brazenly shout that the insidious disease will be conquered in a decade is hardly comforting to those people currently afflicted who are lucky if they see the dawning of a new day, never mind a new era.

Lesley Abravanel
MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

I AGREE FULLY WITH DR. BERT VOGELSTEIN when he says his money is on prevention of cancer. Did you know that the only National Cancer Institute cancer center that is completely devoted to prevention is located in New York? The American Health Foundation has recently been in the news with its tobacco research, but we have vigorous programs in molecular biology, cell biology, and prevention in clinical trials as well.

Dan Nixon, M.D.
President, American Health Foundation
MANHATTAN

Hurt's No Good

HOW OFTEN HAVE I HEARD DOCTORS CITE fear of falls or addiction when defending their refusal to prescribe opiates to geriatric patients ["Pain Killers," by Elizabeth DeVita, February 7]? Their actual fear, upon which their decision is based, is of government scrutiny. As a result, many patients sustaining traumatic injury or surgery never regain pre-morbid functioning and instead live with protracted pain. It is surreal to see a patient provided with a Demerol pump for two days subsequent to surgery and upon discharge advised to take over-the-counter medications such as Advil or Tylenol, even though it would be far more humane to prescribe oral opiates and reduce the dosage over time. Courageous practitioners such as Dr. Russell Portenoy realize that patients in moderate-to-severe pain rarely become dependent. These patients do not get high, as do recreational users, and are far more productive and suffer less depression and dysthemia than those treated by the spineless and self-serving.

Deborah Kent
Fellow, American Academy of Pain Management
MANHATTAN

NEW YORK UNCOVERED AN AREA OF MEDIcine often overlooked by both the media and the medical community itself. Your article, however, stated that Dr. Portenoy is "one of only four doctors whose primary specialty is the treatment of pain." The Orthopaedic Institute at the Hospital for Joint Diseases houses a Comprehensive Pain Treatment Center with four specialists. The center's director, Dr. Marco Pappagallo, holds the patent for the therapeutic methods of capsaicin and capsaicin analogues mentioned in your article as one of "the more popular new agents being tested."

John N. Kastanis
President and CEO, Hospital for Joint Diseases Orthopaedic Institute
MANHATTAN

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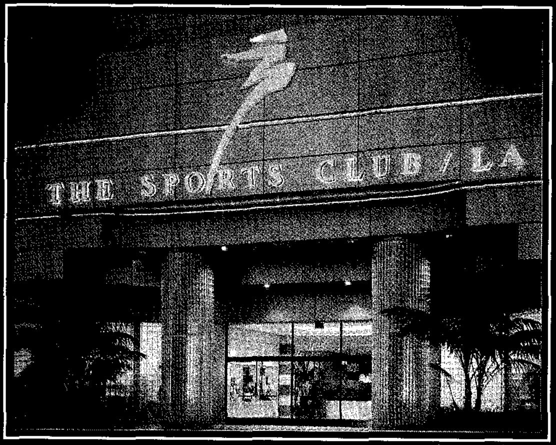
Correction In "Sky High" by Mark Holgate [February 14], we gave an incorrect price for the Louis Vuitton bag shown on page 58; the correct price is $290.

THE FUTURE OF FITNESS HAS ARRIVED.



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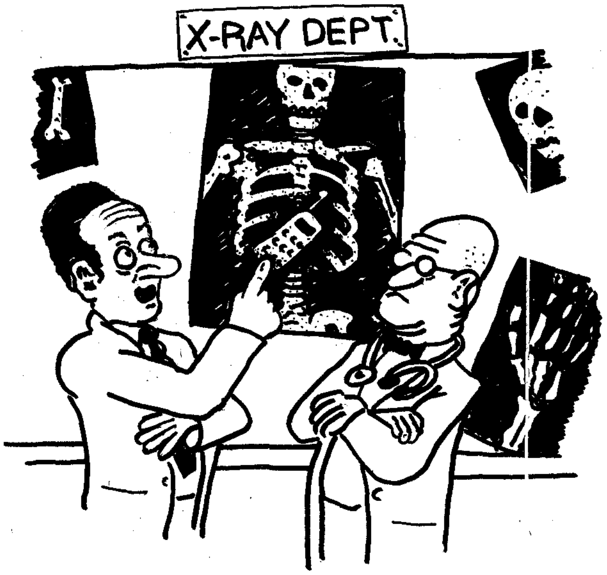

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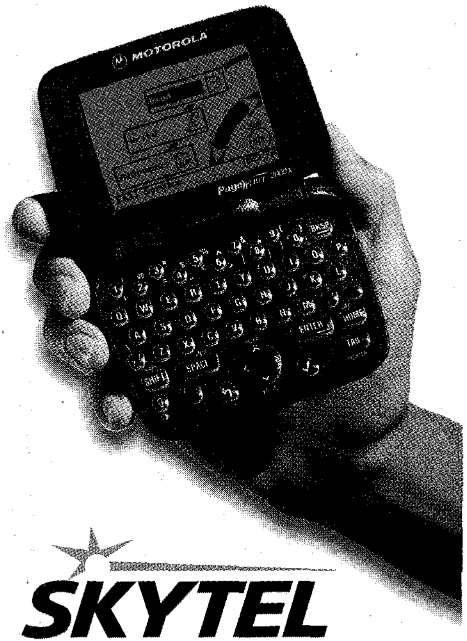

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BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL

INTELLIGENCER

Conan O'Brien: Appearing soon in penthouse.

CONAN THE INVADER

Conan O'Brien may be one hell of a nice guy, but some of his new neighbors have tried to push him off their territory—and he hasn't even moved in yet. Real-estate sources report that the chatty *Late Night* impresario recently signed a five-digit lease on the penthouse of an Upper West Side historic residence. But what Conan didn't know is that his sprawling two-bedroom apartment has been the target of a legal battle for the past year and a half. The apartment was converted from a glass-enclosed solarium where building dwellers used to lounge on nice days to enjoy spectacular views of the Hudson. When the tenant association got wind of the penthouse-ification, they went straight to their lawyers in hopes of stopping it. And while the attorneys said that no laws were being bent or broken, residents have yet to give up without a fight. A source says that some tenants *still* feel the top floor is theirs, and have been consulting legal counsel independent of the tenants' association. Says a spokesman for O'Brien: "He saw a cool apartment he liked and he didn't know there was a problem with it." Didn't he know the New York real-estate adage "If it looks too good to be true, it usually is"?

FOUR-LETTER WORDSMITH

Mr. Shawn certainly would not have approved of the language of one of *The New Yorker's* newest reporters. Comedian **Sandra Bernhard**, commissioned by the magazine to report on Fashion Week, threw a hissy fit at **Marc Jacobs**'s Lexington Armory show when she found *Women's Wear Daily* editor-in-chief **Ed Nardoza** sitting in the seat she had thought was her own. "Am I supposed to stand here like some fucking idiot?" Bernhard snapped minutes before show time, according to sources close to the catwalk. Nardoza points out that the seat was assigned to him, and that when he saw it marked with a coat, he simply moved the garment and sat down. Nardoza admits that Bernhard was a bit bent out of shape but downplays the scene's severity. "I wasn't going to get into hand-to-hand combat with Sandra Bernhard in front of 500 people and a slew of cameras," he says. "I did what any gentleman would do—I gave the lady my seat." Nardoza ended up watching the show from some steps. When asked to comment, Bernhard displayed her newly discovered journalism skills, saying, "There's no story here."

ALL'S (*VANITY*) *FAIR* ON THE WEB

Is the Internet about to snag its biggest magazine-publishing fish yet? Last week, **Brian Grazer**, co-founder of Imagine Entertainment, huddled with *Vanity Fair* editor **Graydon Carter**, a longtime pal, at Da Silvano and feverishly pitched him on an Internet-production venture that would involve **Steven Spielberg** and Microsoft co-founder **Paul Allen**. "You're the king of New York. We all want you. We would offer you a million shares even if you don't have one idea," said Grazer. "You're like the pretty girl in high school that everyone wants." Imagine's current Internet entertainment start-up is Pop.com, due to be launched this spring in partnership with Spielberg's DreamWorks and Allen, and industry sources say this would be an offshoot of that company, possibly in conjunction with **Barry Diller**, chairman and CEO of USA Networks. If the team of powerful moguls persuade Carter to come onboard, it would likely preclude his remaining at *Vanity Fair,* though he might still have some presence at the magazine—on its annual "New Establishment" list. Carter could not be reached for comment.

A BAD RECIPE FOR POACHING

You're opening a $10 million restaurant and need to hire staff in a hurry—what do you do? If you're Del Frisco's Double Eagle Steak House, slated to open March 7 on the ground floor of the McGraw-Hill Building, you try to steal them. Recently, the Gotham Bar and Grill was hit by Del Frisco's recruiters, who posed as customers *twice* in the same day. "I've been watching you—you're a very good server," cooed one of the infiltrators as she stopped a Gotham waiter in his tracks and handed him a card that read, "You are invited to schedule a confidential interview" and included the restaurant's address and phone number. **Dee Lincoln**, Del Frisco's co-founder, is unapologetic about the reckless recruiting. "I want the very best talent in this city," she declares. Gotham service director **Robin Gustafsson** got wind of the poachers and ordered them to leave, which they did—but not before slipping a card to the coat-check girl.

Additional reporting by Carl Swanson, David Amsden, and Suny Sehgal.

'hotographs: left, Diana Freed/Newsmakers; right, Robin Platzer/Twin Images.

BEAUTY MAY ONLY

BE SKIN DEEP,

BUT GENERALLY

THAT'S DEEP

ENOUGH.

Beauty Buzz

SUDDENLY,
IT ALL CLICKS.

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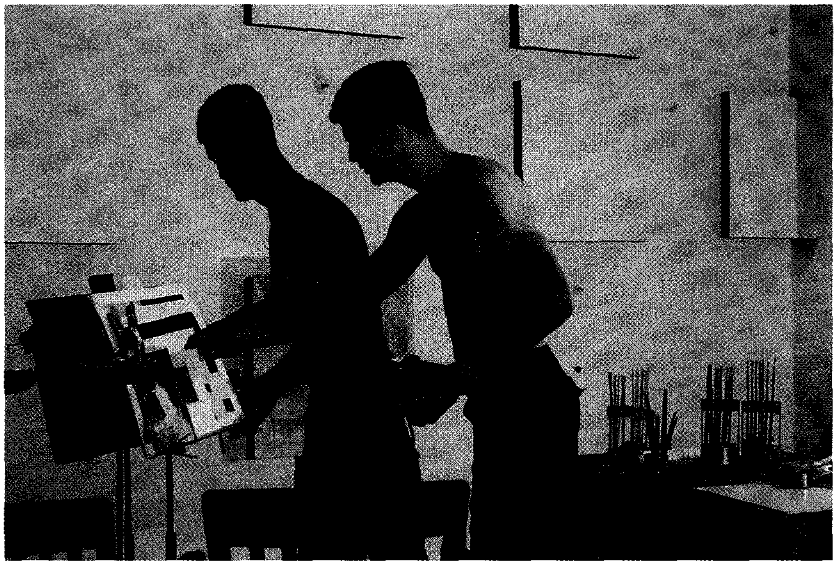
FOR WHERE DOES ONE RUN TO WHEN HE'S ALREADY IN THE PROMISED LAND?—*CLAUDE BROWN*

GOTHAM



Frontal Loeb

A day in the life of the art world's half-naked A-list party boy.

THERE HE IS, SHIRTLESS AND smoking in *Vanity Fair.* Giggling next to George Wayne in the front row at John Bartlett's fashion show. Dressed up in an Yves St. Laurent button-down in *Bazaar's* party-circuit pages. Posing with Duncan Sheik and Diane Von Furstenberg at Ahn Duong's scripted power lunch in *The New York Times Magazine.* Just how does art-world bad boy Damian Loeb—perhaps the most photographed guy-about-town—have time to actually paint? Well, sometimes he doesn't. "See that?" he asks on a recent afternoon, pointing to a blank canvas on the wall of his TriBeCa studio. "It was supposed to be done for the last show. But I'm slow." After only a year in the limelight, Loeb, a 29-year-old high-school dropout from Connecticut, has mastered the art of maximizing his exposure.

"I haven't had my coffee yet," he yawns, answering his door in nothing but low-slung army pants and Nikes. With the addition of a navy V-neck sweater he heads out for breakfast, a Triple Red Eye (three shots of espresso topped with coffee) from the Lotus Club café around the corner, where he has a house account and where the *barrista* starts pouring his order as soon as he sets foot in the door. Back on the couch, Loeb starts chain-smoking Dunhills and outlining the day's agenda. Getting something done for his gallerist, Mary Boone, tops the list. "I always thought being an artist was a lazy job," he sighs. "I was wrong." And the pressure is on, as he's already planned trips to London and to L.A. for the Grammys. "Moby's nominated," he says of his best friend. "You shouldn't write this down—it's all name-dropping—but I recently had the pleasure of meeting David LaChapelle, and I'm going to stay with him in L.A." While some litigious photographers he declines to name are displeased by Loeb's methods (he composes his paintings' surreal scenes by making collages of published photographs), LaChapelle has offered to let him raid his archives.

Now Loeb needs to sift through the day's mail—a flurry of Website-launch-party invitations and *Interview,* which he flips open to a Q and A he's done with Moby. His blond-mohawked assistant, Adam Stennett, asks if Loeb has seen himself in the *Times Magazine.* He has. Loeb gets along with Stennett, a fellow artist, but he insists he doesn't enjoy the company of his colleagues. "It's not a great pleasure, no," he sighs. "Artists talk in 'art speak.' The ones from RISD and Yale start

POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

Mayoral version of Rose Garden strategy—let's call it the Carl Schurz Park strategy—making upstate GOP leaders nervous, so Rudy finally heads north to talk fuel oil. Good jab at prez, but Hill's relationship to gas (petroleum-based) tenuous. ○

City bulldozes East Village community garden, even though garden-vs.-more-housing fight still in courts. Visual: Protesters arrested as garden is flattened, with Rudester voice-over saying they live in "unrealistic world." Can you say, "Future HRC ad"? ●

Week two of Tipgate. *Post,* as usual, goes over the top, but we'd like to have seen Hill send the woman a C-note instead of a savings bond. Come on—if the woman wants to spend it on bingo, then that's her right. ○

La vie with Rose: Charlie, that is, at 92nd Street Y. Unveils her act to crucial lib-elite voting bloc. When she's intro'd, about one in five doesn't applaud. When she leaves, standing O. You could *see* the comfort level among the Jewish and women voters rise. ○

otographs: top, Catherine McGann: bottom left, Frances M. Roberts; right, Richard Ellis/Corbis Sygma.

Loeb *continued from page 11*

naming artists I haven't heard of. It makes me feel stupid." Still, there's a valentine from Ahn Duong on his coffee table, and a painting by good friend Cecily Brown is the only art on his wall. ("There are some things people shouldn't write about," Loeb says, glowering, of a recent "Page Six" item about the attempted suicide of Brown's ex-boyfriend in which Loeb was quoted.) The cordless phone rings. It's a German countess on the line from Sweden. "If we're lucky, we'll stay at Elton John's house," he tells her. After he hangs up, he explains that "Moby dated her sister, I dated her. We're going to see them both in London."

Loeb attempts to set up the overhead projector he uses to outline his compositions, but soon he has a better idea. "Want to see something creepy?" he asks, heading for the spiral staircase to the basement. Behind a hidden door he's discovered an old fallout shelter. "Moby and I like to come down here," he says, leading the way to the vibrating furnace.

Late in the afternoon Loeb cranks up Iggy Pop on the stereo and lays a transparency on the projector. "It's all ritualized," he explains. As a photographer looks for an angle, Loeb pulls his shirt off again. "I'm overheated," he explains, before finally busying himself with his brushes. "You can talk to me while I work," he says. "It's very important to keep the momentum going." He stares intently at the blank canvas. "I wanted this all my life."

SARAH BERNARD

POLITICS

Leading Questions

Are Hillary's consultants trying to push-poll New Yorkers around?

IT CERTAINLY *sounded* like a push poll. "If elected, Rudy Giuliani said he would vote for Supreme Court judges who are against abortion," a telephone pollster warned a Westchester resident last week. He then asked if that information changed how the voter felt about Giuliani. Later in the half-hour survey, the caller, who identified himself as an employee of GSG (the Democratic polling firm Global Strategy Group), hit the abortion button again: If elected to the Senate, he said, "Rudy Giuliani will vote with Jesse Helms and Strom Thurmond against *Roe* v. *Wade.*"

Was this Valentine's Day survey of an undetermined number of people push-polling, New York–style? It would seem a risky strategy so soon after John McCain made headlines by accusing George W. Bush of using push polls in South Carolina. "Push calls are much shorter," says Democratic consultant Hank Sheinkopf, who worked on Bill Clinton's 1996 campaign but is not involved in Hillary's senate bid. "And they don't actually ask questions—they just spread some malicious lie and hang up." It's also a little early. "Push polls are used in the last weeks of a race," says Phil Friedman, another unaffiliated Democratic consultant. "It sounds like they were testing what themes will be used later for negative ads." But it was a poll—and it did push the truth. "The mayor's position is well known," says Giuliani campaign manager Bruce Teitelbaum. "He's strongly pro-choice."

Howard Wolfson, communications director for the Clinton campaign, categorically denies any connection with GSG or the poll. (But he does note that "Giuliani *has* said that he might vote for an anti-*Roe* Supreme Court nominee.") Peter Kauffman, press secretary for New York's Democratic State Committee, says he's used Global Strategy in the past, but won't discuss the DSC's current activities.

GSG's Jeff Plaut won't say whether his firm conducted the survey, but he won't deny it either, answering only, "We don't talk about our clients or our strategies." Plaut's partner Chris Lapetina says, "We would never throw out some lie that nobody has verified." And that bit about Giuliani, Thurmond, and Helms? "I don't even know if that was our poll," says Lapetina. "But both sides do legitimate opposition research, and there has to be *something* the question was referring to—it might have been back in 1981. Any claims you make are going to be subject to media scrutiny, so it would make no sense to fabricate something."

For his part, Giuliani's Teitelbaum says he's unfazed to hear of the poll. "The Clinton campaign has engaged in so many questionable tactics," he says, "nothing they do would surprise me." Teitelbaum says the mayor is not making plans for negative cold-calling. "We have not engaged in that practice," he says. "And we have no current intentions to. But nobody has a crystal ball."

ETHAN SMITH

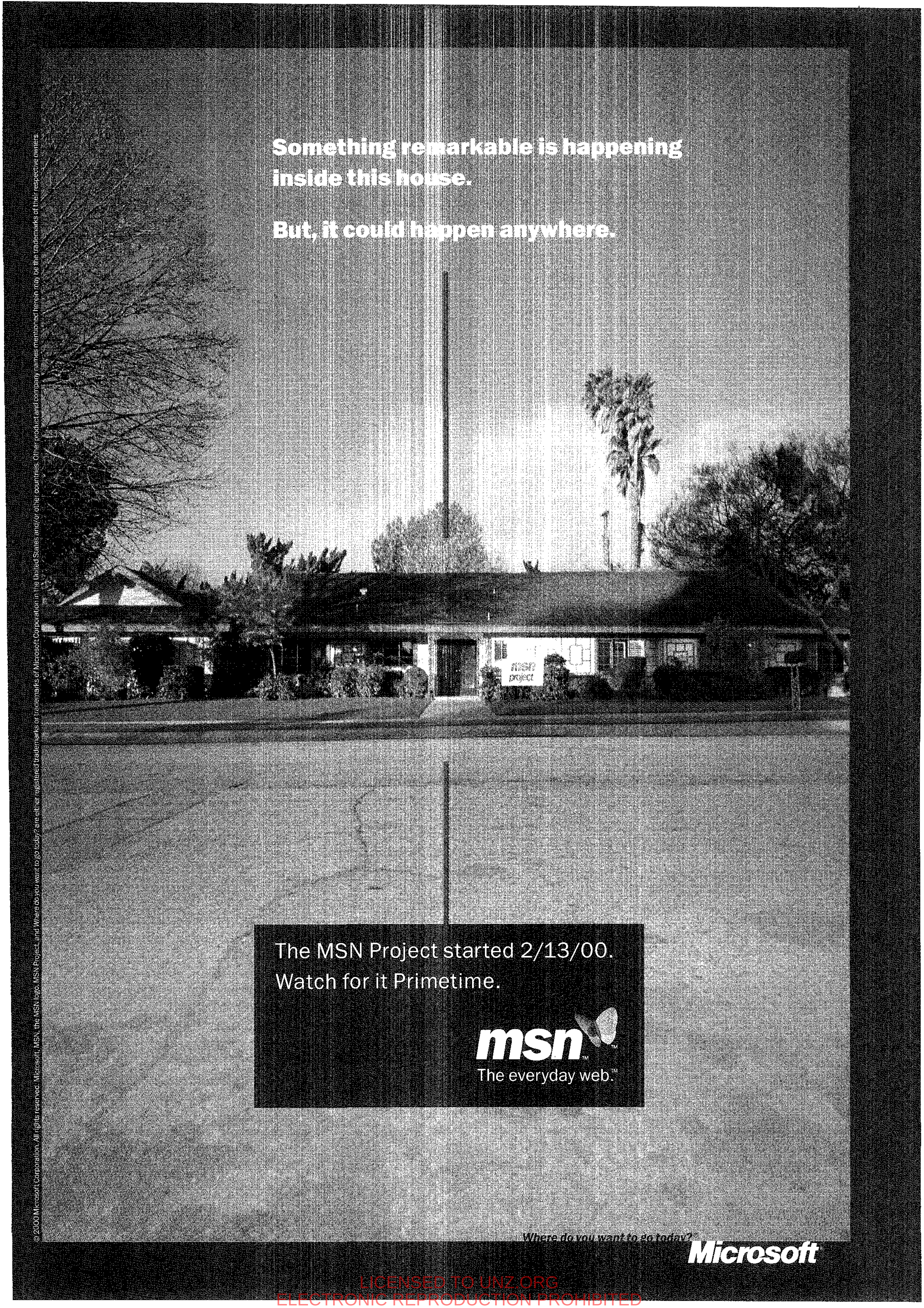
FASHION

California's New Skin Heads

THOSE VICTIMIZED FURRY ANIMALS PICTURED ON PETA posters during Fashion Week aren't the only creatures that have defenders. Selling the skin of the far less adorable python, which plays a prominent role in the new collections of Chanel, Calvin Klein, Fendi, and Gucci, has been prohibited in California for nearly twenty years and is punishable by up to a $5,000 fine. "We're selling python by the armful at our New York store; we would have liked to sell it in our Beverly Hills store too," says a Barneys spokesman. "We aren't even allowed to ship it to L.A." Not with California's proficient python police on the job: "We routinely go to commercial shops and pose as buyers," says Fred Cole, deputy chief of enforcement for the state's Department of Fish and Game. "If we find contraband, we seize it and usually file charges." Fashion insiders say that L.A. glamour girls, including Cameron Diaz, have been making pilgrimages to Chanel boutiques in other states (perhaps Diaz picked up her pair of python pumps in nearby Las Vegas?) since stores won't mail the verboten items to California. So what about chic-seekers who don't have a plane at their disposal? Well, there's always Gucci's *faux*-python prints.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Illustration by Tom Bachtell. Photographs: left, Patrick McMullan, right, firstVIEW.com.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BRAND X

Fast Friends

BRAND: Versace CREATIVE DIRECTOR: Tony Moxham

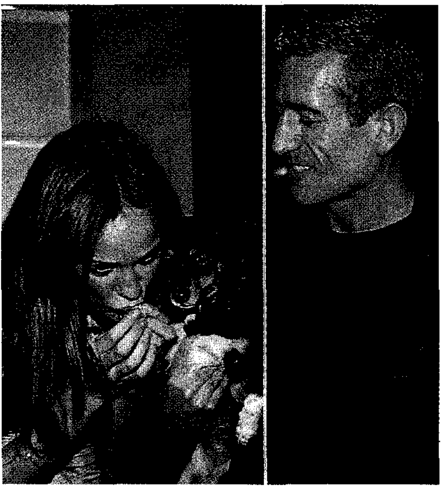
THE VERSACE BRAND STANDS FOR A lot of things: sex, glamour, excess, and . . . friendship? Well, yeah, if you embrace the message "Friendship Is Freedom," a 58-page booklet produced by *Interview* and sponsored by Versace that accompanies the March issue on newsstands. Quasi-editorial supplements are nothing new, of course—Versace has done this sort of thing before, and Calvin Klein and DKNY have issued big-budget "onserts" with *Vanity Fair.* But the new booklet looks as if the design house and the magazine have merged, using *Interview*'s typefaces and even a Q and A with Donatella conducted by *Interview* editor Ingrid Sischy. The overall effect is PG-13 Hallmark, sprinkled with musings from Donatella's friends on the meaning of friendship. The Artist declares that "great friends help U2B free." Lil' Kim thinks that "friendship is being oneself." Elizabeth Hurley gushes about Donatella: "She's a gleaming blonde, bejeweled fantasy." Yes, it's a self-promotional exercise for Donatella and a way for *Interview* to reward a designer (and major advertiser) it adores. But "Friendship" also warms up the hard-edged Euro-glamour of the Versace brand, using the vernacular of platinum-blonde celebrityhood, wherein one can be both lavishly generous *and* extravagantly self-indulgent. SIMON DUMENCO

Dog and Pony Show

Sweetie, *Elle*'s new canine columnist, meets her adoring public.

MAXWELL WAS TRYING TO CATCH HER EYE. Suzanne Bartsch begged the paparazzi to snap a cheek-to-cheek shot. Kim Cattrall shamelessly French-kissed her before the assembled glitterati at her coming-out cocktail soirée on a recent evening at Fred's restaurant in the basement of Barneys.

Weighing in at an enviable fourteen pounds, the new darling of Seventh Avenue is Sweetie, the small black mutt who "writes," with owner Mark Welsh, a new column in *Elle,* dishing about everything from a post-holiday stint in rehab with Lil' Kim to an organ-meat-only lunch at Balthazar with Michael Kors.



At Barneys, a champagne-wielding crowd has congregated around the small dog. "This is Sweetie's agent, Tanya from Mary Evans," says Welsh, a New Zealand–born former ad copywriter who, with boyfriend John Bartlett, found the dog four years ago near their Rhinebeck country house. "And this is Rick Kantor, Sweetie's accountant!" Orlando Pita, the hairstylist Sweetie shares with Madonna, stops by for a quick hello just as a musclebound guest scoops the chic canine into his arms, gushing, "I'm Sweetie's godmother!"

After just three *Elle* columns chronicling the fashion demimonde (Fashion Wire Daily previously published her runway reports), a book proposal for the dog's bitchy commentary is in the works. In a few weeks, Sweetie will jet to the Oscars, first-class and accompanied by a bodyguard to watch over her diamond-and-platinum necklace, on loan from Harry Winston. While Bartlett's marquee name may have a good deal to do with Sweetie's swift trajectory, Welsh insists it's also her Everywoman appeal. "Her body's a bit like Elizabeth Taylor's; you can only shoot her from the face up," he says. "She's not symmetrically perfect."

As waiters offer foie gras to guests and their thankfully housebroken four-legged charges, a bulldog named Humbert comes over to pay his respects. He is snubbed with a dainty yelp. "To tell you the truth," says Welsh, "Sweetie doesn't really like dogs." S.B.

COURT TESTIMONY

City Rains on ILGO's Parade

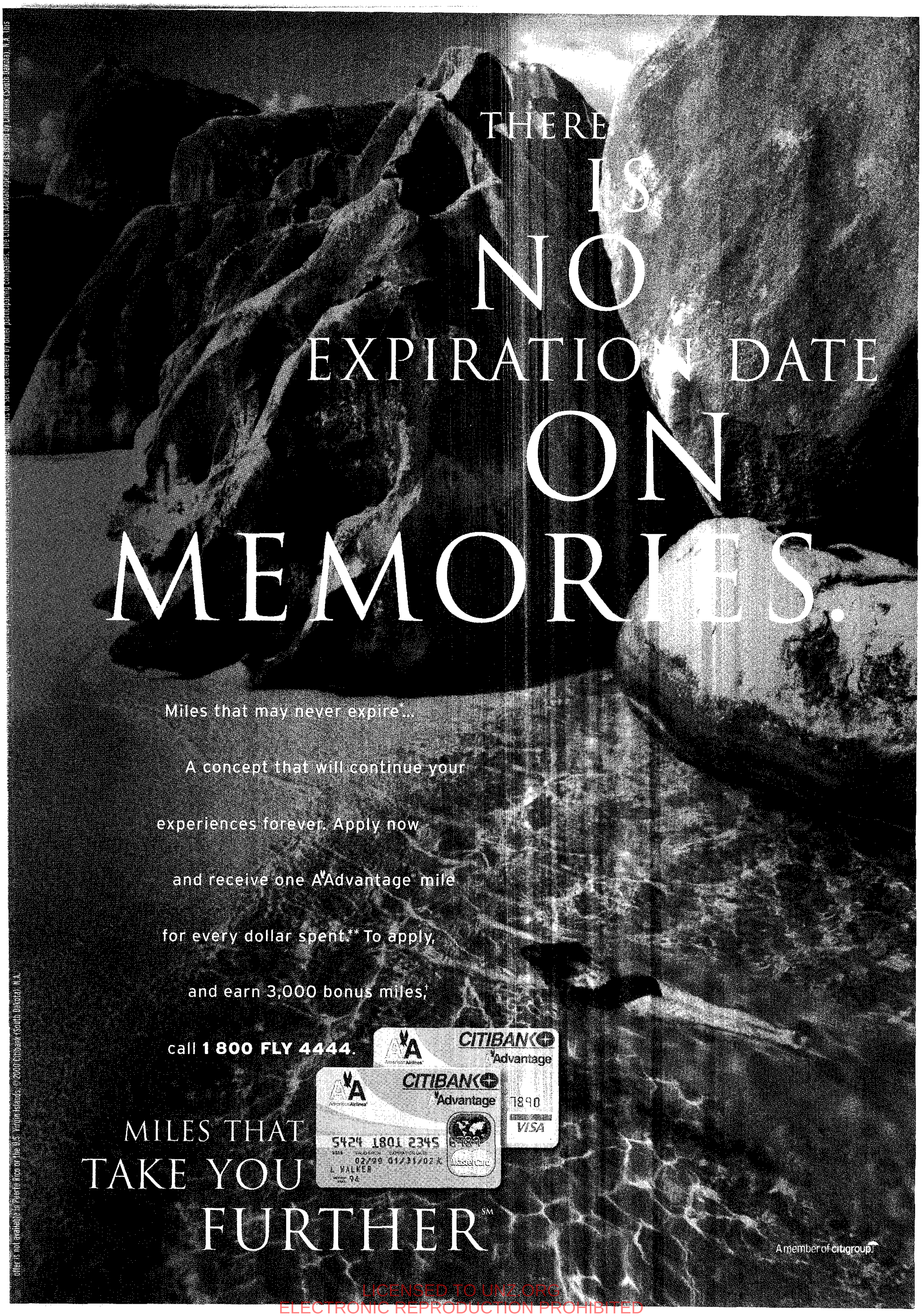
IT'S BEEN TEN YEARS SINCE THE IRISH LESBIAN AND GAY ORGANIzation first attempted to join the St. Patrick's Day Parade; nine since Mayor Dinkins marched with the group to tossed beer and catcalls; eight since ILGO lost in court to the principle that a private parade can exclude anyone it pleases. Last week, ILGO was in court again in its first jury trial. The group no longer sought to march with the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Instead, it sued the city for denying a permit to countermarch along the same route, earlier on the morning of the seventeenth. For years, ILGO members have been arrested as they protest this denial at the New York Public Library. But in court, such high emotions inevitably succumb to a numbing death by paper cut.

Nine nodding citizens were subjected to analyses of the minutest details of Manhattan traffic patterns as ILGO's lawyers sought to prove that the city's stated reasons for denial were pretexts. ILGO's strongest witness appeared to be Joseph Leake, the now-retired officer formerly responsible for midtown parades, who testified that he took an early-morning stroll in the area ILGO wished to march in—and found the streets entirely clear.

Perhaps the most eyebrow-raising moment came when Manhattan South chief Allan Hoehl took the stand. Punctuating his responses with heavy sighs and long pauses, Hoehl—deputy chief when the controversy climaxed in 1993—claimed he couldn't remember details of the then-front-page controversy. "Do you read the papers like anyone else?" snapped Steve Rawlings, ILGO's attorney. "I don't know how anyone else reads them," answered Hoehl. Confronted with an internal letter from his lieutenant stating the reasons ILGO should be refused a permit, Hoehl denied being aware of the letter, denied that the letter was a response to a forwarded memo, and even denied that the sign-off "for your information" indicated that the letter was intended for the police hierarchy. "If it was written to nobody," asked Rawlings, "there wouldn't be a 'your.' Isn't *that* correct?" Hoehl concurred, then went on to deny that he was aware that Cardinal O'Connor delivered the holiday Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

ILGO lost its case on February 17. But spokeswoman Anne Maguire argued that the group had still won. "People can't talk about the march without mentioning us. No matter what, we *are* a part of the parade." EMILY NUSSBAUM

Photographs: center, Patrick McMulla



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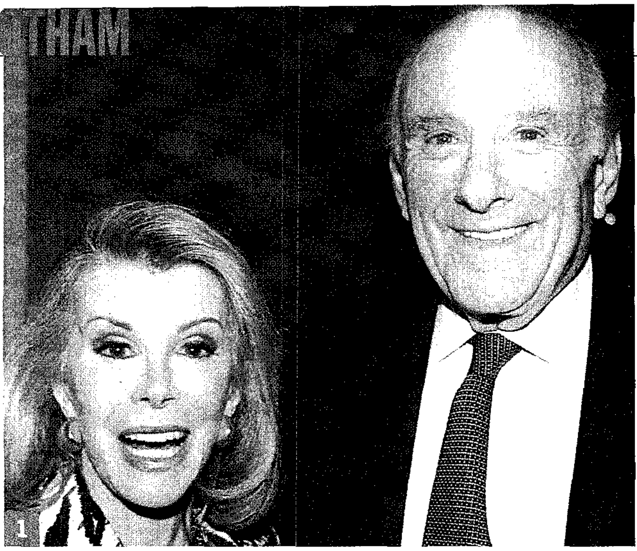
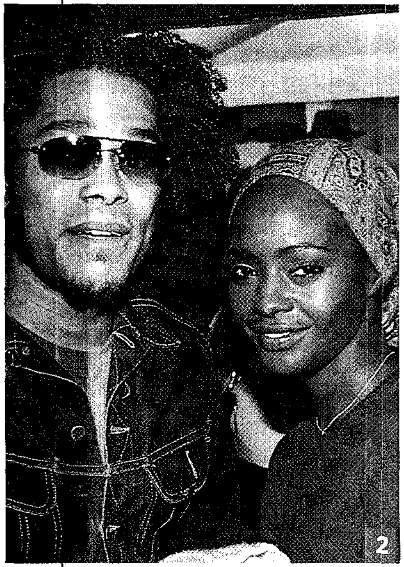


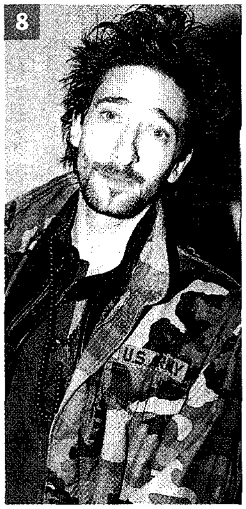
THE SCENE

Junior League

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

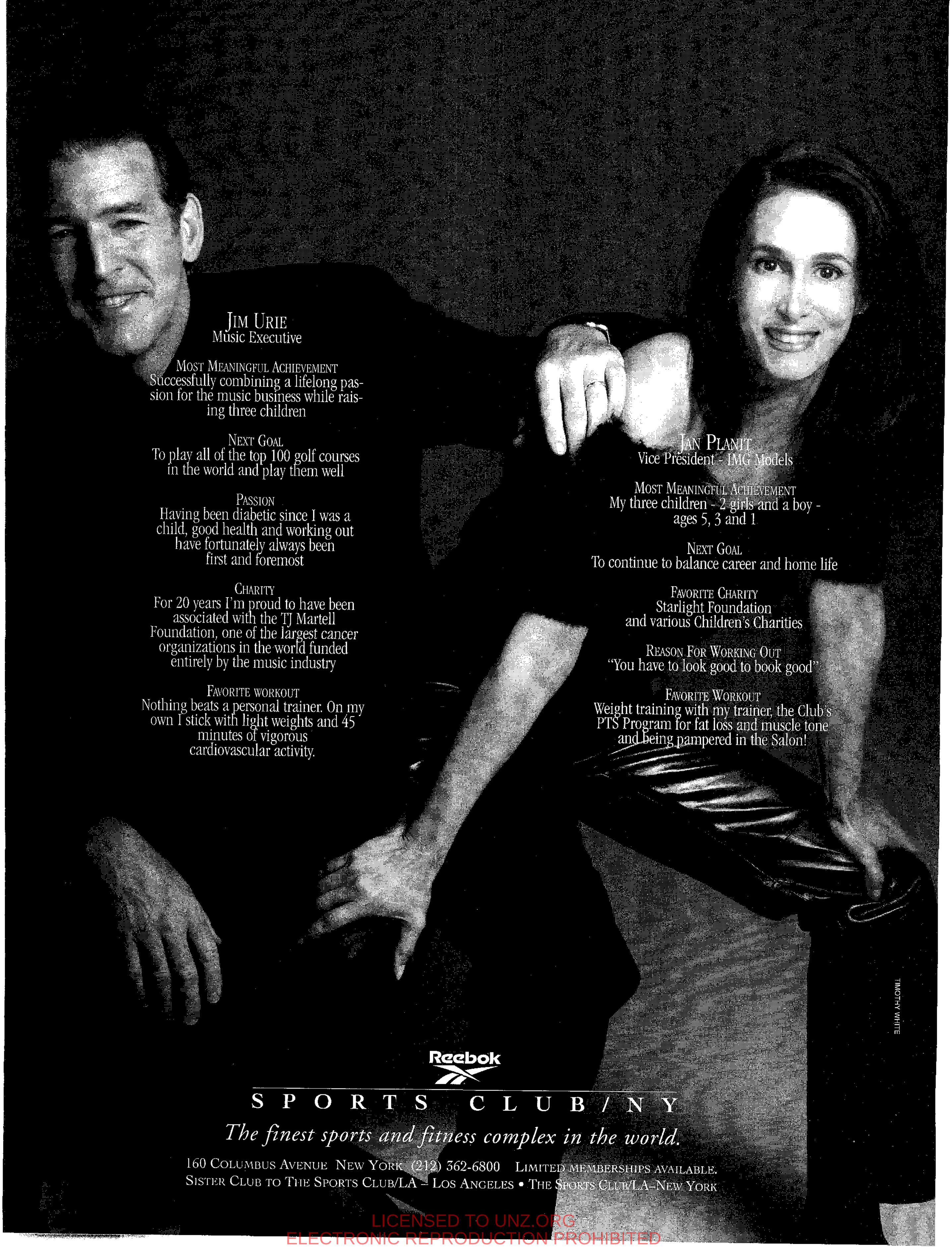
THE LITERACY PARTNERS BENEFIT AT CHRISTIE'S ON FEBRUARY 13 was decidedly more wholesome than the usual champagne-and-pashminas charity-circuit scene: The small guests of honor wore their best white tights and Mary Janes, and the menu featured boxes of Hawaiian Punch and fluffer-nutters in the shape of teddy bears. CNN's Perri Peltz, the afternoon's emcee, discussed the cause while balancing her youngest son on her hip. "It's so important to read to kids," she said as he dove for a passing pizza wedge. Asha Blake, co-host of NBC's *Later Today,* was a last-minute replacement for Deborah Norville. "This is an easy audience," she said, "compared with what I usually have." When new mom Wendy Wasserstein took the mike to read from her own children's book, a sea of toddlers, faces smeared with chocolate, stormed the makeshift stage. Budding fashion plates, however, made a beeline for Joan Rivers, who delicately powdered her nose in a tiger-striped jacket as a life-size Harry Potter sat to her left. Twin blondes in pastel pink burrowed through the crowd to offer Rivers a blue crayon. Such sartorial sophisticates learn by example, of course. "It's very interesting to watch the mommies, how they dress," said Rivers. "Very few three-quarter sleeves." SARAH BERNARD





1. Joan Rivers and Orin Lehman at Christie's to benefit Literacy Partners. 2. Maxwell and Kiara at *Elle's* party for Sweetie the dog at Barneys. 3. Florence Henderson and Suzanne Somers at the Kit Kat Klub. 4. Anne Magnuson, Kenny Scharf, and Cindy Sherman at Scharf's opening at the Tony Shafrazi Gallery. 5. Donna Hanover, Jane Seymour, Marty Richards, and Liliane Montevecchi at the Red Ball at the Plaza Hotel. 6. Lachlan and Sarah Murdoch with Richard Johnson at the "Page Six" Fashion Week fête at Guastavino's. 7. Christian Louboutin and Diane von Furstenberg at the Orchid Dinner to benefit the New York Botanical Garden. 8. Adrien Brody at the Bottega Veneta show. 9. Liev Schreiber and James Gandolfini at a party for Mondera.com.

OUR MEMBERS KNOW WHY THEY BELONG.



TIMOTHY WHITE

JIM URIE
Music Executive

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
Successfully combining a lifelong passion for the music business while raising three children

NEXT GOAL
To play all of the top 100 golf courses in the world and play them well

PASSION
Having been diabetic since I was a child, good health and working out have fortunately always been first and foremost

CHARITY
For 20 years I'm proud to have been associated with the TJ Martell Foundation, one of the largest cancer organizations in the world funded entirely by the music industry

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Nothing beats a personal trainer. On my own I stick with light weights and 45 minutes of vigorous cardiovascular activity.

JAN PLANIT
Vice President - IMG Models

MOST MEANINGFUL ACHIEVEMENT
My three children - 2 girls and a boy - ages 5, 3 and 1

NEXT GOAL
To continue to balance career and home life

FAVORITE CHARITY
Starlight Foundation
and various Children's Charities

REASON FOR WORKING OUT
"You have to look good to book good"

FAVORITE WORKOUT
Weight training with my trainer, the Club's PTS Program for fat loss and muscle tone and being pampered in the Salon!

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GOTHAM STYLE

FASHION WEEK EDITION

While the clothes on the fashion-week runways may have looked familiar—the return of luxury, *again*—the action on the sidelines was as refreshingly varied as any in recent memory. Society girls clicked heels with starlets, hip-hoppers hobnobbed with fashion's top brass, and photographers tripped over one another to get it all on film. As you'd expect, actresses pulled out their hottest borrowed designer duds, editors toted spring's best accessories (often received as gifts right before the shows), and fur lovers showed their true skins, thumbing their noses at PETA paint-throwers. It may not always have been ladylike, but it was definitely high style.

by Shyama Patel
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE FRONT ROW

HIGH SOCIETY

Serena Boardman Calvin Klein sweater and dress

Samantha Boardman Michael Kors sweater

Jane Lauder Gucci sweater, Chloé pants

Alexandra von Furstenberg Voyage sweater, Jimmy Choo boots

CeCe Cord Oscar de la Renta coat and sweater

Nan Kempner Yves Saint Laurent sweater, Fendi bag

Brooke de Ocampo Michael Kors sweater, Marc Jacobs pants

Marina Rust Jil Sander suede jacket, Gucci shoes

Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer John Galliano lizard pants

Elizabeth Johnson Malo sweater and skirt

Pamela Gross Bella Freud leather coat

Blaine Trump Celine turtleneck and cardigan

> "She lets a lady be a lady. I want the sexy pants with slits."
>
> **Blaine Trump** on Carolina Herrera

THE INDUSTRY

> "Make that a gown, bead it a little, and I'm set."
>
> **Phillip Bloch** on a Tuleh dress

Kate Betts, *Harper's Bazaar* Helmut Lang jacket

Gilles Bensimon, *Elle* Azzedine Alaïa jacket, Levis jeans, Prada bag

Kim Hastreiter, *Paper* Jean-Charles de Castelbajac coat, Kenzo scarf, Gucci shoes

Glenda Bailey, *Marie Claire* Calvin Klein jacket, Manolo Blahnik shoes, Prada bag

Phillip Bloch, stylist DKNY sweater, Barneys hat, Gap gloves

Marin Hopper, *Elle* Azzedine Alaïa jacket, Celine boots, Fendi bag

Joan Juliet Buck, French *Vogue* Jean Paul Gaultier fur sweater

Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele, *Marie Claire* Louis Vuitton tote, Prada jacket, Persol sunglasses

Elsa Klensch, CNN Sonya Rykiel jacket, *Ombeline* shoes

STAGE & SCREEN

Sofia Coppola Marc Jacobs top

Sandra Bernhard Louis Vuitton trench coat

Julianne Moore Marc Jacobs windbreaker and pants

Francis Ford Coppola Rotunno jacket, Albertelli of Rome shirt

Chloë Sevigny Minnetonka boots

Julia Roberts Pucci blouse, Sergio Rossi sandals

Dominique Swain HUGO Hugo Boss dress and gloves

Sarah Jessica Parker John Bartlett top and skirt **Kristen Davis** Richard Tyler sandals and beaded pants

Illeana Douglas BCBG suit

Isabella Rossellini Industria jacket, Dolce & Gabbana top

Gwyneth Paltrow Calvin Klein sweater and python coat, Manolo Blahnik boots

> "He's divine! That black pleated dress, oh, jeez…"

Sarah Jessica Parker on Oscar de la Renta

MUSIC MAKERS

Scott Weiland Customized Banana Republic tee, Lord's jeans

Andre Harrell Robert Marc sunglasses, Faconnable suit

Russell Simmons Phat Farm vest and hat **Kimora Lee Simmons** Ralph Lauren sweater

Lil' Kim Faufto Puglisi suit, Zamir Furs bag

Duncan Sheik A.P.C. coat, Martin Margiela sweater

> "Cute leather. Green, blue with studs… and oh, yeah—red!"

Mary J. Blige on Kitty Boots

Yoko Ono

Jay-Z Roc-A-Wear shirt

Kim Gordon Mayle sweater and skirt, Sigerson Morrison boots

Luther Vandross Gucci jacket and sequined jeans, Versace shirt

Mary J. Blige Nija fur top and jeans

Atoosa Rubenstein, *CosmoGIRL!* Martin Margiela pants

Sally Singer, *Vogue* Burberry jacket, Bill Amberg papoose

Robert Verdi, *Metro Style* Brooks Brothers jacket, sweater, and hat

Rebecca Field, stylist Yves Saint Laurent cape, Pierre Hardy shoes

Lucinda Chambers, *British Vogue* Mondi snake coat

Anna Wintour, *Vogue* Calvin Klein sweater, Gucci pants, Donna Karan scarf

André Leon Talley, *Vogue* Nija fur bag

Patricia Field, stylist Resurrection coat, Manolo Blahnik shoes

Polly Mellen, stylist Ralph Lauren vest, Marc Jacobs sweater, Helmut Lang pants

Linda Wells, *Allure* Gucci fur vest, Michel Perry shoes

> "An evening gown in men's suiting fabric—I love it!"

Robert Verdi on Ralph Lauren

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

As broadband looms over the entertainment industry, the kings of comedy huddle in Aspen to worry over the fate of storytelling—and who will pay for their jokes now.

I'M A HARD HOTEL CASE. MY DEMANDS and anxieties tend to match the price of the room. When we travel, my wife won't allow me direct access to the front desk anymore. So I was happy to be able to report to her that I'm an absolute pleasure to deal with compared with the Hollywood *machers,* kingpins, comic geniuses, and myriad supporting stars who were in Aspen two weeks ago at the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival.

There was, at the St. Regis hotel, nearly everybody who was anybody who had ever generated a laugh line. This included some of the oldest living specimens of modern comedy, Jerry Lewis, Mike Nichols, Elaine May, and Dick and Tommy Smothers; their successor generation, Robin Williams, Steve Martin, Martin Short; and a sea of semi-famous faces (is that Mickey Dolenz of *The Monkees*? Dr. Melfi of *The Sopranos*? *Sabrina, the Teenage Witch*'s bosomy aunt?) as well as the guys who make money off of them, from Gerry Levin and Mike Ovitz and Bernie Brillstein to a retinue of producers and booking agents. And at every position at the front desk, at seemingly any hour of the day, there was a recognizable figure or his wife making intricate and precise demands (tropical rather than winter fruit), or insisting on corrections to previously made intricate and precise demands (that flower versus this; liquid soap versus cake), or insisting that the hotel show cause why it could not meet said demands ("Why do you think they call it a service business, huh?").

Such a sense of entitlement, the frantic need to be pampered (I am pampered, therefore I am) among Hollywood folk is hardly a surprise (although to see it in action is to experience a force of nature). But what was really stunning was to see the classic Hollywood way, that most extreme form of royal behavior, or royal bad behavior, being played out just when the only thing anybody was talking about was the end of all this. Or, if not the end, the beginning of a new world entertainment order that would, at the very least, upset billings, hierarchies, and pay scales. And that was what the optimists were feeling. For many others, here and, the week before, at Sundance (many came to Aspen direct from the film festival), there was, for the first time among show folk, a serious face-to-face coming-to-terms with the rough beast (a.k.a. the new paradigm waiting to be born).

This sudden recognition of mortality was provoked not only by dot-com market penetration, and the creation of vast new fortunes that mock Hollywood wealth, but, in this most insular of businesses, by something closer to home. That is, the merger of Time Warner with AOL. Indeed, the festival was a vivid reminder of just how much of Time Warner is Warner—that is, how much of the company is plain old show business rather than distribution monolith and New York media power. And, accordingly, how difficult it was going to be to move much of Warner's business—big stars and comedy routines—into a new-media world.

A kind of mournful undercurrent of the festival, whose primary sponsor is HBO, was that this would be the last time Time Warner would be here in its current form. Gerry Levin, who in ordinary times has a forlorn look, seemed now practically poignant as he moved through the St. Regis and outside on the slippery streets to the Wheeler Opera House and the Red Brick theater.

THE TWO THEMES THAT RAN THROUGH THE four-day conference were the brave new world of broadband (there was probably not a conversation that didn't include the word; people said things like "As we march into the new broadband frontier") and the eternal need for laughter and storytelling. This last was evoked as a sort of whistling-in-the-dark defense. Laughter and storytelling confirm our humanity, etc. Laughter and storytelling are like oxygen or sex. And, because humanity needs such funny stuff, humanity will always need Hollywood. Right?

Broadband itself (although largely undefined) was interpreted as a possible instrument of salvation. What broadband meant, or what it meant to many of the people here, is that they would be able to keep doing what they did, or some order of what they did. That is, what they did depended on moving pictures, and what broadband meant was that it would be easy to get moving pictures on the Internet, ergo . . . they would still be in business, wouldn't they?

There was, on the part especially of the agents, a dead-set determination to believe that the Internet could be an entertainment medium, damn it, and that the segue, while it might be bumpy, would be no more bumpy than silents into talkies, say, or movies into television. Existential resignation was mixed with an Alamo spirit.

"I'd rather be at the top of the Internet than the bottom of cable," *Politically Incorrect*'s Bill Maher was saying to an Internet producer who was eager to get Maher to think about doing a version of the new show Maher was producing, and which Fox had passed on

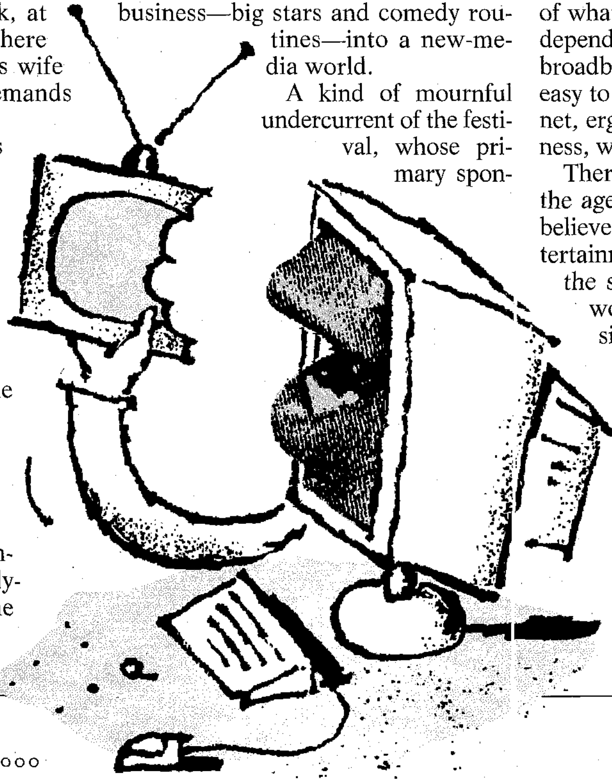

Illustration by Daniel Baxter

(twice), for an Internet site.

"It cost us $250,000 for a half-hour segment; can you handle that kind of cost yet?" asked Maher.

"Well, maybe—but that's for a half-hour. What about for a few minutes?"

So here was the new notion: Yes, mankind would always need laughter and stories—if they were very short. The Internet had not only compressed attention spans but algebraically increased viewing options. So to the extent that laughter and stories were universal needs, they would just have to be supplied on a significantly more economical basis.

This was, of course, the nub of it. The anxiety in Aspen was about money. You didn't need to be a comic genius to realize that if all entertainment was available all the time, that if you could "stream video on an à la carte basis," the entertainment world would be forever transformed.

There were many bewildered agents talking about their clients being offered option packages. "While there's no cash in the deal, there's a potentially big, big upside," said an agent trying to believe. Old-media hustlers were, appropriately, being out-hustled by new-media hustlers.

THE PANEL THAT I WAS HERE TO SPEAK ON was called "The Networks & the Net" and was moderated by *Dateline* correspondent John Hockenberry. It replaced last year's panel, which featured just network bigwigs. This year the only television heavies were Stu Bloomberg, the co-chairman of ABC Entertainment; James L. Brooks, the legendary sitcom creator; and Larry Divney of Comedy Central. Jamie Kellner of the WB and Leslie Moonves, the CEO of CBS Television, were last-minute dropouts (afraid of being lambasted by the new-media people, the scuttlebutt said).

On the new-media side, there was Leo Hindery, late the head of AT&T's cable and Internet business, now an Internet entrepreneur (proclaiming the future to be "niche-y, replayable content"); David Neuman, of DEN.Net, an Internet video company focused on Generation Y ("If you're inauthentic when it comes to Generation Y, you're dead"), which just withdrew its IPO because of its founder's involvement in a sex scandal; *The Blair Witch Project*'s co-writers and co-directors, Eduardo Sanchez and Dan Myrick, who were largely nonverbal; Jim Banister, who runs Warner's infelicitously named Entertaindom.com, which produces interactive entertainment ("a cultural, sociological happening"); and then representatives from two of the festival's new-media sponsors, Margaret Heffernan, the COO of iCAST, a multimedia production company, and Joe Kraus, the twentysomething founder of Excite ("Information is not a product; it's a service").

Kraus, who would later pronounce the discussion a great disappointment, was the only honest-to-God pure Internet guy on the panel, untainted by any old-media involvement. His youth, together with his absolute certainty about the scientific marketing capabilities of new media, together with the fact that the Excite brand and banners decorated every inch of the festival (an Excite executive in Excite-logoed polar fleece presented some of the awards), gave him the air of a conqueror. In that role, he was clearly impatient with the hand-wringing tone of the panel, with the lack of fluency with Internet lingo, and with any doubts that the world might not be changing altogether for the better.

> *"My contribution to the panel was to argue that* **Time Warner would inevitably screw up AOL,** *just as I noticed Gerry Levin sitting studiously in the audience."*

(My contribution to the panel was to argue that Time Warner would inevitably screw up AOL, just as I noticed Gerry Levin sitting studiously in the audience.)

I wonder if Kraus, who works in an industry where the average age is probably about 25, was struck (I was) and perhaps even dismayed by the realization that the entertainment business, and especially the comedy side of entertainment, is quite an older person's business—*alter kocker* heaven, practically.

After the Smothers brothers tribute, the bigwigs ("special friends") were bused over to Merv Adelson's Lazy-A Ranch, an out-of-scale home with a hotel-lobby-size living room (with Western-theme décor). Adelson, the 70-year-old founder of Lorimar and member of the Time Warner board (speculation is that he will lose his board position after the merger) and, more recently, through his venture capital company, a significant Internet investor, bounced his young daughter on his knee and entertained guests with an as-though-just-yesterday account of the intricacies of how he had arranged the syndication of *Laugh-In.*

From the Adelson dinner, the bus took all the special friends over to the Nichols-and-May tribute. Each of the festival's tributes was a kind of mini Academy Awards, with a rigid Hollywood seating plan. First the seats with names on them, then the block of seats marked off for HBO guests, then the more anonymous but still exclusive green-tagged seats, then (egad) the open seating.

The Nichols-and-May tribute, which consisted of Steve Martin interviewing the former comedy partners, was the funniest hour-and-some I have ever spent in a theater (not everyone agreed: "I'm a Smothers brothers sort of guy," *Simpsons* creator Matt Groening leaned over and said; "Nichols and May were for the cool kids"). For a moment, I even thought that Nichols and May might not be such an extreme disjunction with all the talk of new media. Nichols described what it was like to perform in the late fifties in Chicago, a town, he said, that had no hype, no notion of what was hot or not, no sense of fashion. People just came to the performance, enjoyed it or didn't, and went home. That quality, that lack of attention, that hitlessness, in fact, describes a lot of the Web.

Robin Williams, too, I thought, hilarious on the stage in Aspen, might benefit from the limits and cheapness and unmass quality of the Web. I'm pretty sure in a new-media world he'd have avoided making *Patch Adams.*

But that, of course, is the difficult point. The rub. The dissonance. The cultural revolution, this dismantling of the entertainment power structure—the perks, the royalness, the big budgets, even, maybe, the moronicness, of a highly regulated, monopolistic industry—is a terrifying thing.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PERSONALIZAtion of the Internet?" a young woman from the open-seating area asked poor Jerry Lewis (shortly before he attacked all womankind) in the Q&A period that followed his long and rambling interview with Martin Short.

Lewis, who seemed, for a second, lost, all of a sudden focused and angrily shouted, "Needless!"

And then, with the audience holding its breath, barked: "The Internet is a joke!"

A beat. Another. Then another.

But no punch line came. ▬

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THE BODY POLITIC RUSTY UNGER

Germ Warfare

Doctors are clashing (and some are even forfeiting their licenses) over how to treat Lyme disease, the infection that takes a licking but appears to keep on ticking.

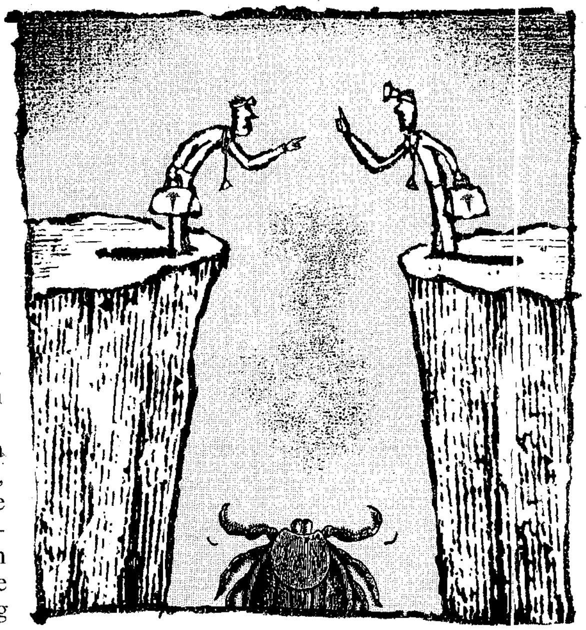
TYPE “LYME DISEASE” INTO YOUR computer's search engine and you'll find yourself in Oliver Stone territory: There are literally hundreds of belligerent chat rooms and support groups for patients who think they were misdiagnosed or insist their Lyme disease just never went away. That an awful lot of people are out there suffering isn't news. But dissension has reached the highest levels, with doctors and researchers dividing into two vengeful and bitter camps about how to cure Lyme.

In one corner is a group of those predominantly university-based physicians who develop drugs, receive research grants from federal health agencies, and often advise insurance companies. They contend that Lyme is usually simple to diagnose and easily curable with two to four weeks of oral antibiotics. Chronic Lyme, they say, is extremely rare, not a disease but merely a group of symptoms remaining after the initial infection is treated that usually disperse.

In the other corner stands a group of primary-care doctors, those on the front lines who see Lyme patients every day, and a number of other scientists—all of whom maintain that the illness is far more complicated. Late-term or lingering cases of Lyme disease, they say, may require six months or more of oral antibiotic therapy and intense intravenous therapy—which some like to administer in a hyperbaric chamber. They believe that the increased oxygen of the chamber helps kill the tenacious spirochetes—known as *Borrelia burgdorferi*—deposited by the bloodsucking deer tick. Burrowing rapidly into the tissues, joints, and central nervous system, borrelia slightly resembles the syphilis spirochete in the way it feeds, sleeps, and reproduces.

Detractors have accused the more aggressive camp of overdiagnosing and overtreating patients. But lately, they're going even further: Some of the fourteen “Lyme literate” M.D.'s (as they're known to their supporters) in five states who have been targeted for investigation by state health departments have already lost their licenses. Others may be about to. Insurance companies have taken to not covering the treatments, and doctors are thinking twice before accepting any patient with Lyme symptoms.

By far the most renowned of the fourteen is Dr. Joseph Burrascano, of East Hampton, who for the past fifteen years has treated thousands of Lyme patients from all over the world. Having openly attacked the conservative academic coalition for what he sees as its failure to come to terms with the realities of the disease, Burrascano has made few friends within the Lyme Establishment. That's why, he believes, he's now been put on notice by the New York State Department of Health's Office of Professional Medical Conduct (OPMC), where investigators are preparing for an as-yet-unscheduled disciplinary hearing. Aside from the general accusation of professional misconduct, Burrascano has still not been informed of the specific charges against him.



No one disputes the classic symptoms and treatment of early Lyme disease: The patient has recently been near a woodsy area and sometimes develops a bull's-eye-shaped rash two inches or more in diameter and flulike symptoms. A blood test shows evidence of borrelia, and a short course of oral antibiotics is administered.

But there are those who don't fit this model: Since borrelia lives in tissues, not blood fluids, the two standard blood tests—ELISA and the Western Blot—can measure the body's reaction to the germ only by finding antibodies and not the germ itself. Too often, there are false positives or negatives; some say the rate of inaccuracy on both tests can be as high as 40 percent.

Those who do receive the basic treatment for Lyme disease—and appear to be cured—have been known to become ill again. But is this a relapse? A reinfection? An entirely different syndrome? Doctors can't seem to agree on whether it's 5 percent or 20 percent of all Lyme patients who go on to manifest chronic symptoms.

People whose blood tests are repeatedly negative and who don't manifest standard symptoms simply don't have Lyme, say the more conservative doctors. But Burrascano and his colleagues note that victims whose symptoms don't match the classic criteria are left out of National Institute of Health studies and omitted from vital Centers for Disease Control statistics.

Later-stage Lyme patients may be told they've been cured but are now suffering from post-Lyme syndrome, a lingering set of autoimmune symptoms triggered by the original, defunct infection. Antibiotics are not prescribed for this condition. Doctors like Burrascano say “post-Lyme syndrome” is nonsense: The infection simply never went away and requires more antibiotics. (Of course, insurance companies prefer the post-Lyme diagnosis, which requires that no further drugs be administered.) Patients who continue to deteriorate and have negative blood tests may be told to see a shrink.

Pat Pepper says she was never initially

Illustration by Daniel Baxter.

treated for any Lyme infection. Suffering from a sore throat and intense headaches, the blonde former mayor of West Palm Beach who now divides her time between Miami and New York was growing progressively weaker. Pepper consulted more than 30 leading neurologists and internists. All the doctors told her she had incurable, fatal amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's disease) and had only two to five years to live; after all, she'd had seven negative Lyme tests.

Pepper eventually took more expensive, more exacting tests that looked for the presence of spirochete DNA or the outer membranes shed by spirochetes. These tests immediately revealed rampant borrelia infection. (Animal inoculation, which is injecting an animal with fluid from the Lyme victim, then analyzing its tissues in an autopsy or biopsy, is another method.) Pat Pepper was finally wheeled into Dr. Burrascano's office, nearly quadriplegic.

Burrascano warns patients that their symptoms may get much worse during his treatment before they get better because spirochetes put up a nasty fight. Spirochetes in the dormant phase of their reproductive cycle (ranging from ten months to fourteen years) survive the antibiotics, which is why it takes many courses to obliterate them all, says Burrascano. Though his treatment usually takes from one to six months, it was a year before the spirochetes completely disappeared from Pepper's blood tests.

"Since July of '98, when I first saw Dr. Burrascano, my health, for the first time in seven years, has been improving," says Pepper, who recently graduated from her wheelchair to a walker.

Lyme disease was identified by Yale University's Dr. Allen Steere in 1975. An epidemiologist with a background in rheumatology, Steere studied a group of Lyme, Connecticut, children who seemed to have a new kind of arthritis. Six years later, "Lyme arthritis" was instead proved to be a bacterial infection. But by that time, the NIH had assigned Lyme's research funding to its arthritis branch. Critics say this branch remains biased toward research related to arthritis, inflammatory conditions, and auto-immune disorders; doctors and scientists pursuing Lyme research related to infectious diseases find it difficult to receive NIH funding.

Dr. Raymond Dattwyler, professor of medicine and chief of Stony Brook University Medical Center's Division of Allergy and Clinical Immunology as well as of its Lyme Disease Center, insists, "There has been no clinical trial that demonstrates long-term treatment [of Lyme] is beneficial."

"There's a bibliography of over 60 different scientific studies in worldwide medical literature," counters Burrascano, a boyish 48-year-old, "showing that in people who are still sick after the standard treatment, when you do these more advanced tests, you find that, by and large, they're still infected."

Some argue that Burrascano's tests are no more statistically reliable than the standard ones. Further, there are risks associated with lengthy antibiotic treatment—phlebitis, sepsis, colitis, allergies, gallstones, and liver damage. Patients feel better after the hyperbaric chamber because they're high on all that oxygen.

People who complain they have continuing symptoms may think they have chronic Lyme because out of eleven blood tests, one showed a weak positive result, according to one Manhattan physician who sees a lot of Lyme. But the truth is that this result is most likely a false positive. "Prescribing long-term antibiotics would be like giving them chemotherapy for high blood pressure," says this physician, who's seen patients diagnosed with Lyme when they actually had Parkinson's or MS: "It was terrible to disappoint them." The doctor spoke under the condition of anonymity because "the whole field of Lyme disease is way too political."

> *"Doctors are prescribing long-term oral antibiotics and IV therapy, which some administer in a* **hyperbaric chamber.** *Critics say patients feel better after the chamber only because they're high on all that oxygen."*

Studies cited by the conservative doctors have run in publications like the *JAMA;* Burrascano and his colleagues quote distinguished yet less familiar journals, many of them foreign. "There are three spirochetes that cause Lyme disease in Europe, only one of which exists here in North America," says Dattwyler. "That's why you can't directly correlate this European research to North America." Clearly, there isn't enough definitive research to tip the balance in either direction. But an ethics probe probably can.

Dr. Perry Orens expanded his general and cardiac Great Neck practice to include Lyme patients after his daughter contracted the disease (and was cured by Burrascano in 1986). He lost his license to practice medicine in November after an OPMC hearing; protestors showed up with placards outside. "Ordering excessive tests and/or treatment and inaccurate patient records" were among the hearing's findings, typical charges in such cases. (Orens was also found guilty of gross negligence and fraud.) Dr. Dattwyler, who testified as a Lyme-disease expert, says the finding of misconduct "had nothing to do with Lyme. . . . It was about inappropriately medicating a [chronic Lyme] patient who almost died as a result."

In 1993, Burrascano accused NIH and CDC Lyme-disease grant recipients of improprieties at a Senate committee hearing on Lyme research. Funding was being directed toward rheumatologic and arthritic autoimmune problems he alleged, and some post-Lyme-syndrome advocates who were taking the grants had worked as paid medical consultants for insurance companies. Shortly thereafter, the OPMC began investigating Burrascano; he has had to turn over his records three times and submit to formal interviews twice. Each time, the investigation was left open—which many say is highly unusual.

For Burrascano's defense, his lawyers may cite two new NIH grants for research toward determining why some patients don't recover after the standard antibiotic treatment. One of the grantees is Arthur Weinstein, a conservative physician and professor of medicine and chief of the Division of Rheumatic Diseases and Immunology at New York Medical College. Weinstein helped develop current standards for Lyme testing. "Lyme patients claim to feel better on antibiotics and relapse when they stop," Weinstein has said. "But this is not typical in treating other infections." He'll try to discover whether the bugs are hiding and start growing again when the antibiotics are stopped, or patients are really just experiencing a placebo effect. It's also possible that protracted antibiotic use doesn't kill bugs but merely has some other chemical effect on the brain.

Burrascano isn't pleased that a member of the conservative faction is running this study. But he does agree that this commission is notionally helpful, confirming that there is some debate about what this illness is and what its treatment should be. "Everything I do is based on articles and literature and my observations and those of my colleagues," he says. "I don't do crazy things. I don't sell drugs or get kickbacks from the companies promoting the drugs. I do it because it's *right.*" ■

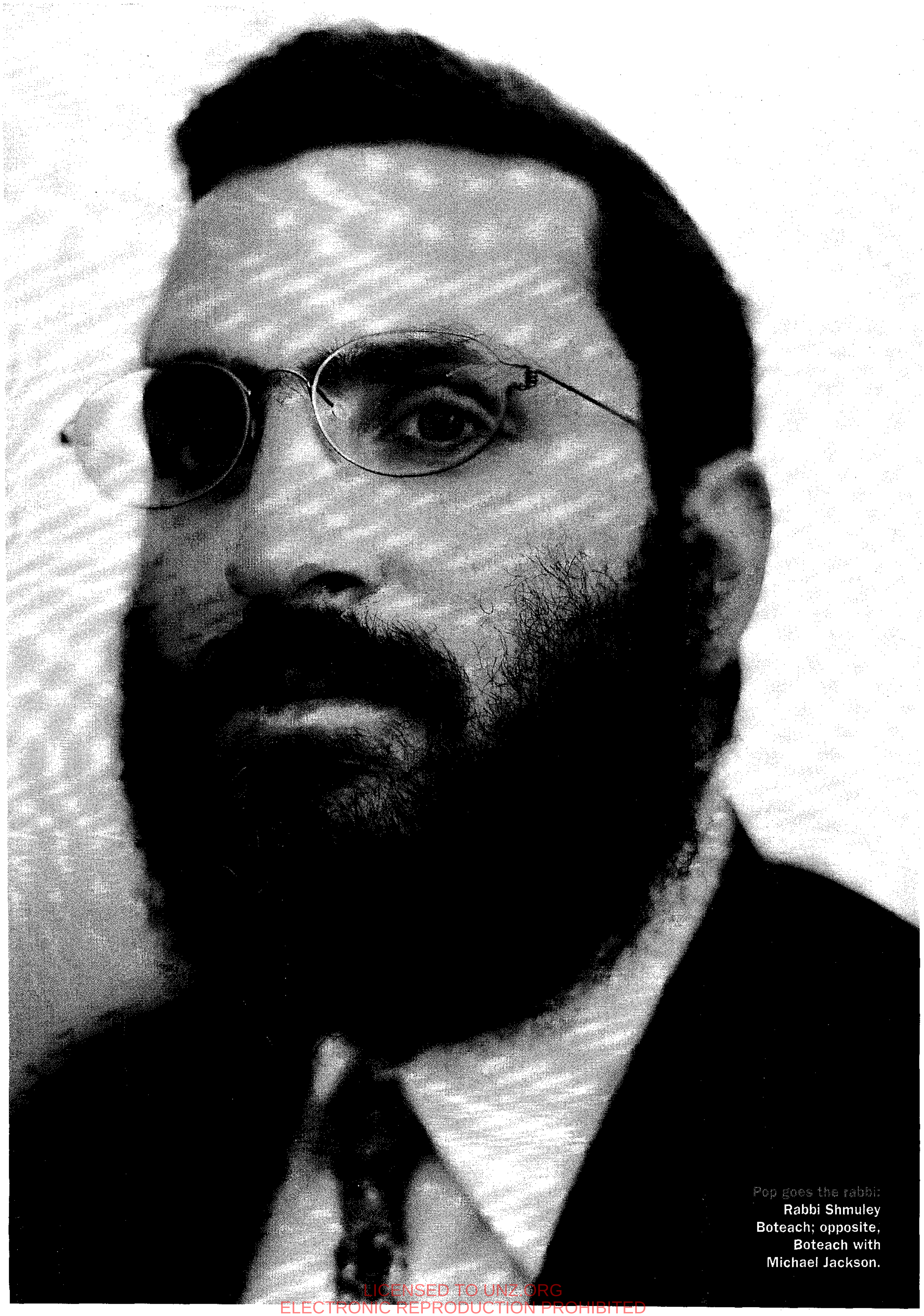
Goy Vay

Rabbi Shmuley Boteach thinks Michael Jackson can help rebuild his religion. The Kabbalah Center sells Hebrew holy water. Makor, on the Upper West Side, offers talks on finding "The Jewish Buddha Within." Welcome to the new—not strictly kosher—world of Judaism.

By Eric Konigsberg

Photograph by Patrik Andersson

RABBI SHMULEY BOTEACH IS PROUD THAT some of his best friends are not Jewish. It was one of the first things he said when we met. "Lots of non-Jews are great," he said. "They're going to save Judaism." • In 1988, the Chabad Lubavitch organization of Crown Heights dispatched the 22-year-old Shmuley to Oxford University with instructions to set up a Jewish-outreach center on campus. Within two years, he made the L'Chaim Society, as he named it, second in popularity among campus clubs only to the Oxford Union, the debate club. Lectures he hosted drew as many as 2,000 students. Often, most of them were not Jewish, and often, the speakers came from the secular world, including Mikhail Gorbachev, the Latin American



Pop goes the rabbi: **Rabbi Shmuley Boteach; opposite, Boteach with Michael Jackson.**

soccer star Diego Maradona, Jerry Springer, and Boy George, who spoke about his addiction to drugs and the value of *shuva,* repentance.

"I realized I could do more than hold Shabbat services," Shmuley says. "I realized there were so many ways I could attach a Jewish theme. And by doing so, I made Judaism cool again to Jews. You'll see: I have friends who are Wasps, Mormons, Arabs—people who know more about Judaism than a lot of Jews."

Shmuley, who is all of 33 now, says Judaism is finally on the verge of "going mainstream" within the Western, predominantly Christian world. "Judaism is going to be to American culture what Buddhism was in the eighties," he says—a belief system from which nonbelievers borrow bits and pieces of philosophy and customs on the side. "This is going to be the Jewish millennium. There are a lot of Jews who have left their Judaism behind. But now everyone—both Jews and non-Jews—is going to embrace Judaism, because everyone's realizing that what the Jews have been talking about for 6,000 years makes good sense in the professional world."

In December, Shmuley invited me to Shabbat lunch at the midtown apartment he and his family were borrowing for a few months. Joining us was one of his best friends, Cory Booker, a former Rhodes scholar he knew from Oxford. Cory is black, a practicing Baptist.

"I think I met a girl for you," Shmuley told Cory. Shmuley loves to set people up. He once appeared on Roseanne's talk show with three young Jewish men from England, answering a challenge to find husbands for her three daughters. He's also pitching *Matchmaker, Matchmaker,* a game show he would co-host. And he's in the process of launching LoveProphet.com, an online dating service.

For Cory, Shmuley said, he had in mind a TV news producer he met in Los Angeles: bright, accomplished, black.

"What does this girl look like?" Cory wanted to know.

"Why does it matter what she looks like?" Shmuley said. "My man, don't you believe in *bashert*—that what's meant to be is meant to be?"

"Shmuley, I want a woman to excite my mind, my body, and my spirit," Cory said, then gestured toward Shmuley's dutiful, retiring wife, Debbie Boteach, who was putting cholent on paper plates for their six children. "You don't understand how it is because when you were 20, you found the woman who had everything."

Shmuley—it is impossible to meet him and not consider him a first-name kind of guy—tugged at his rabbinical beard, without irony. "It's a tough singles scene in New York," he said. "Everybody wants to marry up." His best-selling 1999 book, *Kosher Sex,* places the blame on premarital sex; true romance is only possible, he says, if people limit themselves to one partner over the course of a lifetime. "Sexual compatibility is a myth," Shmuley said. Debbie smiled politely.

"Yeah, all right," Cory said. "Tell me about my *bashert.* Is she light-skinned, Shmuley?"

They make an interesting pair: Shmuley has a high, chirrupy voice and the demeanor of someone so eager to please he even pokes fun at his eagerness to please, referring to himself as "a name-dropper." He is short and barrel-like, and tends to tilt his head back at a quixotic angle to keep his beard from bending against his chest—a physiognomy that even when he is somber of mood, or when he is flustered because the bitter end of some argument he is making has gotten away from the rest of it, suggests he's about to tell a really good joke.

Cory, on the other hand, is tall, smooth-faced, and supremely confident. He's 30, has degrees from Stanford and Yale Law School, and has learned so much about Judaism that he served for one term as student president of the Oxford L'Chaim Society under Shmuley. He is an anti-machine city councilman in Newark, will probably be mayor of Newark in a year's time, and may well run for a higher office by the time he is 40. You would vote for him. Also, he was once a high-school football All-American on offense and defense, the same year as Emmitt Smith. Barbra Streisand was interested in making a movie about his friendship with Shmuley, but Cory balked, since it would have involved inventing a conflict between them for the third act.

Shmuley had at the table the galleys of his new book, *Dating Secrets of the Ten Commandments.* He opened to the frontispiece and read the dedication: "To Michael, who taught me of humility." "Michael" is Michael Jackson, a new friend of Shmuley's.

"When are you gonna dedicate a book to me, man?" Cory said, more or less jokingly.

"I've only written so many books," Shmuley said. "I dedicated one to my wife, one was to my children—"

"You finally dedicate a book to a black man, and it isn't even me."

"I know, I know."

"Except he's not a black man. He's a white . . . woman." Cory giggled so hard he could barely get his noodle kugel down.

"And he still isn't even Jewish," Shmuley said.

THE JEWISH GOD IS A STERN AND ANGRY God, but maybe it's time for Him to undergo some sensitivity training, because some of his Chosen People are playing fast and loose with the Covenant. Opening up the tribe and letting in the masses. Making Judaism fun, come-one-come-all, circumcisions while-u-wait. "The whole country is going Jewish," Shmuley likes to say. For years in Los Angeles, people have been eating a product called Dorito brei.

The American public's forgiving President Clinton for *l'affaire* Lewinsky, for example, represented "the triumph of Jewish values over Christian values," Shmuley says. "We're judging him by his public works rather than by his private morality. That's a very Jewish idea. It's blatantly obvious."

This spread, photographed by Freeland/SABA; previous page, Mike Alexander/New York *Post.*

Also, he thinks Judaism equips people better than Christianity to enjoy material success and still be holy in God's eyes—making it ideal in this age of prosperity. “The Jewish message is ‘Of course you can have it both ways,’ ” Shmuley says. “We've accommodated ambition; you just have to give money to charity. Jesus says it's more difficult for a rich person to enter the kingdom of Heaven than it is for a camel to pass through an eye of a needle. You'll never find a sentiment like that expressed in a Jewish work.”

Shmuley isn't asking that non-Jews convert; he is merely inviting them to put on a yarmulke and telling them it fits. And in a broad sense, his thesis squares with what much of America has been saying for years, that a lot of Jewish culture has entered the culture at large.

But more is at work here than the influence of *Seinfeld* and the ascendancy of bagels over doughnuts. In 1994, the nation's Reform synagogues began offering Taste of Judaism, a program that teaches the bare bones of the religion to Jews and Gentiles alike. At B'Nai Israel synagogue in Jackson, Tennessee, 90 percent of Rabbi Geoffrey Dennis's 200-plus participants were non-Jews. “Many of them said they just felt a mysterious affinity to Judaism,” Dennis told me. “Many of them were aware that Jews make wonderful marriage partners.”

Makor, which opened on the Upper West Side in October, was conceived as a community center and matchmaking operation for Jews, but it has quickly drawn a crowd that's as much as one-quarter Gentile. But the most visible emblem of Judaism's new crossover appeal is the Kabbalah Center. Scorned by almost all Rabbis, it's nevertheless become a household word because of its popularity with showbiz Jews like Sandra Bernhard and Roseanne, as well as its most famous scholar, Madonna. Deepak Chopra referred to himself as a “Hin-Jew” when he spoke at Park East Synagogue last fall. And in October, Michael Jackson made public his affinity for Judaism when he emerged from exile to attend Sukkoth services at Carlebach Shul on West 79th Street, the guest of his good friend . . . Rabbi Shmuley Boteach.

This is a moment when many Americans have become disenchanted with the demands of organized religion and more interested in a “spirituality” that asks less of their time and allows for a direct relationship with God. The fastest-growing faiths are the most exotic and spiritual: According to a Roper Center poll, involvement in mainline Protestant faiths in America dropped dramatically between 1960 and 1990—United Methodists by 16 percent; Episcopalians by 29 percent. Meanwhile, the popularity of evangelical churches exploded: membership in Pentecostal Christianity grew by 400 percent; in the Southern Baptist Churches by 54 percent.

Fish shtick: **Opposite, Rabbi Abraham Hardoon lectures on the meaning of Pisces at the Kabbalah Center; below, the Hasidic New Wave and Slavic Soul Party at Makor.**

“Most Jews don't know it, but the parallels between the Kabbalah and Hinduism are amazing,” says Deepak Chopra.

There are sociologists who say America is in the middle of its fourth Great Awakening; a 1997 *Newsweek* poll found that 54 percent of Americans pray every day. But many are disenfranchised from an organized church and see religion not as an inherited given but rather as the old pick-and-choose Chinese menu. The Promise Keepers and the Vineyard, for example, mix Christianity with self-help; many Christians are into Eastern religions.

Even so—cue the Yiddish accent—*why should they want to be Jewish?* Centuries of Talmudic law have dictated that Judaism is a closed religion: You are Jewish only if your mother was Jewish (or if you undertake an elaborate conversion process). Judaism is a religion of ethnicity and birthright—its tenet that the Jews are the Chosen People means one cannot simply choose to be chosen. Also, its many commandments and laws make Judaism an unlikely destination for faith tourists. But tourists have always searched for the exotic.

“BEING THE LIGHT IS A PROACTIVE thing,” Rabbi Yehudah Grundman of the Kabbalah Center was telling his Wednesday-night class. “Giving light versus receiving light. It's the difference between a person who inherits a million dollars”—he paused for effect—“and the individual who makes a million. Remember, a person who inherits a million has a very low self-esteem and is not being proactive.”

Rabbi Grundman has a close-cropped beard and wears a Versace tie printed with Sun King medallions. “I met Kabbalah ten years ago,” he often says. He was working as a construction engineer in Toronto (“very secular”) when a friend gave him a copy of *Reincarnation: Wheels of a Soul,* by Rabbi Philip S. Berg, “dean” of the Kabbalah Center and—though it has been around since 1922—the force behind its recent boom. (The Kabbalah Center teaches that reincarnation and some form of astrology were popular Jewish beliefs in medieval times, but so in fact do many Hasidic scholars.)

Some 50 proactive students were at Grundman's Kabbalah 1 course, in a conference room with gold-on-white wallpaper and recessed lighting. There were blacks, Asians, Hispanics, most of them in their thirties or forties. Grundman says about half the participants are not Jewish. The Jews there said the religion they grew up with underwhelmed them. A Caribbean woman in the fourth row was born Catholic but saw an ad in a Learning

Annex circular. Another guy, from California, was raised in the "Science of Mind" faith, which he said is "very, very similar to Kabbalah Center." I met a mother of three, in the middle of a divorce, into self-help cassettes, wanting to meet Jewish men "because they have money." All of them were looking for something better than what they know.

Nowhere is the experiment in roll-your-own Judaism more visibly advanced than the worldwide chain of Kabbalah Centers—if Judaism is the right word. Its goals, it must be noted, are far different from Shmuley Boteach's, Makor's, and the rest of the Jewish-continuity projects'. There are 39 branches worldwide, with outposts in Las Vegas, Aspen, and Paris. Last February, the Center opened its first Manhattan shop, a marble palace on East 48th Street. Grundman claims to have already taught Kabbalah to "thousands and thousands in town" since the outfit's days offering classes in a fashion showroom.

In addition to interpretations of the Zohar, the thirteenth-century Jewish text that forms the basis of Kabbalah study, classes include "Millennium Mania," "Weekly Energy Boost," and "Living the Light." The books and videos on sale at the gift shop have titles like *Stress for Success, You Can Have It All, Black Holes and Judaism,* and *How to Find Your Guardian Angel.* There is also Kabbalah Center mountain spring water (from sources in Canada and California meditated upon by Rabbi Berg). Each label bears instructions to hold the bottle to one's head for a few minutes before drinking. A pamphlet is available with two special-camera photos depicting the photon emission of water. The mineral structure of "Before Blessing" water resembles a bunch of unconnected dots; the "After Blessing" water has the structure of a fern leaf—highly ordered, and thus providing lots more energy.

At a "Soulmate Connection" workshop, I watched nearly 100 unattached, mostly middle-aged people file in as Anita Ward's "Ring My Bell" played on the stereo. Rabbi Abraham Hardoon led a meditation, evoking a comfortable chair in a good-smelling room at the bottom of several flights of stairs. "Let's ask our angel the question," he said. "What is my blockage?" We were handed worksheets instructing us to list what we needed to "let go of" in order to become emotionally available. Someone at the table next to me wrote "Everything."

The Kabbalah Center is not officially recognized by any of the ruling rabbinical bodies in America and doesn't have anything in common with the rest of organized Judaism. Its activities should not be confused with the generic study of Kabbalah popular now at traditional synagogues. It's a common mistake, however, because the Kabbalah Center's Hollywood students have made it famous. "It's not the Kabbalah that I know," Rabbi David Gedzelman, the director of Makor, says. "People take two years of classes and I don't think they learn a thing about Kabbalah. They don't learn a thing about Judaism. They learn about proactive versus reactive."

Traditionally, Kabbalah study is undertaken only by the most advanced scholars—and, as a rule, by nobody under the age of 40. To observe traditional Kabbalah study is a far cry from watching Rabbi Grundman interpret the Zohar to a roomful of the uninitiated. In that class, he'd read one passage in Aramaic, which none of his students understood. So he told them to shut their eyes and listen to the vibration of the letters. Then he asked that they share "some examples of things you should do but don't, or things you shouldn't do but do."

"I know I should manage my money but I find I don't do it," said a young woman in a prim cardigan, her hair pulled back tight.

"That's a real problem," Grundman said. "Especially in Libra."

A few others came forward with self-criticisms, all of them to do with money and a lack of willpower—apparently problems common to reactive people. "Abraham the patriarch, he understood 3,800 years ago the force that causes us to be reactive," Grundman said, making one of the few references to Judaism in the entire session. "And he named this force."

Grundman turned and wrote the word SATAN on a whiteboard. He laid a hand on the back of his head to feel around for his yarmulke.

> "It's a running joke among Oxford students:
> You want to pick up a *shiksa,* go to Shmuley's Chabad House."

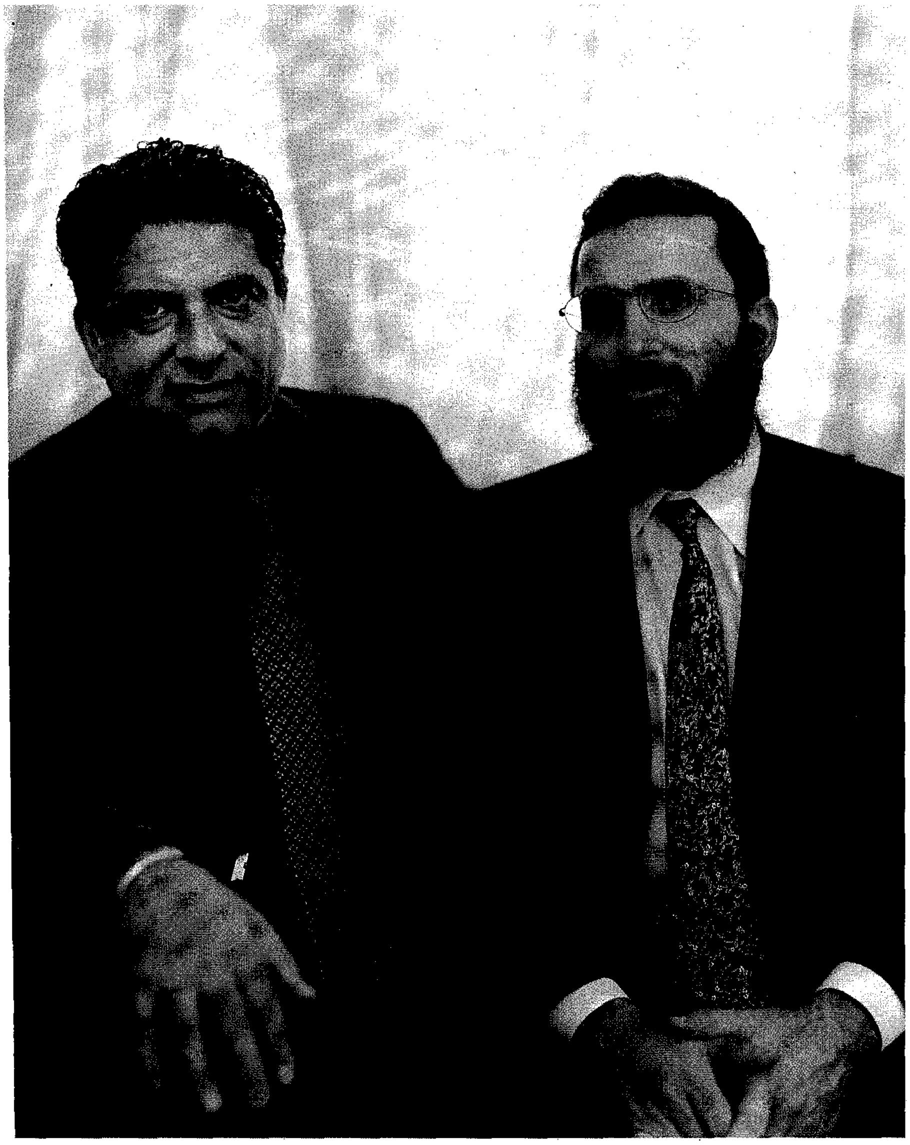
SHMULEY BOTEACH HAS BEEN IN NEW York only since October; he spent the previous eleven years in England, at Oxford and, briefly, at a synagogue in Northwest London. "I moved here because it's the center of the Jewish world, the largest stage to play on," he says. Now, with office space rent-free, courtesy of the financier-philanthropist Michael Steinhardt, he has set up an office for the Oxford L'Chaim Society in midtown, with the mandate to "promote Judaism and hopefully become the biggest Jewish celebrity in America."

"Think about it," he says. "Harold Kushner, Dennis Prager. Dr. Laura, maybe myself. There are a few Jews who have brought Judaism to the popular culture. I don't know if their books sell a million copies or not. But those opportunities exist for me now in the United States." *Kosher Sex,* which was published in the U.S. last year, has sold 200,000 copies worldwide (excerpt in *Playboy,* promotional appearances on *The Roseanne Show, Howard Stern,* and the *Today* show). *Kosher Sex* was a marriage manual that told couples that the best approach was the simplest and most fundamental—an extrapolation of the marital laws put forth by the Talmud, with additional homilies from Mae West, H. L. Mencken, and Dr. Alex Comfort. "Plus, it's a killer title," Shmuley says.

Shabbat dinners might be Shmuley's favorite platform. Already he's had as guests the charity-world staple Beth Rudin de Woody; Karen Brooks Hopkins, the head of the Brooklyn Academy of Music; and Michael Segell, an author who writes about men and relationships and who urged Shmuley to get himself invited to the Clintons' Renaissance Weekend.

Sometimes, Shmuley worries about overexposure. He has written eleven books (including the 1,200-page, two-doorstop-size-volume memoir *Moses of Oxford*); has written thousands of op-ed-style essays and posted them on the Web; has appeared on just about every talk show there is; and, in the words of the editor of a Jewish newspaper, conceding a stereotype, "makes Sammy Glick look catatonic." He has a two-book deal with Judith Regan with an option for two more, and a concurrent three-book deal with Doubleday. He has a publicist from Howard Rubenstein's firm. It is not uncommon for reporters to call Shmuley when looking for someone with a direct line upstairs to comment on a timely moral or philosophical debate (several weeks ago in *Time,* for example, he offered Monica Lewinsky dating advice: "She should not be afraid to be vulnerable").

Shmuley's scattershot approach is hardly consistent with what he learned from Chabad, since the fifties the most aggressively traditional Jewish-outreach organization. Chabad reaches out only to Jews. His methods at Oxford went over poorly with Chabad, which forced the L'Chaim Society out of the organization. "It got to be a running joke among Ox-



Shmuley, madly, Deepak: Deepak Chopra and Rabbi Shmuley Boteach.

ford students: You want to pick up a *shiksa,* go to Shmuley's Chabad House," one Chabad rabbi who knew Shmuley at yeshiva told me. "Always, he wanted to be the big Jew. He lacked that Chabad self-nullification."

When Rabbi Zalman Shmotkin, a spokesman for the Chabad Lubavitch movement, met me for dinner at Le Marais, the kosher chophouse in midtown, he said right off that Judaism's restoration did not lie with the Gentiles. He cited a passage in the Mishnah, Ethics of Our Fathers, a favorite of the Rebbe Schneerson: "Love the creatures. And bring them closer to the Torah." Once you get over the idea that *goyim* are referred to as creatures, it's a compelling notion. "It is we who are responsible to *bring them closer to the Torah,* no matter someone's level or how far he has strayed," he said with a sigh of Weltschmerz. "But we have no right to *bring the Torah to them,* to water it down and change it."

Shmuley, of course, doesn't see himself as changing the Torah. "What I'm doing, in effect," he says, "is translating it to today's world to reach more people. That doesn't mean I don't err by dumbing things down too much."

Shmotkin said, "I don't think writing these racy—these *books* . . ." He raised his eyebrows in italics but couldn't bring himself to say the word *sex.* He took off his glasses and rubbed his face. "I don't think that is the way to 'bring people to the Torah,' " he said. "I wonder how many people the tent-wideners have persuaded to, say, observe the Sabbath, or to put on tefillin?"

I heard words to the same effect from Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg, the author of *The Jews in America* and *Jews.* "After six months of Kabbalah study, Madonna will go to the Dalai Lama or to est," he said. "Judaism is not concerned with the individual, in asking, 'What is going to make me happy?' Judaism says: 'If you want to save your own soul, start by saving somebody else's body.' "

He told the story of Rabbi Lau, who, on the verge of being led to the gas chambers at Auschwitz, gathered his congregants and marched them up and down the road singing "*Lecha Dodi.*" "He was using the last seconds of his life to inspire others to fight," he said. "The Dalai Lama would've smiled and said, 'Don't worry. Let us go to our deaths with our human dignity,' and said some mantras. You tell me if these people understand that Judaism is a religion of acts, of fighting, not for introspection." Rabbi Hertzberg began to cry.

Shmuley Boteach, Rabbi Hertzberg said, "is a rabbi with a beard talking about sex to non-Jews. If Freud said, 'God is dead; all is permissible,' Boteach is saying, 'God is alive; all is permissible.' Nothing is forbidden under this Judaism. Someday Boteach is going to discover that God permits shrimp."

AMERICA HAS LONG HARBORED FREE thinkers who've dreamed of forging an alliance between Jew and Gentile. Around 1900, there was an effort to unite the Unitarians and the Reform Jews under one organization. "It was in the nineteenth century that German Jews in America began putting up Hanukkah bushes," says Seymour Martin Lipset, the author of *Jews and the New American Scene.* "Historically, American Jews have always survived assimilation."

Perhaps it is because something resembling the self-actualizing syrup of New Age has seeped into various corners of Judaism. Or perhaps it is because of the 1990 Council of Jewish Federations study that put the contemporary Jewish rate of intermarriage at 52 percent and found that fewer than a third of those who intermarry raise their children Jewish. But while conservative rabbis call for a return to stern tradition, others are looking to charm Jews back to the faith of their fathers by any means necessary. One of these is Michael Steinhardt, who last year spent $11 million to create Makor. "It's been clear for a long time," he told me, "that assimilation and intermarriage, financial success, they've led to a loss of our ethnic identity."

Housed in an ornate terra-cotta-and-redbrick townhouse off Central Park West, Makor has a handful of classrooms like any JCC but also a license to sell beer and wine. With the intention, essentially, of soft-selling Judaism, it has hosted live music in conjunction with the Knitting Factory and shown movies where the Jewish connection is a stretch (*Midnight Cowboy, Bob Roberts, Happiness*). Programming incorporates all manner of far-reaching (that is to say, *Gentile*) themes: "The Jewish Buddha Within," a talk by a

Photograph by Patrik Andersson.

Jewish-born Buddhist who calls himself Lama Surya Das (*né* Jeffrey Miller); "Just Say Maybe," a panel discussion about drugs and spirituality; and weekly courses in Jewish-themed yoga. Shmuley, of course, has also lectured.

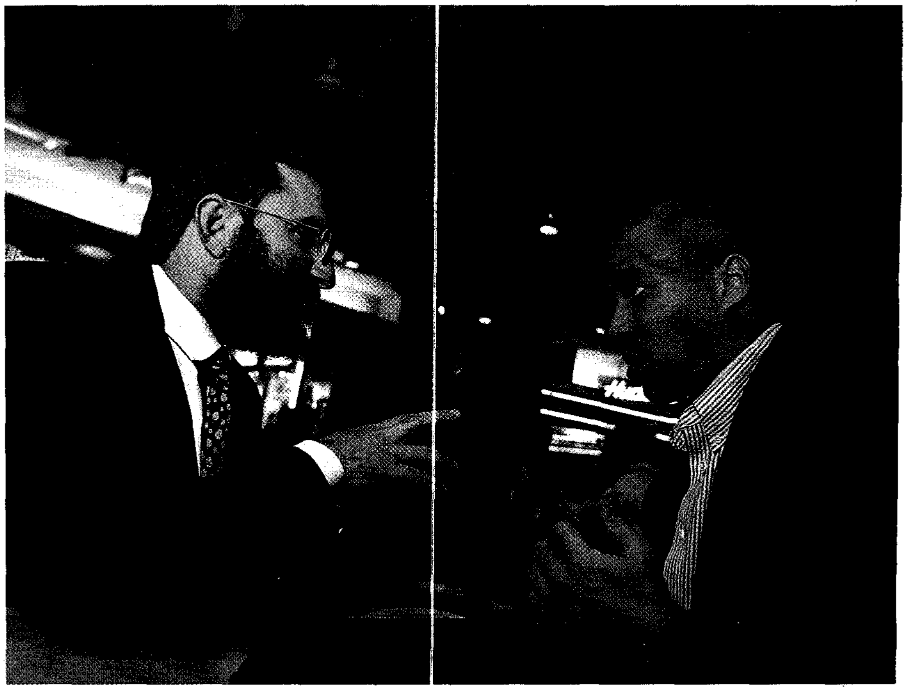
"Of the 100,000 Jews in Manhattan between the ages of 22 and 35, around 15 percent are affiliated with a Jewish organization," Makor's Gedzelman says. "We're trying to draw some of that other 85 percent. And a lot of us realize Eastern religions have something to offer."

Indeed, embracing Eastern religions was a corollary of modern Jewish mysticism and of Philadelphia's Jewish Renewal movement, which sought to move away from the City-College, secular-humanist concept of Jewishness. Rodger Kamenetz's book *The Jew in the Lotus,* for example, told of the author's rediscovering Judaism through an appreciation of Buddhism.

"We're at an idiosyncratic point in American religion where we have a confluence of extreme individualism in society and then all these people knowing nothing about the tradition they were born into," says E. J. Kessler, the religion editor of *The Forward.* "They have backgrounds in sports, est, New Age, drugs. So the Jewish institutions are trying to bring Jews back however they can. It's like niche marketing." And what niches they are. Merv Adelson, the movie producer and philanthropist, told me that his own combo platter consists of "mainstream Judaism, Kabbalah Center classes, and Deepak Chopra." And how do these divergent strands intersect? Adelson was stumped. "It helps in how you treat people," he said finally. "I'm interested in improving my way of life."

While Jews have been willing to go outside the fold, it is weird that the inverse has occurred. Nobody expected Makor to draw so many non-Jews—a development that confounds Makor's organizers.

This is Makor's great, self-defeating irony: Although Steinhardt built it to combat the Jewish loss of identity, the institution, in practice and theory, has come to represent that loss. Its link to Judaism is so attenuated that it doesn't feel Jewish at all. The Saturday before last, there were two acts in the café, a bluegrass combo and a jazz-fusion group. The place is sleek and modern, with exposed pipes and lights inside the bar panels. The crowd was bifurcated, perfectly normal Jewish singles who might have gone to Tufts and earthy types who make their own Phish bootlegs.



"The Jewish institutions are trying to bring Jews back however they can. It's like niche marketing."

There was Maya, a postcollegiate in a ribbed cashmere sweater, pretty, very goal-oriented about her visit to Makor. "It's really hard to meet just a nice Jewish guy," she said. She had recently been out with someone she met through a Jewish online dating service. "He wasn't good-looking. He got upset when I told him I was only attracted to him as a friend."

Maya stole a panoramic glance of the room, pretending to watch the Knicks game on TV. "We were at a bar across the street, and we told this black guy we were coming here," she said. "He was like, 'Yeah, bring me—I'd like to meet a nice Jewish girl.' "

Her friend Beth said, "He started singing '*Hava Nagila.*' It would've been weird if he'd come with us."

"This is lame," Maya said. "Don't you notice at some Jewish-singles things, there are, like, lots of Asians?"

A couple I spoke to, non-Jews from Connecticut, had come for the music, unaware of Makor's theme. "But I like it," said Matthew, who was fair-haired and had dreadlocks. "It's very clean."

At the bar, I found Dean, a self-described "goyish Jew," and his friend Sharon, who is Japanese. "As long as we're here, tell me something about Judaism," she asked him.

"That garage door that rolls up overhead," he said. "That's supposed to represent that God is watching over us all the time. No, I don't know. I'm kidding."

Without exception, every non-Jew who told me of his interest in Judaism cited some common territory that had come by way of dilution, from an ahistorical collapsing of the differences between religions. Feisal Abdul Rauf, a Sufi teacher who spoke at a Makor panel on the millennium, stressed the similarities between the Torah and the Koran. "Abraham is our common father," he said. "We're adhering to the original principles more strictly than the Jews. We Muslims consider ourselves as Muslims to be more Jewish than the Jews." A common refrain among anti-Semitic Islamics—brought forth, suddenly, as insight.

"I saw so much of myself in Judaism," Cory Booker said. "Jews and blacks share a common story of persecution, struggle, family. It was infectious."

"I like Judaism because of its emphasis on logic," said Yusef Kassim, another black Baptist who is a friend of Shmuley's.

This year, Deepak Chopra will conduct workshops in Israel. He is also starting a Website on well-being, MyPotential.com, funded by Merv Adelson, "to educate the Hindus about Judaism," Chopra told me.

"Most Jews don't know it," he said, "but the parallels between the Kabbalah and Hinduism are amazing." Well, linguistically, anyhow. He ran through a list of Hebrew words and religious concepts that sounded very much like their Sanskrit counterparts. "Also, I found that in both Kabbalah and the Eastern view of the universe, you have the material world, the emotional world, and the spiritual world."

He said it was only in practice that they are different.

DEEPAK CHOPRA AS A WISE MAN OF Chelm: This truly is a New Age. And America's silent majority of secular Jews, having turned away from their religious tradition, are not exactly in a position to criticize Chopra or Boteach for trying to fashion it into something new. But the way the Kabbalah 1 students saw Judaism as a tiki lounge of ancient wisdom seemed a bit patronizing.

Still, with American Jews having been dispossessed of their causes—Israel has independence; the Holocaust is a less urgent memory—Shmuley Boteach has an opening. As so many deracinated Jews declare themselves "culturally Jewish," Judaism seems to mean less and less of anything in particular in the public mind—which makes it more accessible to non-Jews. "And Jews always do whatever Christians are doing," Shmuley said one day in his office. "Madonna, Michael, Deepak—they'll get Jews back into the faith."

Macher man: Boteach, backseat _davener_; opposite, Boteach with Cory Booker.

Shmuley was rehearsing a sermon. In a few days, he was going to London as a finalist in the "Preacher of the Millennium" contest sponsored by the London *Times*. Last year, when the contest was called "Preacher of the Year," Shmuley had come in second, to a black Seventh Day Adventist, and he figured his delivery needed "more rhythm" to win. "I've asked Michael Jackson to help me with that," he said.

The sermon focused on his feeling that Judaism's reliance on ritual, at the cost of a sense of the divine, was what drove so many Jews away. "You hear the stats all the time—how a disproportionately high percentage of people who join cults are people who were raised Jewish," he said. "Judaism has gotten too earthbound." On the other hand, aren't the prayers themselves the source of spirituality? "In religious life, habit is essential," Leon Wieseltier writes in *Kaddish*. "In spiritual life, habit is shameful." Ritual is what links Jews to their ancestors, to what makes them Jewish.

Shmuley met Jackson through their mutual friend, the spoon-bending New Age Israeli mystic Uri Geller. "He had Uri over to do some positive vibes, I think, a year ago," Shmuley said. He began flossing his teeth at his desk. "He had a Jewish tutor growing up. He told Uri he'd liked the influence in his life and wanted to meet a rabbi. So I brought a mezuzah, and right away, Michael wants to put it on his front door. I said, 'I don't think that's a good idea.' I gave him a deep interpretation of the Garden of Eden, the loss of innocence. He's a very innocent guy, Michael."

Shmuley rode uptown to Lincoln Square Synagogue on West End Avenue. VH1 was taping him for a pilot to be called *Sound Affects*. Various people of influence were being asked to talk about songs that had changed their lives. Shmuley chose "The Sounds of Silence," by Simon and Garfunkel, because it emphasizes communication; "The Devil Went Down to Georgia," by the Charlie Daniels Band, because it emphasizes defiance in the face of adversity; and "The Cat's in the Cradle," by Harry Chapin, because it emphasizes the importance of fatherhood.

Afterward, he sat in a pew and got Michael Jackson on his cell phone (he really did!), reading him the sermon over the phone. "Remember, Michael, I said when I watch you dance, I feel intensely spiritual?" Shmuley said in a digression. "Your moonwalk—I feel so alive. You don't touch the ground. That's what religion used to do to people! By the way, Michael, you use your wealth to help so many people. So your money does not imprison you. And I say the same of Abraham."

He read on and on, a good fifteen minutes. He asked Jackson to pray for his victory and promised to send over chicken soup to soothe the singer's throat. "He's such a sweet guy," Shmuley said afterward, positively glowing. "He's so spiritual!"

BACK AT HIS APARTMENT, SHMULEY AND Cory Booker were lying on the long sectional, Cory's head at Shmuley's feet, while Debbie cleaned up after lunch.

"Shmuley, man, remember that picture of us in the London *Times*?" Cory said. "Me, I'm holding you. People said we were in the shape of a cross?"

Shmuley jumped off the couch and did a running kick in the air. "*Everybody was kung fu fighting!*" he shrieked.

Cory sat up. "I met Shmuley when a girl told me to meet her at the L'Chaim Society," he said. "So I'm walking around Oxford asking people where's the *'Le-Chayme'* Society. And I walk in to Shabbat dinner, and it's like a scene from *Yentl*. But in minutes, Shmuley and I went to being the best of friends. He told me you don't judge a person until you've seen him three ways: *b'kiso, b'koso, uveka'aso*—with money, drunk, and angry. And by the end of the night, I'm dancing, I'm wearing a *kipa*.

"That's what he does, man," Cory went on. "You know, when Shmuley first met the Lubavitcher Rebbe, the Rebbe said to him, 'One day, you're going to give great *naches* to your family. You will be a light of Judaism.' "

Their Brideshead days are far behind them now, and Cory had union Christmas parties to attend back in Newark. Shmuley begged him to listen to the sermon. As he read, he stepped on and off the couch in his stockinged feet. Toward the end, he began to shuck and jive and rhapsodize like a Southern Baptist.

"I have a dream," he said, giggling. "I dream that someday there will be a black man in the White House."

"Come on," Cory said. "Tell me about my *bashert*."

"And there will be a short rabbi in the Lincoln Bedroom."

Cory was suddenly embarrassed, as if the game they play had been acted out too publicly this time. He put on his coat.

"Okay," Shmuley said. "All right, dude. Sometimes I get carried away." ■

Photographed by Erik Freeland/SABA.

PAY

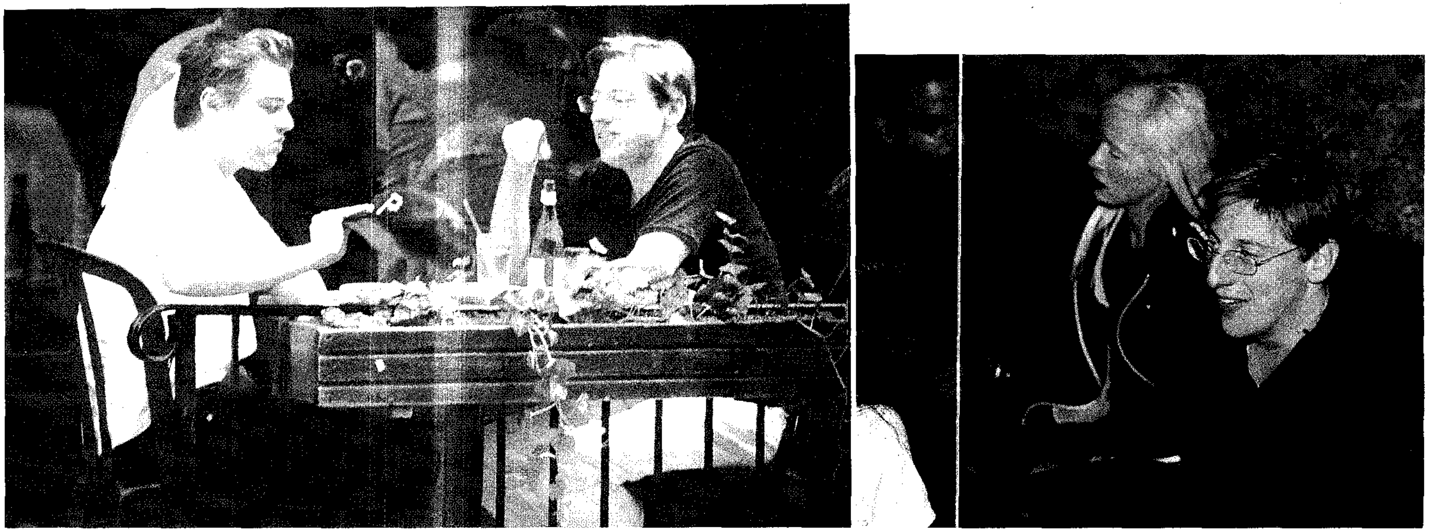
PROPHET AND LOSS

By Kevin Gray
with Nikki Finke

A manic money manager with a lust for celebrity, Dana Giacchetto played with Leo and Ben, Cameron and Courteney, while their millions were in safe keeping with his Cassandra Group. But when the party spun out of control, Giacchetto was the last to get the message.

“Will everyone just shut up!” The Times Square ball had dropped, and a minute into the millennium, Dana Giacchetto was struggling to quell the pandemonium in his 3,000-square-foot SoHo loft. Clutching a microphone in one hand and a paperback anthology of Greek plays in the other, the beleaguered money manager had planned to mark the occasion by reading a few portentous words to the 50 guests at his New Year’s Eve party. But Giacchetto, who had named his Cassandra Group investment firm after the unheeded prophet, refused to start until his guests were focused on him. • “Just read and they’ll shut up,” advised a woman in black. Anxiously tugging at his Dolce & Gabbana T-shirt, Giacchetto launched into a passage from Aeschylus’ *Agamemnon,* in which Cassandra declares that despite the machinations of her enemies, her legend will endure. “I am not like a bird,” he intoned, “scared at an empty bush, trembling for nothing. *Wait:* When you shall see my death atoned with death . . . then witness for me—these and all my prophecies were utter truth.” • The performance, an observer would

Photograph by Condrea Schorr.



THE PLAYER **Clockwise from top left, Giacchetto at lunch with Leo; with magician David Blaine and Smashing Pumpkin D'arcy at Moomba; Q-Tip and Giacchetto tussle with a paparazzo outside Veruka.**

later note, was "pure Dana," a melodramatic tour de force that the 37-year-old Giacchetto intended as a rebuke to his ever-widening circle of antagonists. But most of the revelers, distracted by the televised vision of Dick Clark hugging a blonde, missed the analogy. Smiling weakly at the scattered applause, Giacchetto returned to D.J. duty, no doubt recalling that at last year's bash, it was rapper Q-Tip who was on hand to oversee the music. This time, Giacchetto told a guest, Q-Tip "couldn't make it." Neither could Winona Ryder, Matt Damon, Johnny Depp, or Ben Affleck, all of whom had been present last year. In fact, the lone celebrity in attendance was Alanis Morissette. "You know *I'll* never leave you," the singer cooed, wrapping her arms around her host. "You don't have to worry about me."

DANA GIACCHETTO WAS NEVER THE biggest money manager on Wall Street, but by the late nineties, the baby-faced broker was certainly among the most visible. Operating at the nexus of Wall Street and Hollywood, his SoHo-based Cassandra Group claimed to manage $400 million in assets for celebrities on both coasts. At one point, his client list ranged from brat packers like Tim Roth, Cameron Diaz, and Tobey Maguire to art-world stars like Ross Bleckner and David Salle to musicians like Morissette and Michael Stipe. Uniformed in Prada and Helmut Lang, his pet cockatoo perched on his shoulder, the darling of CNBC's *Squawk Box* became a tabloid staple along with his clients. Courteney Cox flew him home to meet her parents. Leo DiCaprio took him to Cuba. Michael Ovitz whisked him around Italy on his yacht.

Then, last autumn, the wunderkind whom *GQ* named the Rock-and-Roll Broker found himself in free fall. All summer long, there was growing buzz in New York and Hollywood that Giacchetto was in trouble. In early October, he was suddenly dumped by two of his closest allies, his partners in a $100 million venture-capital fund backed by Chase Manhattan, triggering a wave of defections from his money-management firm. On December 4, the Los Angeles *Times* broke the news that top clients were defecting because of undefined financial irregularities, and the article triggered a stampede: Seventeen clients left during a single week.

But the worst blow was the suicide of his friend Jay Moloney in November. Against the advice of friends, Giacchetto had installed the talented but notoriously troubled agent as president of Paradise Music and Entertainment, a company Giacchetto funded with millions of his clients' dollars. Unable to overcome his addiction, Moloney had quietly stepped down last August; on November 16, he hung himself in the shower stall of his home. The night before Moloney's death, Giacchetto spent an hour on the phone with a "Page Six" reporter tearfully trying to kill an item about the agent's relapse.

"Jay's death nearly destroyed me," Giacchetto says. In the month after Moloney's funeral, he stopped going into the office and taking phone calls. Instead, he spent most of his time holed up in his apartment weeping over his mounting losses, both personal and professional. Then, just as his friends were planning an intervention, Giacchetto suddenly bounced back. "You can only lie back and take it for so long," he says. "At some point, you have to fight fire with fire."

WHICH IS WHY, ON A BITTERLY COLD AFTERnoon in January, Giacchetto is entertaining a reporter in his loft. Four minimalist couches form a square in the middle of the airy living room where his friend Leo once played video games before DiCaprio's attorney sent Dana a letter tersely cutting off all contact.

Keeping Dana company today are his new girlfriend, a pair of hyperactive cockatoos, and a newly hired publicist, Peter Brown, a sober, white-haired Brit who once represented the Beatles. "I thought about it a lot, how all this could

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Bill Davila/Retna; Marina Garnier; Rick Mackler/Globe Photos.

happen to me," he says. "You know, one day you're on top of the world, and the next, everyone's pissing on you."

Even dressed in a conservative blue suit, he comes off like a precocious schoolboy, shifting in his seat and pulling on his hair as he makes the case that his troubles are a product of a "conspiracy" engineered by his former partners. "This was a power play," he tells me. "A campaign of misinformation against me by people I trusted. By people I thought were my *friends.*"

The friends in question are Jeffrey Sachs and Sam Holdsworth, who were joined with Giacchetto in Cassandra Chase Entertainment Partners, a $100 million venture-capital fund.

On December 13, Giacchetto filed suit against Sachs, Holdsworth, Chase, and another Cassandra Chase associate, Robert Egan, charging that they had conspired to eject him from the partnership by ruining his reputation. The suit seeks $100 million in damages and the full dissolution of the Cassandra-Chase partnership, plus repayment of $600,000 Giacchetto says he laid out in rent and expenses.

"I thought about it a lot, how all this could happen to me," he says. "You know, one day you're on top of the world, and the next, everyone's pissing on you."

In his suit, Giacchetto charges that about a year ago, Sachs and Holdsworth started "intentionally, willfully and maliciously" spreading false rumors about him to Hollywood insiders such as DiCaprio's lawyer Steve Warren. He charges that Sachs told Warren and others that Giacchetto "was going to get arrested," that he was being investigated by both the SEC and the FBI. As a result, the suit continues, DiCaprio terminated his account at Cassandra.

"I've heard all kinds of slanderous rumors," Giacchetto says. "That I'm going to jail. That I'm about to be indicted. It's all lies! It's all so dark, I don't want to believe it's true."

Holdsworth and Sachs declined to discuss the charges, but their attorney, former governor Mario Cuomo, who was once Sachs's boss, filed papers last Friday asking the court to dismiss Giacchetto's suit. They claim Giacchetto's allegations are baseless and his problems self-created; they also demand repayment of $950,000 loaned to Giacchetto when his troubles began.

IN ANY CASE, IT SEEMS THE MANIC MONEY manager's troubles are far from over. *New York* has learned that the Securities and Exchange Commission recently spent six weeks poring over Giacchetto's books. A former vice-president at Cassandra was interviewed by the U.S. Attorney's office about alleged criminal activity at the Cassandra Group. The government's inquiry, says a source close to the situation, centers on charges that Giacchetto misdirected client funds and misled clients about the amount of money in their portfolios. Giacchetto angrily denies reports of any such investigation. The U.S. Attorney's office declines to comment.

But even his staunchest critics doubt he profited personally from his actions. After all, he considered himself an artist, serving creative soulmates. The consensus seems to be that at some point, Giacchetto, by all accounts a savvy and accomplished investor, lost his way, and unwilling to let down his high-profile clients, struggled to cover his tracks. "This is a naïve individual with very good intentions who simply went out of control," says one associate. "Dana didn't know how to put the brakes on, because he only has an accelerator."

DANA GIACCHETTO WAS RAISED IN THE Boston suburb of Medford, the oldest son of middle-class parents. His first business enterprise was selling magazines door-to-door when he was 11. "The very first door he knocked on, the woman said no and he ran back home crying," recalls his father, Cosmo, a real-estate broker. "I had to tell him, 'They're not rejecting *you;* they're rejecting what you're selling.' Dana is a real hustler, but he feels bad when people say no."

After showing early promise on the piano, Giacchetto took lessons and faithfully practiced on the family's upright thirties Fischer. By the time Dana was in his teens, he was staging concerts by his pop band in the family rec room and recording their songs on an eight-track. "He should have made it as a rock star," sighs his father. It wasn't for lack of trying: At the University of Massachusetts in the early eighties, Giacchetto fronted two successive bands that drew a large following in Boston. But his rock career never really took off.

Instead, Giacchetto landed a job as an analyst for the white-shoe Boston Safe & Deposit Company, trading by day and playing gigs late into the night. In a scathing article last December, the New York *Observer* reported that the company had no record of his employment there. But a spokesman for Boston Safe confirms that Giacchetto was employed there full-time from 1980 to 1987; his former boss, Donna Wong, now works as a systems analyst at Cassandra. The *Observer* was also unable to find any record of the business courses Giacchetto claimed he took at Harvard. As it turns out, Harvard does have a record of Giacchetto's attendance, but the courses were at Harvard's extension school, not its prestigious business school, as he had claimed.

When Giacchetto left Boston Safe in 1987 to strike out on his own, many of his devoted clients followed suit. Cassandra targeted creative types with a simple pitch: Since artists, actors, musicians, and filmmakers are paid only sporadically for their work, they require specialized investment strategies. Giacchetto's approach was long-term, ultraconservative. "I never started Cassandra thinking, *I want to make tons of money,*" he says. "I started it because I really believe that most of the creative people I knew were ill-advised and didn't have any resources. I thought I could help them find a safe way to grow their money."

Though he'd given up performing, he still thought of himself as an artist, with money his new medium. "When I meet money managers who tell me they're technicians, or it's about science, that's bullshit," he says. "You don't know if a stock is going up or down tomorrow. It's an art, just like writing a song or doing a painting."

To woo his artsy clients, he and his then girlfriend, Artemis Bradford Willis, held dance parties on the rooftop deck of his Back Bay apartment and followed up with a monthly newsletter that offered investment tips along with gallery listings and art reviews. By the early nineties, he was one of the best-known brokers in Boston, but typically, he was restless. Packing up his spreadsheets, client lists, and even the family's Fischer piano, Giacchetto moved to New York, and from his loft on Lafayette Street he began his most ambitious assault.

After relentlessly cold-calling the powerful PaceWildenstein Gallery, he wrangled an audience with its influential president, Marc Glimcher. Amused by the quirky hustler, Glimcher took Giacchetto under his wing, introducing him to art-world players like George Condo and Bleckner, who became his earliest clients.

It was his personality as much his business acumen that drew people to Giacchetto. "He'd stare adoringly into your eyes, loving everything you said," notes a former client. "He has this wonderment that disarms people. An innocence he exudes."

By 1995, he had charmed his way to the core of New York's downtown demimonde. "I met him at this birthday dinner for André Balazs," says another acquaintance. "There was James Truman, Lee Radziwill, and Dana. He was sitting across from this famous gossip columnist and telling him all about this money-management fund he'd started for musicians and artists who were friends of his."

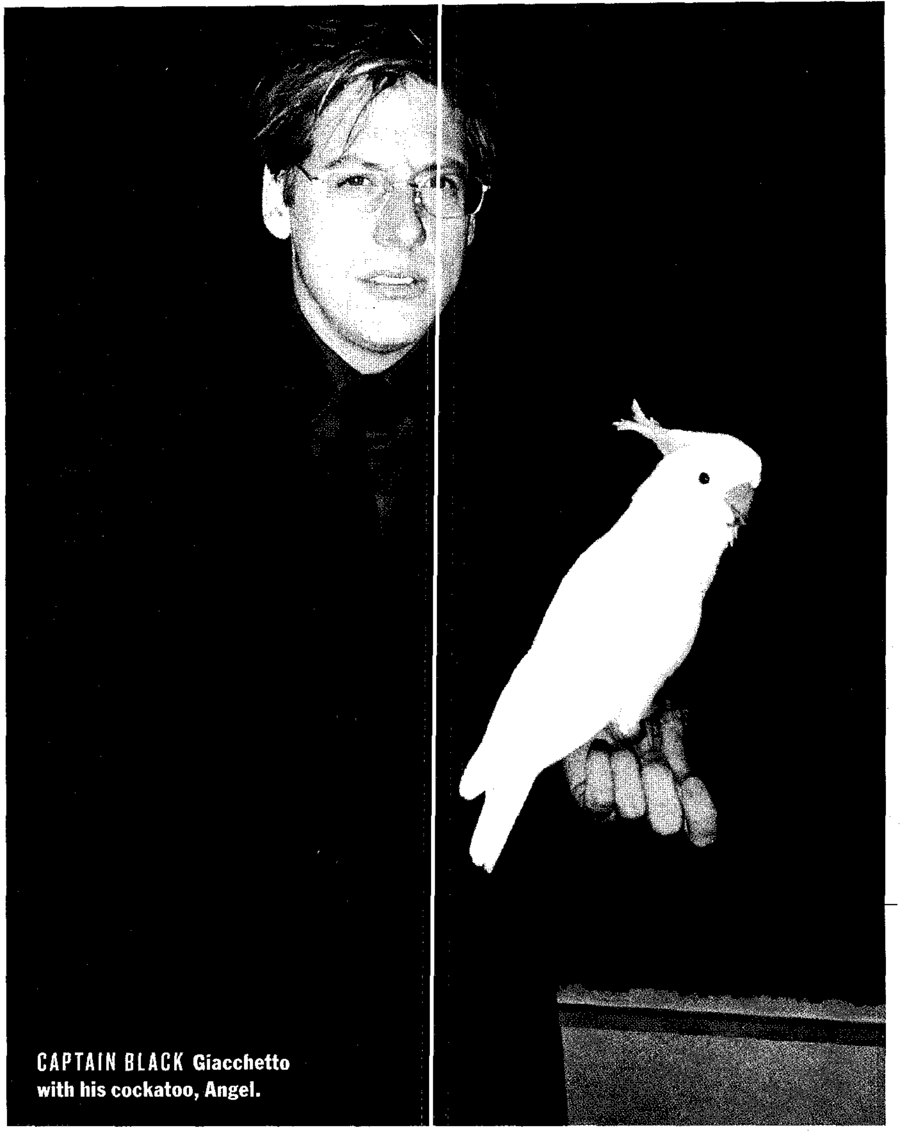
On long weekend visits, Giacchetto set his sights on Hollywood, where he networked his way through a daisy chain of parties and premieres to the office of golden-girl producer Stacey Sher (*Pulp Fiction, Get Shorty*). Sher hung out with the under-30 crowd and dated a personal manager named Rick Yorn, who soon became one of Dana's closest friends.

Though most of Hollywood was paying Yorn little attention at the time, Giacchetto sized up the young manager's client base and recognized its potential. At the time, Yorn and his sister-in-law Julie Yorn had a lock on many young stars, including Cameron Diaz, Jennifer Lopez, Ed Burns, Matt Dillon, and Leonardo DiCaprio. In the face of Giacchetto's charm offensive, says one friend, "Rick didn't have a chance. Not only did Yorn invest his money with Cassandra, but he also encouraged each of his clients to do so as well."

Helped along by a spirited bull market, Giacchetto promised—and frequently delivered—returns of 40 percent and more for his clients. "Whatever he's doing, he's doing well for me," Courteney Cox gushed to the *Post*. "Every time everyone's panicking about the stock market going down, I just say, 'Go, Dana.' "

As his clients' portfolios took off, so did Giacchetto's cachet. He earned a reputation as someone who could put the right people in the right room—usually his own loft. What he wanted to create more than an investment club, he says, was a salon of his generation's most important artists, writers, actors, and musicians. It was a "community," Giacchetto says, where ideas could cross-pollinate between rock and painting, movies and performance art, and Giacchetto would play matchmaker. Indeed, in 1994, he put together a deal that would stagger the industry—and reveal a sharp edge to Giacchetto's laid-back demeanor.

That year, Seattle's influential Sub Pop record label, which had nurtured such seminal grunge acts as Soundgarden and Nirvana, was looking for a major distribution deal. Acting as a high-paid auctioneer, Giacchetto frantically worked his Rolodex, talking up the label to David Geffen and Microsoft. "He'd have these meetings and say, 'If you don't want it, I've got three other people ready to take it right now,' " says a source close to the deal. "Then he'd turn around and start dialing the phone. He was a great negotiator that way. It's a certain magic and balls and timing."



CAPTAIN BLACK Giacchetto with his cockatoo, Angel.

After igniting a seven-month bidding war, Giacchetto delivered 49 percent of Sub Pop to Warner Music for $20 million. "That was just a phenomenal deal," says another insider. "The company was worth a couple million. That deal made people look at him in a whole new light." As reports of his deal-making abilities spread, other labels came calling—followed by modeling agencies, hoteliers, magazine publishers, and movie studios. "I had an incredible amount of power," he says. "I could deliver anyone to anyone with one phone call."

THOUGH SHE STUCK WITH HIM throughout his rise, by 1998, the relentless networking eventually got to his longtime girlfriend, Artemis Willis. The couple sparred often and loudly over his "need to hang with the right crowd," says one pal. "Artemis couldn't stand the people around him. The constant name-dropping and social climbing started to wear her out." Finally she moved out.

By all accounts, Giacchetto was devastated by the breakup, but his friends helped take away some of the sting. Prime among them was DiCaprio, who, by early 1998, was practically living in Giacchetto's loft. "Leo would wander down around noon, check the Bloomberg, make some calls, and they'd go out to a long lunch," recalls one former Cassandra trader. "Or Gwyneth would come by, and it was all hugs and kisses and 'Love ya, babe.' He was developing this whole cult of personality."

Though he was a decade older than some of the guys in DiCaprio's posse, at night Dana gamely played Pied Piper through the city's downtown club scene, from Cafeteria to Moomba to Veruka and back again. "He was out a lot," recalls a friend. "He'd always be asking, 'Where do we go next?' This was at two in the morning."

Eventually, however, his frenetic socializing took a toll. Sometimes Giacchetto didn't show up to work until 1 P.M., and he became less interested in the day-to-day operation of the Cassandra office, which had by then descended into comic disarray. He bought two cocka-

Photograph by Condrea Schorr.

toos, one for himself and another for DiCaprio, which he allowed to fly loose through the office. Visitors would find the two birds, Tiberius and Angel, perched on the office's Bloomberg machine, chewing at the wires.

Clients complained that their monthly statements arrived chronically late, or not at all. After a couple of bad deals, including a disastrous foray into the now-bankrupt Iridium, many of them suspected that he was more concerned with maintaining his social profile than with monitoring their investments. His blatant self-promotion had also become an increasing liability. Sources close to Matt Damon and Ben Affleck say the actors decided to pull out because they thought Giacchetto was trading on their names for his own benefit. Another client, Ed Burns, followed them out the door for the same reason. "When Dana began showing up on 'Page Six' more than I did, I knew it was time to get out," he told a friend.

By now, Giacchetto was even dropping the names of clients he *didn't* have. He once showed a friend a spreadsheet with Steven Spielberg's name on it and claimed to be managing $7 million for the director. A source familiar with Spielberg's finances firmly denies he invested any money with Giacchetto. When informed of this, his pal laughs. "I *knew* that," he says. "Dana never thinks you'll like him enough."

"When Dana began showing up on 'Page Six' more than I did," Ed Burns told a friend, "I knew it was time to get out of there."

Giacchetto denies he ever talks out of school about his clients and insists that complaints about his social life are wildly overblown."Look," he says, "I party, but mostly it was business. I'm not like a drug addict or anything. Far from it. I was here working my balls off every single day to make money for my clients and put deals together, and the proof is there. I *finished* all these deals. It's not like a smoke screen. I mean, I really did them. I'm really good at that."

AMID THE CIRCUSLIKE ENVIRONMENT, news that Giacchetto had taken on a new associate was greeted with some relief at Cassandra. A soft-spoken 47-year-old Richard Gere look-alike with an impressive political pedigree, Jeffery Sachs was supposed to provide the ballast in Cassandra's flighty offices. Born to a Conservative Jewish family in the Five Towns and trained as a dentist, Sachs instead went into public service, landing high-profile jobs under governors Hugh Carey and Mario Cuomo.

Along the way, he developed a wealth of influential contacts. A close friend of John Kennedy Jr.'s (he was supposed to have been a passenger on JFK Jr.'s tragic last flight but canceled when he feel ill), he also helped Andrew Cuomo found HELP, the younger Cuomo's affordable-housing initiative.

At the time he and Giacchetto first discussed teaming up, Sachs was heading up a thriving consulting business that offered strategic planning for health-care groups, financial firms, and entertainment conglomerates, including Time Warner and NBC. "My biggest talent," he says, "was to make this happen or make that go away."

The two had known each other socially for a number of years, but by the summer of 1997, tired of consulting, Sachs says, he decided "to get into more transactional activities." He had heard a lot about Giacchetto's deal-making skills during the sale of Sub Pop to Warner Music and was impressed by his manic energy.

For his part, Giacchetto thought that if he fused his personal contacts with Sachs's institutional ones, they could build a powerhouse. To sweeten the arrangement, Giacchetto says, Sachs promised to deliver him a money manager's pot of gold, a lucrative pension fund from the state's health-and-hospital-workers' union, which was being run by Sachs's friend Dennis Rivera. (Sachs denies this.) Though the fund never materialized, in the summer of 1997, Giacchetto invited Sachs to move his operation into Cassandra's offices, where he joined former *Billboard* publisher Sam Holdsworth—who would use his connections to look for promising entertainment start-ups—and his old boss's son, Chris Cuomo, who would "lawyer" the deals.

IN THE BEGINNING, AT LEAST, THE PARTNERSHIP went as planned. Several months after arriving at Cassandra, Sachs introduced Giacchetto to his friend Mitchell Blutt, a high-powered executive partner at Chase Manhattan Corporation's $2 billion venture-capital unit. Sachs knew that Blutt's division, Chase Capital Partners, was hungrily looking for alliances to help identify potentially explosive start-up companies in the entertainment field. Enter Dana.

In March, Giacchetto began squiring Chase's buttoned-up investment bankers around the tables of Moomba, where between Cosmos he and Blutt talked about putting together a partnership. Their first joint venture was a deal to underwrite the Standard Hotel in Los Angeles, a project of Giacchetto's friend André Balazs, who also owned the Chateau Marmont and New York's Mercer. Then, on October 9, 1998, Giacchetto, Blutt, Holdsworth, and Sachs formed Cassandra-Chase Entertainment Partners, a venture-capital firm backed by $100 million from Chase. The fund's main objective was to ferret out entertainment start-ups and get a first look at the projects conceived by Giacchetto's famous clients. The partners stood to earn 15 to 20 percent of each venture.

DESPITE THE CHASE FUNDING, NOT ALL WAS well between the partners. From the start, Giacchetto says, Sachs had trouble adjusting to Cassandra's hypercasual atmosphere. And to Cassandra's employees, who had prided themselves on their outlaw attitude toward corporate America, Sachs and his buttoned-up team seemed suspiciously old guard. Sachs told Giacchetto he needed to hire people who were more professional. In November 1997, on his recommendation, Giacchetto hired as Cassandra's vice-president Soledad Bastiancich, a Yale-educated lawyer who had worked at the conservative Allen & Company. She is the girlfriend of John Howard, a multimillionaire Bear Stearns venture capitalist and a close friend of Jeff Sachs.

Though she was charmed by her madcap boss, Bastiancich was alarmed at the lax operation he ran. Backed by Sachs, she persuaded Giacchetto to authorize a $250,000 audit of Cassandra. Bastiancich later outlined her concerns in a confidential four-page letter obtained by *New York*, which included a list of demands that Giacchetto had to meet if he wanted to keep her on. It's a strange document, which veers from fawning regard for Giacchetto's "vision" to anger over his shortcomings. "For all I know," she writes, "you may spit on this letter and tell me you never want to see me again (though I pray you don't ever feel that way)." She signed it with a smiley face.

The letter, which Giacchetto twice denied to me even existed, provides a glimpse inside Cassandra's chaotic offices and reveals an internal struggle over its future. In it, Bastiancich asks Giacchetto to "promise me that you will check with one of us about a client's account value and holdings prior to telling the client. TCG has had several hundred thousand dollars worth of trade errors during the past couple of years. We simply cannot afford anymore [*sic*]. It is okay not to always have awesome news."

She also complained that the company was paying Giacchetto's personal travel and entertain-

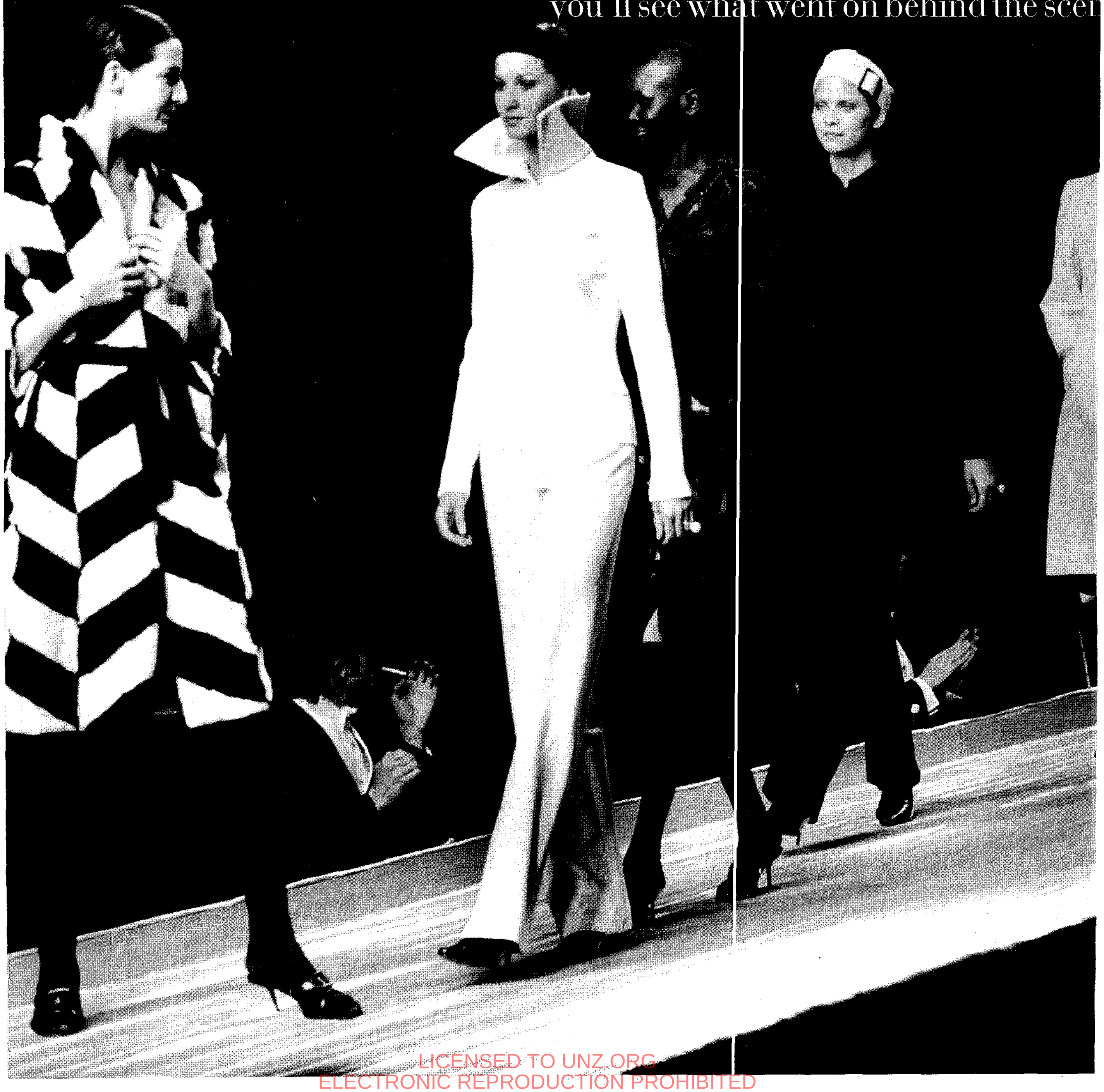
(continued on page 64)

RUNWAY DIARY **FALL** 2000

Luxury

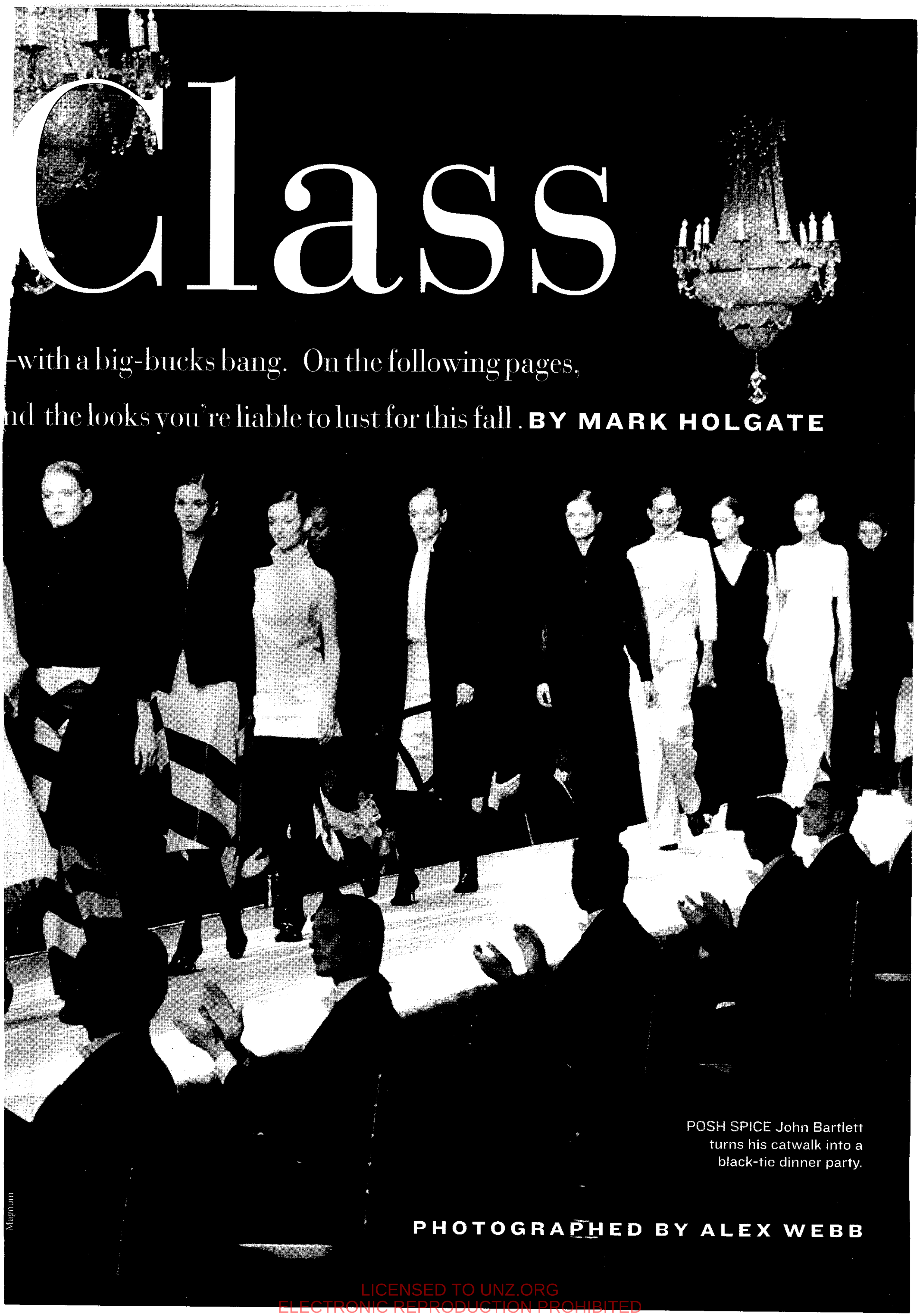
At the recent collections, the upscale urban wardrobe made a grand entran

you'll see what went on behind the scen



Class

-with a big-bucks bang. On the following pages,
nd the looks you're liable to lust for this fall. **BY MARK HOLGATE**



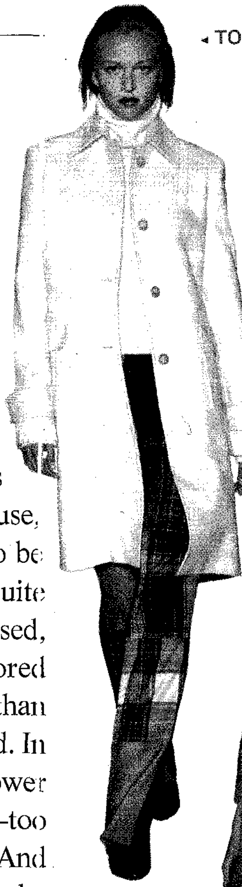
POSH SPICE John Bartlett turns his catwalk into a black-tie dinner party.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX WEBB

Magnum

RUNWAY DIARY FALL 2000

If New York's recent runway shows are anything to go by, *rich* is no longer a dirty word. Maybe it's due to all that money being generated by Internet fortunes and corporate mega-mergers. Or perhaps the recently opened LVMH Tower on 57th Street is casting [illegible]ularly long shadow over Manhattan. But whatever the cause, the sta[illegible]lites, and style-makers at the fall 2000 shows seemed to be saying [illegible] with it: They want to look like a million bucks and are quite willing [illegible]d close to that amount to achieve it. As the week progressed, old-sc[illegible]ury—fur, jewels, gold, and the kind of expensive colored leather that's been more recently used to upholster limousines rather than models—was everywhere. But luxury's return was a double-edged sword. In the best collections, it manifested itself as a superchic tribute to the power of looking smart; at its worst, it looked not only old-school but *old*—too camp and of too little relevance to the way most women actually dress. And sometimes, it made designers seem lazy. Simply throwing some fur onto the clothes to signify high glamour; liberally quoting from Yves Saint Laurent's back catalogue of trench coats, tailoring, and color palette of pink, orange, turquoise, and purple (while his influence was strong this spring, it reached critical mass for fall); and constantly hitting the pause button when viewing Grace Kelly in *Rear Window* might be fun and easy, but it doesn't exactly advance the cause of interesting, creative design.


◂ TOMMY HILFIGER

MARC JACOBS ▸

Saturday and Sunday

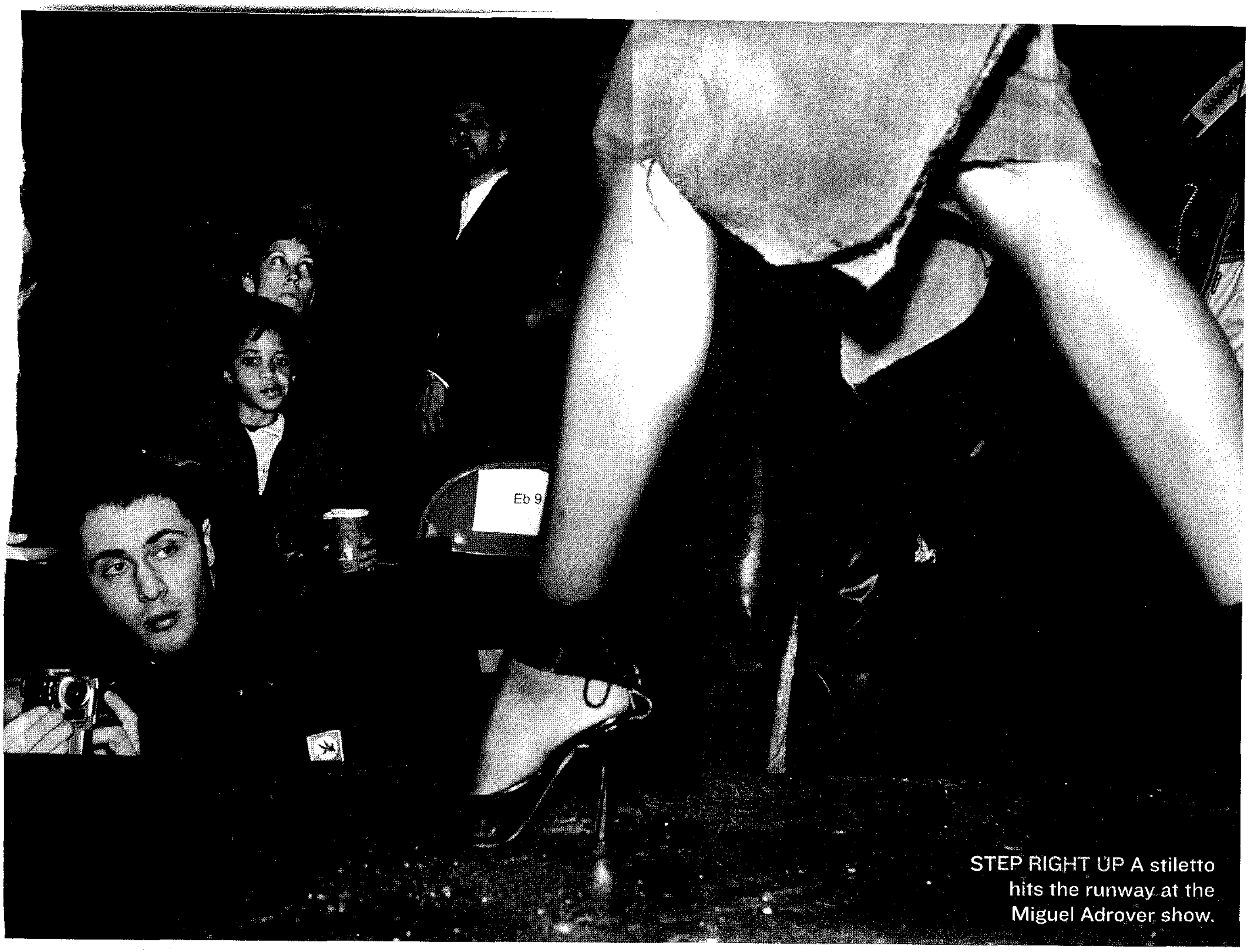
The weekend's shows highlight the fact that people are luxe-crazy. Sean "Puffy" Combs certainly is. His **Sean John** menswear show Saturday evening is all sharp suits dressed up with floor-length furs and heavy-duty rocks, and it receives a rollicking reception from the audience, which includes such sartorial-minded celebrities as Russell and Kimora Lee Simmons, Missy Elliott, Jay-Z, and Lil' Kim. Magazine editrixes, too, are caught up in the fever, giving covetous glances over the chink of porcelain coffee cups to **Tiffany**'s pretty new jewelry at the store's Sunday brunch. These delicate pieces—flowers created from precious metals and stones—would be perfect pinned to one of the season's smart suits. And later in the day, **Lambertson Truex**'s presentation of elegant handbags and clutches in Louisiana alligator or pony skin laser-cut with tiger stripes causes palpable sighs of desire from the assembled fashion crowd.

Even **Tommy Hilfiger**—whose urban beat normally revolves around the dress codes of the rap world—is in an Upper East Side mood. (It will be interesting to see what Hilfiger's new creative consultant, Daryl Kerrigan, whose Daryl K label will show later in the week, will bring to the mix.) At his riotous Tommy Jeans show a few days earlier, Hilfiger neatly summed up New York's social class du jour by having both Mary J. Blige and the sisters Ronson work the runway. Now he trades in his rock-star fetish for looks that could have sprung from the *Preppy Handbook:* short tweed jackets, mohair knits,

◂ OSCAR DE LA RENTA

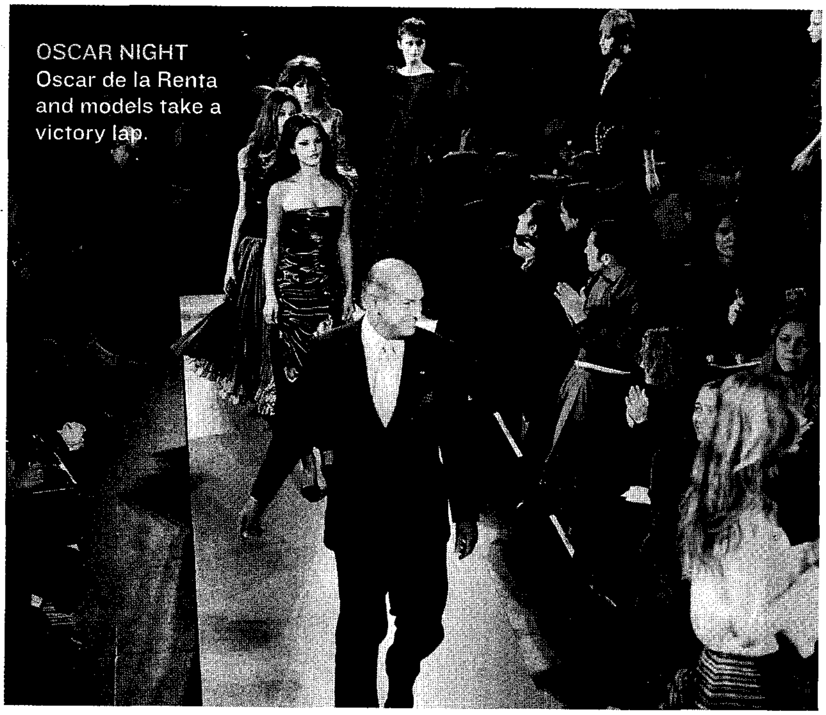
FACE OFF
Photographer Inez Van Lamsweerde congratulates Marc Jacobs.

Runway photographs by first VIEW.com.



STEP RIGHT UP A stiletto hits the runway at the Miguel Adrover show.

We're light years away from the "anything goes" school of dressing.



OSCAR NIGHT Oscar de la Renta and models take a victory lap.

◂ CAROLINA HERRERA

plaid-patchwork pants, tartan chiffon. I sit beside *Law & Order*'s Angie Harmon, and as the lights go up, she produces a tiny video camera and says she's taping the shows to make planning her fall wardrobe easier. Meticulously planning what you'll wear in six months' time: We're light-years away from the "anything goes as long as it looks like I haven't tried too hard" school of dressing.

As if to underscore the point, even the avant-garde designers who show on Sunday are looking a little less avant. Take **Susan Cianciolo**, the downtown dresser who's a favorite of the Chelsea art scene, or **Miguel Adrover**, the Spanish designer who operates out of his tiny East Village boutique, Horn. At Cianciolo—where previous collections have looked like experiments in deconstructing a Butterick dress pattern—understatement reigns. She presents an elegant khaki skirt suit and a beige moleskin coat over a Black Watch–tartan dress. At Adrover, totems of luxury wittily reworked—a Burberry trench coat turned inside out and transformed into a dress, a Louis Vuitton bag flattened to provide the back of a coat—are highlights from a collection that surprises and impresses with its restraint.

Monday

Carolina Herrera gets better and better at clothes that—depending on how you spin them—can look as cool or as classic as you like. She pinpoints a few of the emerging trends: a slim belted silhouette that starts with a high roll neck and finishes with a pair of boot-cut pants or a skirt to the knee; plenty of black, flannel, fur, and that omnipresent colored leather. Herrera's collection also gives a clear sign that the jacket—and the ladylike suit—are back.

Badgley Mischka do rich, with fur, sequins, and beading galore. Given that you can't turn on E! without seeing one of their gowns, this is perhaps to be expected. The duo also offer the season's definitive evening look: a pair of sequined pants resting on vertiginous heels.

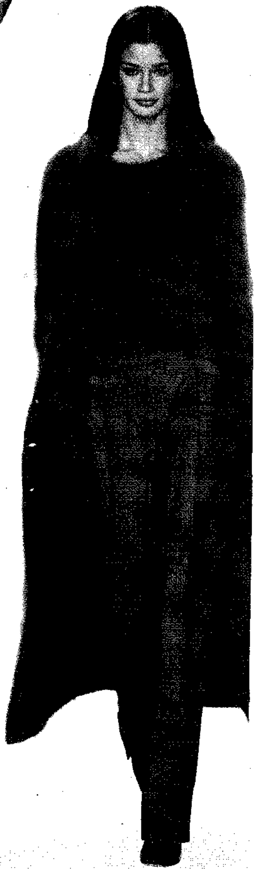
I go late evening to the Lexington Armory to see **Marc Jacobs**. If seventies luxe has inspired him lately, this time around he travels back a decade to the era of Julie Christie in *Darling*. The show is a fabulous tribute to mod girls: neat tweed suits with boxy jackets and flared skirts, organza party dresses, and a floral-print patent-leather coat (all worn with low-heel pumps and zippered shoulder bags from his first complete accessories line). Immediately postshow, critical opinion is divided as to whether Jacobs was too literal with his sixties references. But the innocence and sweetness of the clothes are refreshing, especially since the thought of all that superserious luxury is already becoming draining. Moreover, Jacobs has a knack for pointing where fashion will go next: An awful lot of this season's gloss can be traced back to his spring collection for Louis Vuitton.

◂ BOTTEGA VENETA

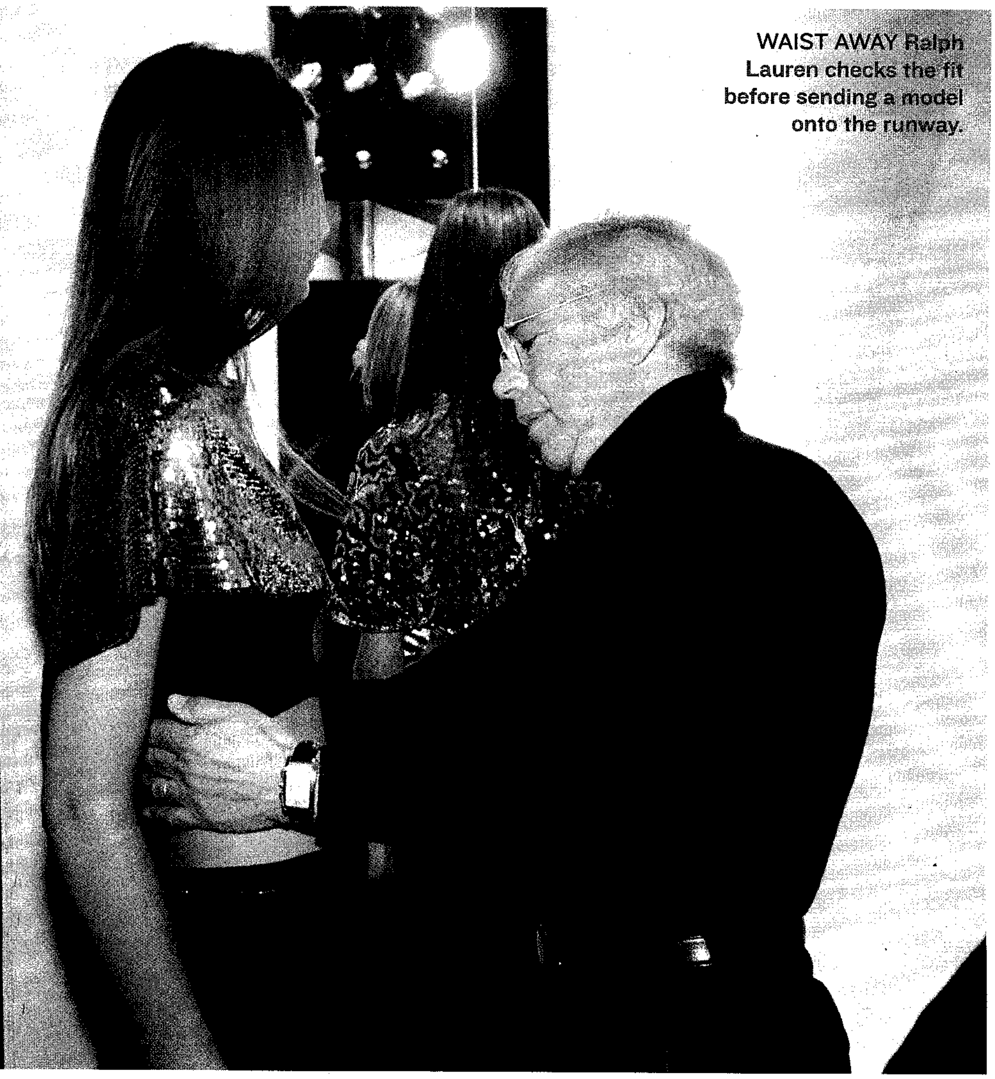
Tuesday

"Fur shame, fur shame!" The PETA protest that disrupts the **Oscar de la Renta** show lasts only minutes but unsettles the audience. Amid all the fantasy and make-believe of the runway, reality suddenly intrudes without so much as an "Excuse me." PETA will make subsequent appearances during the week at Michael Kors and Randolph Duke, and it looks like the fur debate will rage on—European designers are likely to go big on animal skins when they show their fall collections. (In fact, the next week at Alexander McQueen in London, an anti-fur protest will take place outside while the fashion set is forced to go through airport-security-type metal detectors in order to enter the show.) De la Renta's collection is heavily immersed in finery—crewel-worked jackets and pony-skin coats etched with lacelike cutout patterns, worn with outsize, extravagant ethnic jewelry. At times, he channels the Greed Decade, showing a rather eighties silhouette: model Trish Goff appears in a black mini-dress and long stretch boots.

I *love* **Bottega Veneta**, which is shown at the Italian leather house's Madison Avenue boutique. Here there are glossy tan leather suits and trench coats,



RALPH LAUREN ▸



WAIST AWAY Ralph Lauren checks the fit before sending a model onto the runway.

The jacket—and the ladylike suit—are back.

HORSE SHOW Invitees line up at Bottega Veneta.

HAIR APPARENT
A model confab backstage at Badgley Mischka.

MICHAEL KORS ▸

suede dresses cinched with ultra-wide belts, slinky silk dresses with bell sleeves, and the company's trademark woven leather used for fitted jackets or enormous shoulder bags. Bottega Veneta's trick with rich is to keep the whole thing fun, or what the company's Laura Moltedo tells me backstage is termed *spirito* in Italian. It accessorizes the clothes with giant shades or the type of big, floppy hat that Jacqueline Bisset wore in the kind of seventies movie she—and you—would probably rather forget.

Wednesday

Ralph Lauren does rich, too—not surprising since he has always been adept at patrician-class clothes: long, belted mohair cardigan coats; crocodile-skin jackets; and flashes of patent leather and gold. In a week that's very much about clothes for grown-ups, Lauren cuts loose with a more youthful spirit, showing metallic leather jeans with a cable-knit sweater and a marabou boa for evening. Lauren also gets the week's toniest—and most bizarre—celebrity guest: H.R.H. Prince Andrew. It's reminiscent of Camilla Parker Bowles's turning up at Chloé a couple of seasons back. Subsequent discussions about his appearance—or, more accurately, his weight loss—keep the fashion flock talking as they wait for the show to begin. Maybe Sarah Ferguson's Weight Watchers gig is having an impact closer to home. I also note an off-runway trend at Lauren: accident chic. Poor model Carmen Kass has had to endure the week's shows with a cast on her right arm (she soon earns the moniker Carmen Cast). Then former *Allure* maven Polly Mellen turns up at Ralph with a bondage-like contraption on one of her legs. It's gray and black—and matches her outfit perfectly. At first sight, it could be mistaken for some cool new accessory from Helmut Lang.

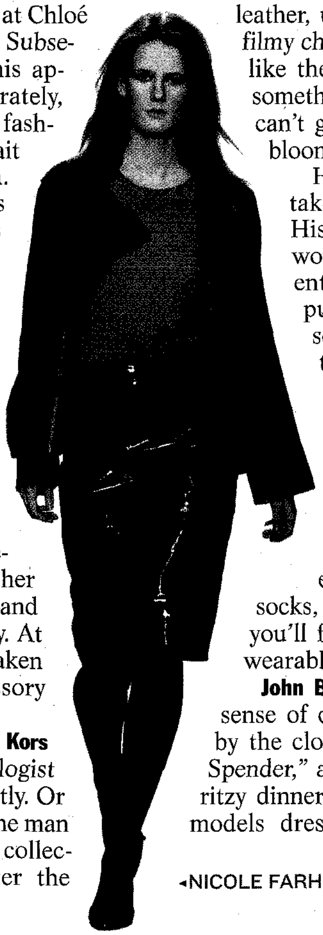
Later in the day, **Michael Kors** is not going to be an apologist for thinking big. Or opulently. Or . . . well, let's just say that the man loves overstatement. (His collection is tagged 10021 after the city's glitziest Zip Code.) The theme of his collection—"Life's great and the clothes are even better"—presents itself in skirt suits with massive feather collars, belted coats, and jacquard-effect leathers, all worn with huge pearl chokers, bracelets, and rings. It's forties moll meets *Dynasty* polish, and the designer's most grown-up and extravagant look in recent seasons. The over-the-top feel of the show is made all the more frenetic by the rollicking soundtrack, in part lifted from the musical *42nd Street.* Tills are going to be as busy ringing up sales for Kors's clothes as Ruby Keeler's feet were tap-dancing.

Thursday

Helmut Lang's show is shaping up to be the biggest surprise of the week; after all, this isn't a designer to fall back on overworked notions of luxury or ladylike. True to form, his totally seductive vision of urban dressing still focuses on superlative trouser suits, shearlings, and coats with functional detailing, but Helmut can also do dress-up with draped and darted satin cocktail dresses. He gives an original take on the trend of trimming things with leather, using trims to toughen up filmy chiffon cardigans and tops. I like the show, but am I missing something? Try as I might, I just can't get my head around those bloomer-inspired dresses.

Hussein Chalayan also takes the road less traveled. His **Tse New York** collection works the ubiquitous late-seventies color scheme (green, purple, red, cream) into some interesting ideas—interesting in the best possible sense. Particularly good are his corduroy jackets, colorful knits, and coats in a geometric pattern that resembles a jigsaw puzzle. If you can look beyond the models' pink eyebrows, knitted socks, and cone-shaped earmuffs, you'll find some really beautiful, wearable items.

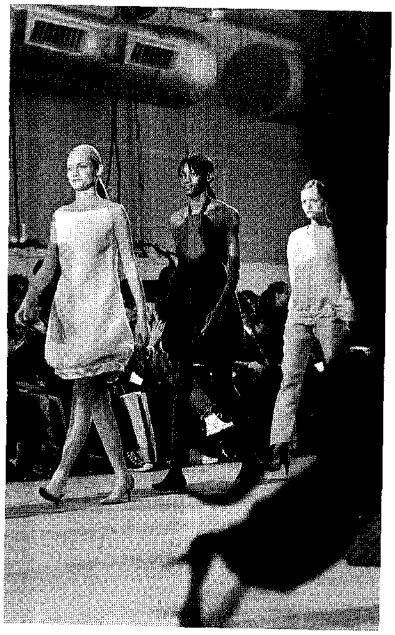
John Bartlett's show has a huge sense of confidence that's matched by the clothes. He opens with "Big Spender," a runway set to look like a ritzy dinner table, and eighteen male models dressed in tails who act as



◂NICOLE FARHI

WORK IN PROGRESS
Model Colette gets the full treatment at Michael Kors.

The theme is "Life's great and the clothes are even better."



WALK THIS WAY
Helmut Lang's bloomer dresses step forward.

BACKSTAGE BOTTLENECK
Nicole Farhi toasts the end of the show.

"beaus." Models stride the runway in black-and-cream chevron-striped coats, houndstooth-check suits, and roll-neck mini-ponchos. Bartlett's current inspiration is the high-style burlesque queen Lili St. Cyr, and it's evident in the fifties glamour of it all. Julianne Moore rushes backstage to announce that she loves Bartlett's look. Will we be seeing her in one of his sinuous evening dresses—perhaps the ivory leather gown she raved about—on Oscar's red carpet?

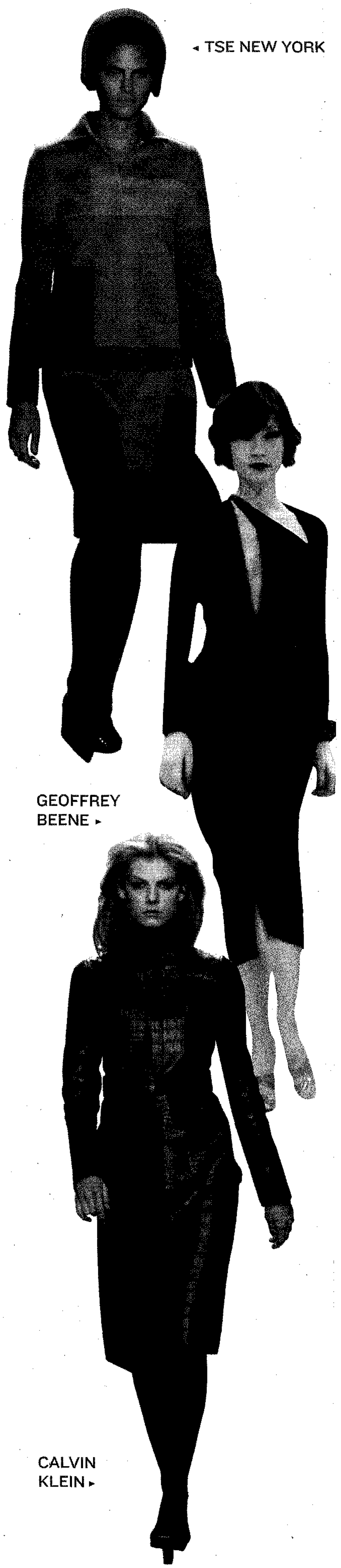
Nicole Farhi closes the day with a slick show: Best are her gleaming patent-leather trench coats and slim skirts, and the metal-studded shearling jackets. It's proof that British designers don't just do quirky—these are great adult clothes. After her second season in Manhattan, Farhi seems to be right at home.

Friday

Such is the impact of **Geoffrey Beene**'s clothes that a former high-profile buyer, who shall remain nameless, starts to moan "Wow, wow, *wow* . . ." at an admittedly beautiful slashed-front black dress. Some of the other standouts: an oatmeal tweed suit with a detachable leather collar, and the exquisite shrunken boleros sliced just under the shoulders. And there's hatchet-burying as well. For the first time in seventeen years, *WWD*—which has had a public falling-out with Beene—turns up: Fairchild's Patrick McCarthy sits contritely in the second row.

Then I head over to **Donna Karan**, and my heart sinks a little. The models walk to a live musical performance—percussion and a wailing woman draped in enough black cashmere to clothe the entire audience. This keeps up throughout the show, but it's Donna's only indulgence of her well-documented New Age enthusiasms. Donna's *new* New Age is all about fabulous glamour: belted, full-skirted coats and curvy suits; sparkly tweed; big crocodile handbags. Donna—whose mandate has always been to allow women to feel in control—is properly going back to her roots, dressing to flatter with wearable, elegant clothes. But you'll have to take my word for it: The photographers walked out en masse to protest the conditions. (And I'm not talking about the music.)

Calvin Klein doesn't confuse luxury with ostentation; he realizes a beautifully and simply cut jersey dress can have just as much impact as an elaborate beaded-and-furred confection. This season, he gives a modern reading to Faye Dunaway's look in the cult movie *Eyes of Laura Mars*: pea coats, flared skirts, and cropped pants (an interesting proportion after a week of lean boot cuts). He embraces texture and color, working in shades of eggplant and green, and liberally using cashmere, paperlike leather, and crocodile skin. The collection manages to look both utterly luxurious and utterly wearable. Now, that's *smart*. ▬



◂ TSE NEW YORK

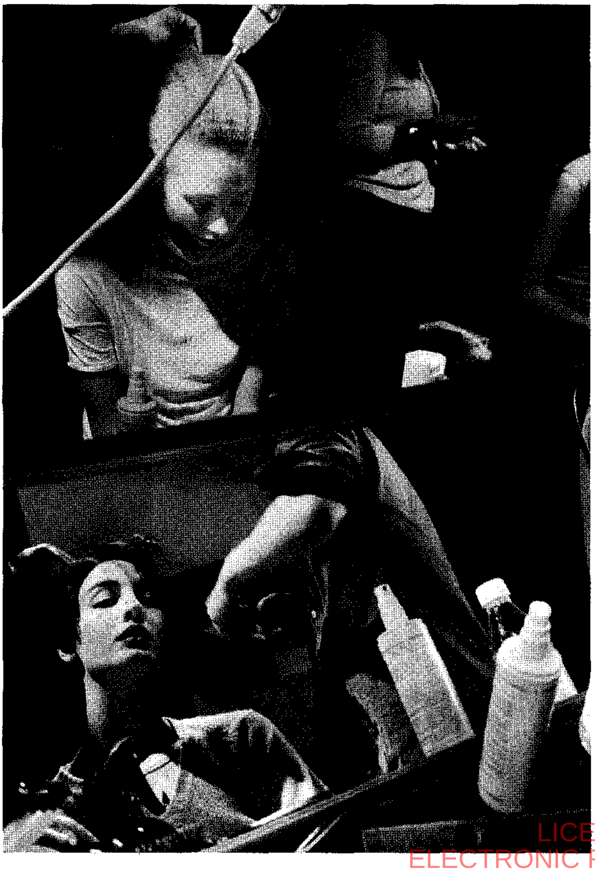
GEOFFREY BEENE ▸

CALVIN KLEIN ▸

CK FUN Calvin Klein and Angela Lindvall (far right) prepare for her exit.

HANDS-ON APPROACH
Donna Karan makes some last-minute adjustments.

Donna's *new* New Age is all about fabulous glamour.



A REFLECTIVE MOOD
Maggie Rizer and Erin O'Connor are tressed to kill at Donna Karan.

ALL-ACCESS PASS
Julianne Moore, Daryl Kerrigan, and Ellen Von Unwerth after the Daryl K. show.

Curl Up Next to Me

Defying the concept of traditional frames, Green & Associates' new rubber version can assume all sorts of shapes. The company's playful Vertebrate has interior metal wires so it can be stretched tall, bent small, even snaked on top of a computer. It's a neat way of keeping friends and family in plain sight no matter the degree of desk or work-station clutter ($14.95; in blue and white, too).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street*
212-989-4300

Jammie-packed

A great pair of pajamas is hard to find, but on Thompson Street there's a tiny store chock-full of them. Makie's classics are made in France by Bains-Plus and come in jacquards, checks, stripes, and floral prints, with contrasting piping and elasticized waists. Besides pj's for men and women, the shop carries kiddie sizes along with children's handmade dresses and rompers. Limoges tea sets, cards of vintage buttons, French canvas totes, and Mariage Fréres teas round out the treats at this sweet little general store. (Pajamas, $75, $140, and $150; vintage buttons, $15 a card; handmade children's clothing, $60 to $80; totes, $90.)

MAKIE/*109 Thompson Street/212-625-3930*

BAINS PLUS
BAINS-PLUS

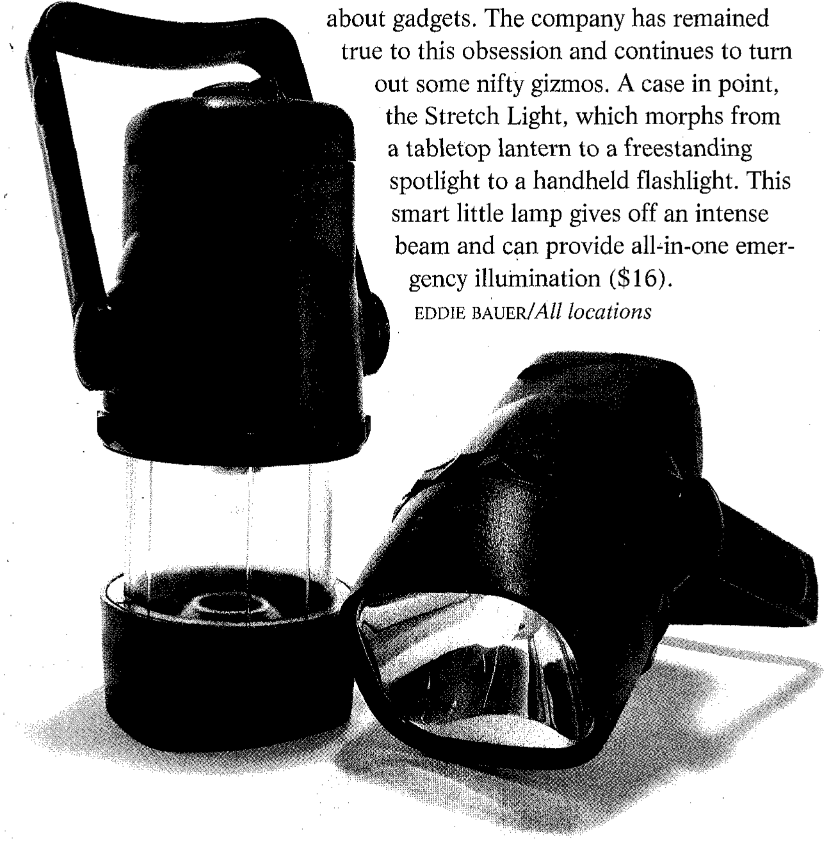
BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

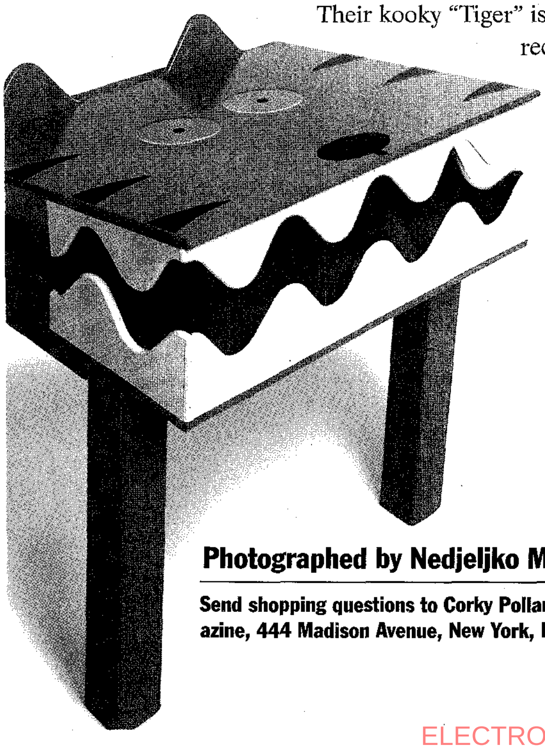
Rise and Shine

Though everyone knows the name Eddie Bauer, few know that the founder of the company was responsible for the first down-insulated jacket and, drats, one of the first catalogues to wreak havoc with our mailboxes. Bauer was a dedicated sportsman but also nuts about gadgets. The company has remained true to this obsession and continues to turn out some nifty gizmos. A case in point, the Stretch Light, which morphs from a tabletop lantern to a freestanding spotlight to a handheld flashlight. This smart little lamp gives off an intense beam and can provide all-in-one emergency illumination ($16).
EDDIE BAUER/*All locations*



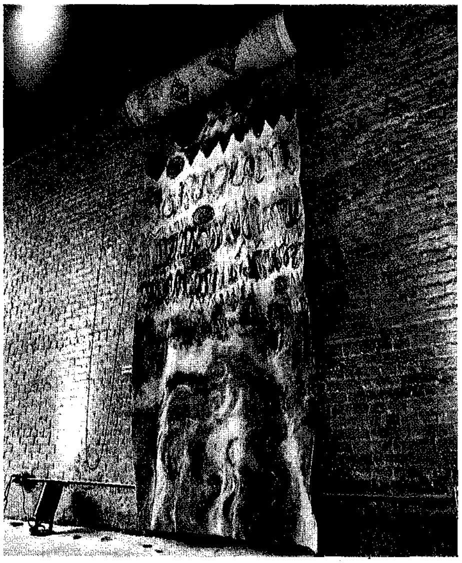
Hunger for Knowledge

Kids' desks are usually basic and boring and rarely fun to work at, but at Toy Planet (a London-based company), the designers take a more adventurous approach. The result is a desk that's sure to trigger a child's imagination. Their kooky "Tiger" is handmade in the UK from recycled wood, the paint is nontoxic, and the mammal's mouth opens wide to reveal storage for all manner of homework essentials ($205).
BARNEYS NEW YORK/
Chelsea Passage



Photographed by Nedjeljko Matura

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.



Pottery Barn

Pescepalla is Italian for *puffer* (a fish that can blow itself up to twice its size), and it's the name of both Francesca Grunenfelder and Guido Zwicker's new gallery-cum-shop and their signature ceramic lamp. It's also a kind of metaphor for their lives. The pair, multitalented Neapolitan artists with backgrounds in dance, theater, lighting, and set design, have recently transformed themselves into potters known for their unusual glazes (though the addition of such unlikely materials as feathers, twigs, metal screws, fishnet stockings, and mink on many of their pieces might be a bit much for Jonathan Adler types). Display is definitely the thing in their minimalist gallery, with its bare walls and concrete floor: Vases sit in pools of water; a giant rolled canvas painting hangs from the ceiling and (like fabric) is for sale by the foot; and free-flowing hanging shelves hold assorted vessels, vases, and bowls. (From $50 for a set of two Neapolitan espresso cups to $400 for a small ceramic vase to $1,200 for a large platinum jar to $2,800 for a ceramic blowfish lamp.)
PESCEPALLA DOCKS/*345 Greenwich Street, near Harrison Street/212-625-3148*

SMARTCITY

What's Brewing

Over tapioca pearls or alongside scones and clotted cream: Whatever your cup of tea may be, it's only a cab ride away. By Heather Robinson

AMERICANS TEND TO HAVE LUKEWARM feelings about tea. Ever since the Boston Tea Party, the drink simply hasn't gotten the respect it deserves. It's not unusual to walk into a midtown deli looking for a cup of coffee and be faced with an exhaustive selection of arabica and robusta beans and a choice of any number of macchiatos, lattes, and other steamed-milk concoctions. Ask for a tea, however, and chances are good that you'll be handed a cup of milky warm water with a Tetley string dangling out of it.

It's no accident that tea has been given a central place in so many other cultures. The world's most popular beverage fuels introspection, inducing a healthy, contemplative perspective. If coffee gives us the energy to go to work in the morning, tea prompts us to ask why we want to go in the first place, and whether there might be a more meaningful way to spend our time. We're not suggesting you quit your job and take up residence on an island off the coast of Thailand. But periodic retreats to the following tea havens are be well worth the time taken, if only to see what you've been missing.

FireBird Russian Restaurant *365 West 46th Street (212-586-0244)*

Named for Stravinsky's ballet and decorated to resemble a Saint Petersburg mansion circa 1912, the Firebird has a royal feel to it. Settle into a richly upholstered sofa in the second-floor parlor and sip Prince Vladimir—FireBird's specialty tea—as a live harpist plays in the background. The tea, a strong black brew, is sweetened with Moldavian cherries for a pleasant, citrusy undertone. On our visit, my friend and I ordered the Zakuska selection ($22), a delicious array of appetizers—including blini with mushrooms and sour cream. (Daily 5 P.M. to 1 A.M., plus Tuesday through Saturday 11:45 A.M to 3:30 P.M. The harpist plays Tuesday through Friday from 6 to 9 P.M., Saturday from 7 to 10 P.M.)

Teatime: Above, a harpist creates the soundtrack at FireBird; right, at Tabla, special blends are matched to Indian-spiced morsels.

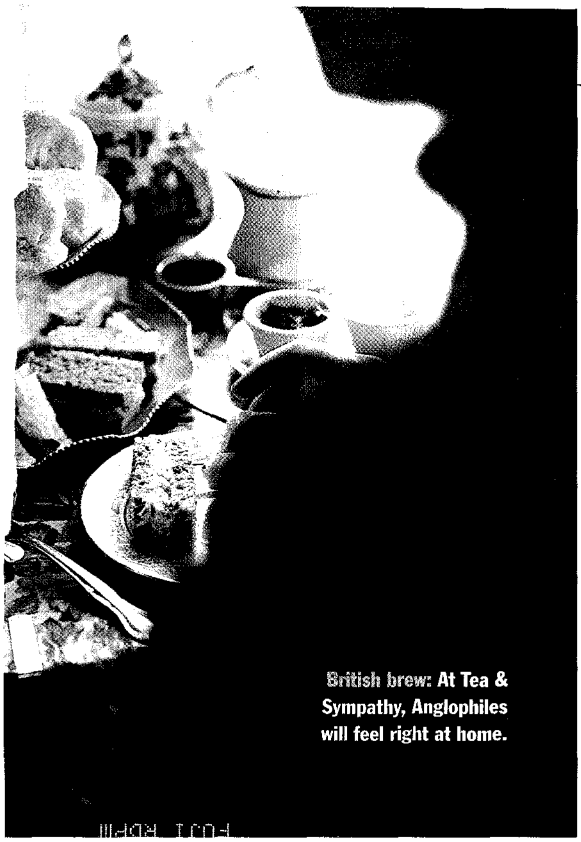
Tea & Sympathy *108–110 Greenwich Avenue (212-989-9735)*

An eclectic range of patrons (on my left sits a pair of struggling comics, to my right a couple of British nuns) sips from china cups as British waitresses emerge rosy-cheeked from the kitchen bearing finger sandwiches, cakes, and biscuits. The afternoon tea for one ($17.95) is huge and not for the waistline-obsessed: Since my visit, the scones, with raspberry jam and clotted cream, have appeared in my dreams. (Monday through Friday 11:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Tabla *11 Madison Avenue, at 25th Street (212-889-0667)*

The first floor of Danny Meyer's Indian-accented restaurant is a sparkling, upscale setting for afternoon tea. Waiters bear Indian oil lamps that have been converted into "tea caddies" containing Tabla's ten special blends ($3.75 each); they'll tell you which brews go best with each of the various desserts, breads, appetizers, and entrées. The Tibetan Tiger blend, with its hints of vanilla, comple-

Photographed by Sang An.



British brew: At Tea & Sympathy, Anglophiles will feel right at home.

ments the chocolate-banana samosa perfectly. (Monday through Thursday noon to 11 P.M., Friday till 11:30 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 5:30 to 11 P.M.)

Tea Box *693 Fifth Avenue, near 54th Street (212-350-0180)*

The next time you find yourself in need of a midtown escape hatch, retreat to this soothing, minimalist space in the basement of the Takashimaya department store. It offers more than 40 kinds of tea ($3.50), light lunches ($9.75–$15), and finger sandwiches on pressed rice—imagine a cross between sushi and a sandwich—including wasabi chicken salad, salmon, and cucumber ($6.50). Sen-Cha, a Japanese green tea, provides a bracing complement to the subtle taste of the Earl Grey ice cream. (Tea is served Monday through Saturday 3 to 6 P.M.)

DŌ HWA *55 Carmine Street (212-414-2815)*

This Korean restaurant's teas are furnished by In Pursuit of Tea, a company that imports "true" teas. According to In Pursuit's co-owner Sebastian Beckwith, "true teas" are made with no added flavorings. Instead, the teas get their flavor from factors such as when the leaves were picked (apparently teas harvested in the morning taste different from those picked in the evening) and the length of time taken to dry them. I did find that the quality of the brews here surpassed that of any others I encountered on my tea-drinking odyssey. The Sea Anemone ($7) is a mild green tea served in a large cognac snifter; the leaves are tied at their stems, and when hot water is poured over them they explode into a ball that resembles an anemone under water. If you prefer black tea, Yunnan Gold from southern China ($5) has a balanced taste that nicely plays off the sweetness of the chocolate-clove cake ($7). (Monday through Friday noon to midnight, Saturday and Sunday 4:30 p.m. to midnight.)

Saint's Alp *51 Mott Street (212-766-9889)*

On weeknights, the *faux*-mahogany tables at this bustling, Hong Kong–based chain fill up with neighborhood families looking for a taste of home. In addition to a variety of teas, snacks, and milk shakes in flavors you won't find anywhere else (coconut, honeydew), Saint's Alp serves frothy tea drinks called "milk teas" ($2.45–$3.85). Served over tapioca pearls, these colorful teas can be ordered hot or cold. I liked the taro-green-milk tea, a creamy purple concoction, while the coconut-black-milk tea over ice got a thumbs-up from my friend. We both enjoyed the novelty of the chewy tapioca pearls, which we slurped through giant straws provided for that purpose. (Sunday through Thursday 11 A.M. to 11:30 P.M., Friday and Saturday till midnight.)

The Urasenke Chanoyu Center *153 East 69th Street (212-988-6161)*

If you've ever been intrigued by traditional Japanese tea ceremonies, you might want to check out a course offered at the Urasenke center ($250 for ten lessons). Called "The Way of Tea," it examines the highly ritualized series of gestures and practices involved in this ancient ritual. The foundation also hosts monthly open houses during which you can participate in a tea ceremony. (The next open one is on March 22 at 5:30 P.M.; $15.) While the guiding principles—harmony, respect, purity, and tranquillity—are Buddhist in nature, the ceremony itself is a kind of moving meditation open to people of all spiritual persuasions. In the words of one student, "It has taught me the beauty of silence and the value of living in the moment." Not to mention the simple pleasures of a well-brewed cup of tea. ▬

NAVIGATOR

Q: I want photos of my 3-year-old, but he's a tad feisty. I need a pro who can get him to sit still, maybe even smile.

A: There's more to a being a children's photographer than owning a Canon and some lights: You really have to love what you do. Calming a hyper toddler or coaxing a smile from a teary newborn requires Sisyphean patience (and, when that runs out, a stockpile of Cheerios). The following photographers come well recommended.

- Putting stuffed animals on her head and tickling toddlers is all in a day's work for Nancy Ribeck (at A Child's Portrait; 212-534-3433). "In ten years, I've put on a *lot* of puppet shows," she admits. Her shots consistently capture children's personalities (she'll pose budding musicians with their instruments, for example) and still feel spontaneous and unstaged.
- The traditional style of Kate Burton's hand-painted black-and-white photos (212-717-9958) belie her unconventional methods. "Kids hate to sit. I let them run around outside, then follow with my camera." How does she make them laugh? "I used to ask the kids to sneeze—they thought it was really funny. But their *ahhh-chooos* got so loud, my neighbor complained."
- For years, Sarah Merians's wedding portraits (212-633-0502) earned her company raves from the *Town & Country* set. Soon her former bridal clients were clamoring for Merians to photograph their newborns. Now she sounds like an old hand: "Jumping around, standing on my head—I'll do whatever it takes."

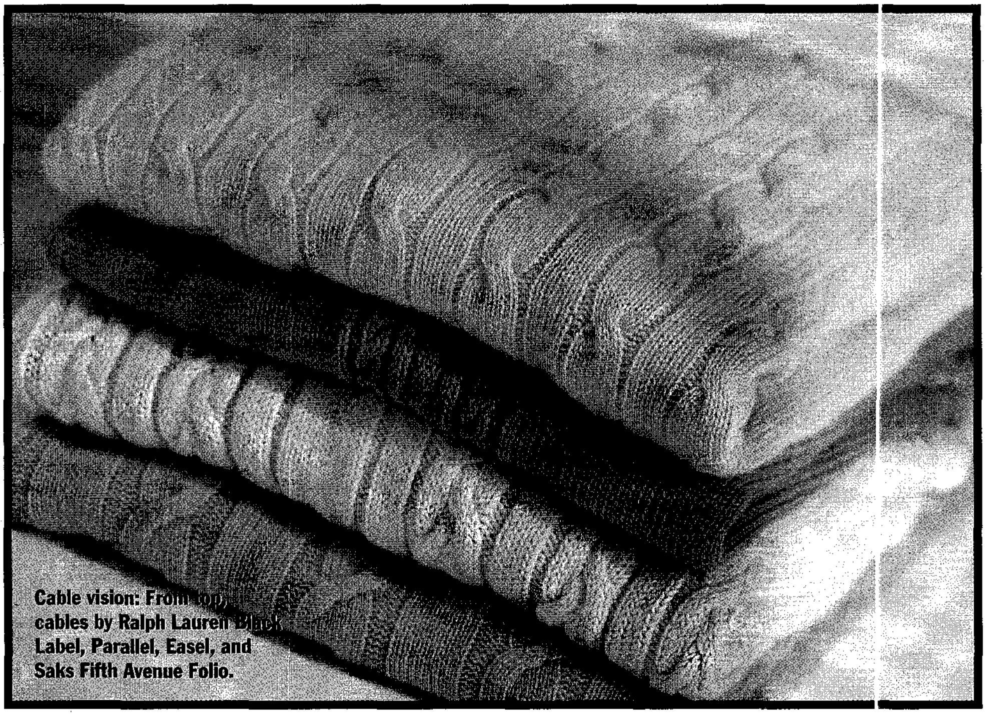
SUZANNE D'AMATO

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

SHYAMA PATEL

Wool and Grace

The house of seven cables: *No longer just for libraries and sororities, this year's cable-knit sweaters—in preppy pastels—are* **plenty warm and surprisingly hot.**



Cable vision: From top, cables by Ralph Lauren Black Label, Parallel, Easel, and Saks Fifth Avenue Folio.

THE COUNTRY-CLUB LOOK IS MAKING its stately way into urban closets this spring—shades of those cabled pastel sweaters you hoarded back in the *Preppy Handbook* days. But these aren't your old school clothes: This year, the favored knit is thick and snug. We covet **Michael Kors**'s mint-green cashmere version (pictured, right; $895 at Henri Bendel), but if this particular treasure is beyond your budget, price tags do come in smaller sizes.

For the must-have slim fit in ultra-soft, cuddly cashmere, try **Ralph Lauren Black Label**'s crewneck in teal or sunny yellow ($345 at Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue). For a slightly more relaxed look, or if you actually want to layer something underneath, ring up **Saks Fifth Avenue Folio**, the store's catalogue operation, and pick from several pastel-colored cashmere styles (our favorite is the baby blue, $248). If you aren't set on cashmere, you can get your cables for a lot less in cotton or synthetics: At **L.L. Bean**, an acrylic crewneck in dusty blue or lavender is $74, and a light silk-knit shell is $49 (both are relatively roomy, so order at least a size smaller than usual). For a tighter fit, try Bloomingdale's for **Easel**'s cropped pale-green pullover ($154) or a bubble-gum-pink V-neck from **Parallel** ($147).

Henri Bendel (212-247-1100); Bloomingdale's (212-705-2000); Saks Fifth Avenue (212-753-4000); Saks Fifth Avenue Folio (800-345-3454); L.L. Bean (800-221-4221).

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

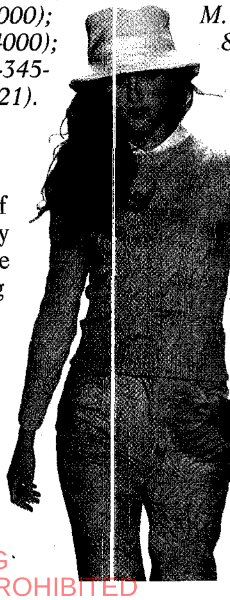
Picks of the Week

Fishs Eddy has hundreds of thousands of pieces of Denby China (chunky dinnerware made from mottled-looking English clay). They're clearing all at truly ridiculous prices—nothing's over $1. *889 Broadway, near 19th St. (212-420-9020) and 2176 Broadway, at 77th St. (212-873-8819); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–9, Sun. 11–8; 2/21–2/27.*

Kalinka's sparkly, girlish dresses and knits (sold at Bergdorf Goodman) are all half off at the sale: sequined dresses are $300, glitter skirts are $185, and cardigans are $120. *333 W. 39th St., fifteenth floor (212-564-7112); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10–7:30, Sat. 10–5; 2/21–2/29.*

Donghia Warehouse Sale offers up to 70 percent off the company's furniture, fabrics, and home accessories: an upholstered dining chair is $400, a handblown glass lamp is $350, and fabrics start at $15 per yard. *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. (718-747-1656); A.E., M.C., V. Thurs.–Fri. 9–6, Sat. 10–6; 2/24–2/26.*

Utility Canvas's sample-and-stock sale means half off the usual prices on selected totes and luggage, as well as rugged, country-style men's clothes and canvas bedding. Bags are from $24–$54; clothes are $45–$125. *146 Sullivan St. (212-673-2203); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat. till 8, Sun. noon–7; 2/25–3/10.*



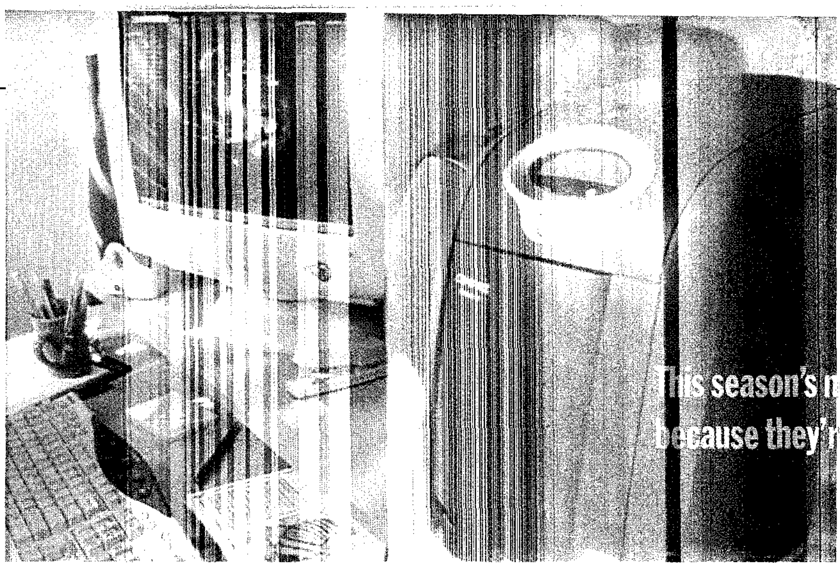
The Bridal Garden is taking up to 90 percent off a selection of gowns from Ulla-Maija, Amsale, One of a Kind Bride, and Vera Wang. Prices are $300–$1,295; all proceeds go to charity. Sizes 4–8. *The Sheltering Arms Childrens Service, 122 E. 29th St. (212-252-0661); M.C., V.; Tues.–Sat., by appointment only; 2/22–3/18.* ■

Photographs: top, Cathy Crawford; bottom, courtesy of firstVIEW.com.

N.Y.TECH

Easy Does It

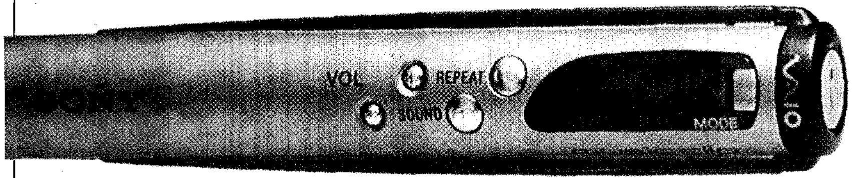
This season's new tech toys are simply irresistible—because they're irresistibly simple to use.



◂ **How terribly sad it's been to watch PC manufacturers attempt to catch up to the best-selling iMac: Designers used to cranking out dull beige boxes for the Windows market have had a pretty flat learning curve over the past couple of years—adding the occasional half-hearted design flourish or splash of color to what are still, basically, dull beige boxes. But the new Compaq Presario EZ2000 Series shows that at least one manufacturer gets the hidden message of the iMac—that beauty isn't just skin-deep; beauty means thoughtful, ergonomic design. Beyond its sweetly retro, organic design (reminiscent of the toasters Michael Graves designed for Target), the EZ2000 simply makes it easier to get on the Internet, and to configure and upgrade your machine. As with Apple's G3- and G4-series computers, it's incredibly simple to get inside the box: Side panels pop open so you can easily drop in a new PCI card or add memory. And a "Digital Dashboard" panel on the front guides you, step-by-step, through the set-up—which means the EZ has a Microsoft mind but the soul of an Apple. (RCS Computer Experience, starting at $999; 212-949-6935.)**

Clip and Save

If you've been holding out on joining the MP3 revolution, keep in mind that digital-audio players are unlikely to get much smaller or simpler than the new **Sony VAIO Music Clip Personal Network Player**. "Clip" up to two hours of MP3 files from your Windows computer (using the included Sony software to download from the Internet or to copy cuts from a CD), then load them into the VAIO with the included standard USB cable. That's it—you're ready to go. One AA battery will give you up to five hours of continuous play in a shockingly small, 4.69-by-.91-by-.88-inch package that weighs in at under two ounces (including the battery). You want something lighter than that? Sing to yourself. (J&R Computer World and CompUSA, $299.99; phone J&R at 212-238-9100, CompUSA at 212-764-6224.) ▾



Time Machine

The new Motorola Timeport 7389 isn't going to turn any heads: It looks pretty much like other cell phones. (Motorola has obviously taken inspiration from Nokia's curvy designs.) But what the 7389 lacks in stand-out styling it more than makes up for in ease of use and versatility: It's technically an MCD (multi-communication device), which means you can view special graphics-free versions of Websites (think terse bits of information, like stock quotes, weather, and headlines) on its little five-line screen. Even better, the 7389 (and its predecessor sister model, the 7089) is a "tri-band" phone, which means you can use it pretty most worldwide—no fussing with special modules or access codes. A colleague can dial your usual 917 or 646 exchange cell number, and it'll ring whether you're in Brooklyn or Berlin, Melbourne or Milan. If you travel overseas for work, the 7389 *will* save your sanity. (Omnipoint, $399, on sale in April; call 888-RU4-OMNI for retail locations.) ▸

I Want My DVD

What you want is a DVD player. What you *don't* want is another black box to hook up and configure. The new **Panasonic PV-DM2799 27-inch TV** graciously delivers DVD for dummies, in that the DVD player is built right into the TV case (just below the picture tube), along with an FM radio, a four-head hi-fi VCR—because not all movies are yet available on DVD—and outputs for Dolby Digital audio. And like most DVD players, it can also play audio CDs, making this all-in-one-unit almost absurdly well-rounded. Added bonus: If you cram the PV-DM2799 into your bedroom, it's humble enough to serve as a mere (multimedia) alarm clock, so you can wake to CNN or NPR, or perhaps Korn on audio CD or *Happy Gilmore* on DVD—whatever you find more alarming. (Harvey Electronics, $1,000; phone 212-575-5000.)

MOTOROLA
TIMEPORT
Menu

BY SIMON DUMENCO

Photographs, top to bottom: courtesy Compaq, Sony, Motorola.

MOVIES

PETER RAINER

Perfect Pitch

Ben Younger's knockout debut, 'Boiler Room,' is charged with the adrenaline rush of young brokers making the sell, the great American con.

THE UNOFFICIAL MOTTO OF THE CHOP-SHOP BROkerage firm J.T. Marlin, with its twentysomething trainees and Gen-X millionaire mentors, is "Honor is in the dollar." Part Rat Pack, part Hitler Youth, these all-male brokers are part of the boiler-room subculture that hard-sells dubious stocks to unwitting customers, gets rich on outrageous commissions, and always tries to stay half a step ahead of a federal investigation. In **Boiler Room**, the 29-year-old first-time writer-director Ben Younger captures the adrenaline-pumped rush of this world, which seems initially like a fantasy land but is probably only slightly exaggerated. Younger was a stand-up comic and worked in New York State politics as a campaign manager and policy analyst before starting out in the movie business as a video cameraman. Researching the sock-it-to-me telemarketing and brokerage-firm underground for this film, he probably figured he hit the high-concept jackpot; and, at least for the film's first hour or so, he does hit it, repeatedly.

What makes the film such a giddy ride is that Younger doesn't really separate himself out from the sharkiness on the screen; it's not an outsider's view of an insular tribe. Instead, we have the tang of an insider's take—Younger is caught up in the chase, too. Even toward the end, when the film gets moralistic and remorseful and heavy on the Freud, the dullness doesn't entirely becloud the glitzy corruption that came before. Younger may want to rack up points for being a humanitarian, but his real juices are elsewhere: in the scrape and bounce of the swindle in all its fine fettle.

Seth Davis (Giovanni Ribisi) is our tour guide through the underbrush: A college dropout who runs his own casino out of his Queens apartment, he is motivated by a fierce desire to win the respect of his unyielding father (Ron Rifkin), a New York judge who sees his son as a flop and a crook. Seth's entrance into J.T. Marlin is, in a sense, a continuation of his casino operation, a way to score big and be a success in his father's eyes. Younger sets up this father-son stuff as if he were really saying something, but it reeks of Screenwriting 101: Lock in Your Motivation. What is glaringly obvious is that Seth is drawn to the game because it makes him feel like a player. Seth is in his element when he's cold-calling a dupe on the phone, scamming the poor soul with stock options for a company that may not even exist. Closing the deal isn't just an adrenaline rush, it's testosterone heaven.

Younger plays not only on our avidity for becoming instant millionaires but also on our resentments toward the dot-com culture, with its slicksters spinning around in Ferraris when they seem barely old enough to drive. In one of his periodic somnolent voice-overs, Seth says of his roving pack of brokers, "They had all the money in the world and not a clue what to do with it," and it's hilariously true. (The crackerjack crew includes Scott Caan, Vin Diesel, and Jamie Kennedy.) The mansion of one of his mentors is like a garish mausoleum; cooling out after a hard day bilking investors, his cohorts sit around in the TV room watching Oliver Stone's *Wall Street* on video and gleefully reciting the dialogue right alongside Michael Douglas's Gordon Gekko. Younger gets at the ways in which these guys, not just the chop-shoppers but also, by implication, the big-time brokerage boys, model themselves after their pop-culture stand-ins.

Younger draws a lot from David Mamet in his depictions of this seller's hothouse, but he does it with a twist: The salesmen here are fully conscious of being Mamet-y; their bible is Alec Baldwin's big, win-at-all-costs speech from the movie of *Glengarry Glen Ross*. J.T. Marlin's head recruiter, played by Ben Affleck, does a series of riffs on Baldwin's aria, and each one is funnier and crueler than the last. (One ironclad rule is "Don't pitch

Sell fun: Stock traders Ben Affleck and Giovanni Ribisi in *Boiler Room*.

Photograph by David Lee/New Line Cinema.

the bitch"—don't sell stock to women.) Stock-selling as it's practiced here is a contact sport, and the stock jocks, clumped together in bars or on the streets, are as itchy to rumble as any gang. Shimmying before his boiler-room buds, Seth's nemesis Greg (Nicky Katt) crows, "I am a Jew, I have the mind of a champion," and it's both a taunt and a celebration: This guy, like the other chop-shop superstars, does his greatest selling job on himself.

"Do you know how good it is to close someone?" Seth says to us after a particularly spectacular play, and we realize it's a high he can never really come down from. Once he gets religion, he's *on* all the time; even when he receives a call at home from a *Daily News* subscription telemarketer, he can't resist teaching the bumbler how to improve his pitch. As the film streaks along, Seth grows increasingly pale, vampirish almost, as if his swindles had drained all his blood away. By the end, he looks positively cadaverous, and yet, in this cutthroat milieu, the look fits. His bone-whiteness is chic evidence of a job well done. He's chosen the right profession. So has Ben Younger.

THE TITLE OF THE NEW DIANE KEATON–DIrected film, **Hanging Up**, adapted from the Delia Ephron novel by the author and Nora Ephron, is metaphorical, but it's literal too: The main hung-up characters—the three sisters, played by Keaton, Meg Ryan, and Lisa Kudrow, and their father, played by Walter Matthau—spend a lot of time on the phone hanging up and calling up, and we're supposed to understand that this is how they best express their rages and frustrations and love. Ryan, in a decent, sweet performance, is the middle daughter, a professional events-planner, who bears the brunt of caring for her harebrained, hospitalized father in lieu of more support from Kudrow's soap-opera actress or Keaton's magazine-editor tycoon. Recriminations fly, flashbacks ensue, there's lots of laughing through tears and crying through laughs, but none of it has much more weight than medium-grade Neil Simon. Keaton made a marvelous feature-film-directing debut with *Unstrung Heroes,* and, when she isn't trying to clonk us, she still knows how to put across a sharp, quiet moment. (Best is when Cloris Leachman, playing the women's out-of-touch mother, explains to Ryan with bloodcurdling matter-of-factness that she had no use for being motherly.) But the film is "personal" in mostly impersonal ways. It's difficult to get worked up about the gravity of this sisterly contretemps when it happily resolves itself in a funny little food fight. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Seven-year old actress Hallie Eisenberg with League Orphan "Brandy". Photographed by Mary Bloom.

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BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Viral Culture

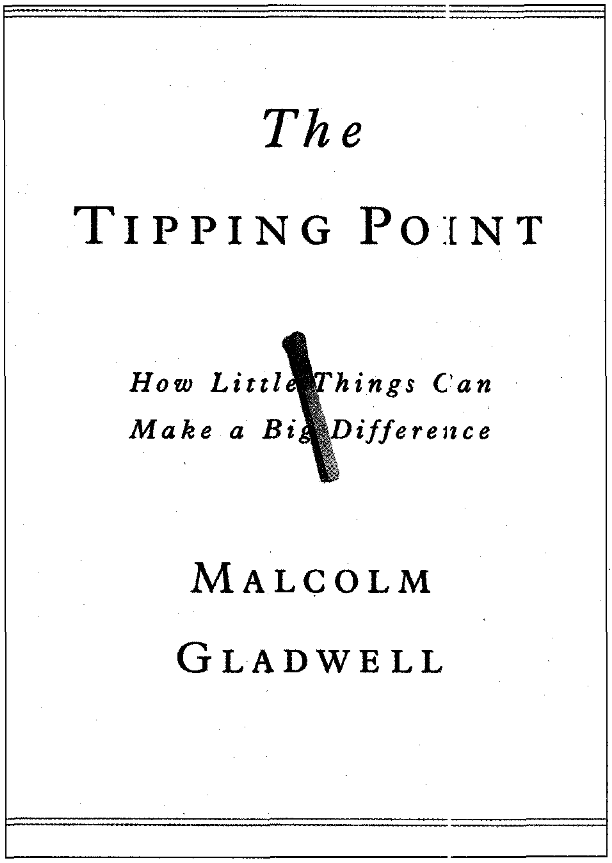
Malcolm Gladwell uses a medical metaphor to explain modern culture. And his optimism recalls that of a medical forebear: Dr. Pangloss.

The Tipping Point

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

Little, Brown; 279 pages; $24.95

JOHNNY APPLESEED. HORATIO ALGER. THE LITTLE Engine That Could. Steve Jobs. The idea that you can start small and grow enormous is the fundamental American faith. In the business world, it expresses itself as a cult of optimism and growth, the fuel that drives Amway salesmen and IPOs. In politics, it's responsible for the zeal that periodically lifts outsiders into positions of national influence. (Consider the McCain campaign, which preaches that one small adjustment to the system, campaign-finance reform, can ripple out and transfigure all of government.) The success that Americans are said to worship is success of a specific sort: accomplished not through hard work, primarily, but through the ingenious angle, the big break. Sit down at a lunch counter, stand back up a star. Invest in a new issue and watch it soar. Split a single atom, win a war.



Malcolm Gladwell's *The Tipping Point* is a pop-science tribute to the hopeful notion that standing in the right place with the right lever is often all it takes to move the world. Like *The Power of Positive Thinking* and *How to Win Friends & Influence People,* the book should have a special attraction for salesmen who need to believe in commercial, secular magic. For while the book's arguments may be academic, their appeal is mystical, alchemical. You *can* get something for nothing, or near enough.

While the book's arguments may be academic, their appeal is alchemical: You can get something for nothing, or near enough.

The first great American myth the book revives is that it's not what you know but who you know. In a chapter titled "The Law of the Few," Gladwell seeks to show how certain people—well-connected, gregarious types who send lots of e-mails and keep fat Rolodexes—have a disproportionate influence on the spread of ideas and products. All word of mouth isn't equal, in other words; it depends on the size of the mouth. Gladwell shows how Hush Puppies shoes, for instance, enjoyed a renaissance when they were taken up by downtown hipsters who then were noticed by influential fashion types who spread the trend to the country at large. Gladwell compares the trend to an epidemic—not in itself an original metaphor but one that he explores with stimulating rigor.

Next, Gladwell takes on another truism from the salesman's bible: it's not just enough to grab someone's attention; you have to hold it, too. The contemporary term for this is *stickiness,* that property of an ad or a TV show that keeps the viewer from changing channels or wandering into the kitchen for a snack. Gladwell makes children's TV his case in point, demonstrating how *Sesame Street*'s producers experimented long and hard, with the aid of sophisticated specialists, to capture the eyeballs of the nation's 3-year-olds. (The secret, it turned out, was blending live characters with puppets.) That these same techniques have been employed by the makers of Cap'n Crunch and Pokémon cards goes unmentioned, and one wonders why. Perhaps because this is a gee-whiz sort of book that implicitly advocates what it explains.

Back when, the subtle manipulations of marketers were the stuff of alarmist best-sellers (Vance Packard's *The Hidden Persuaders,* for example), but Gladwell is somewhat passive in this respect. He's interested in how things work and not to what end. He's a technocrat at heart, infatuated with process for its own sake. Take his chapter on New York subway crime, its precipitous rise and sudden fall. Gladwell gives credit to the broken-windows theory subscribed to by former police commissioner William Bratton. Scrubbing the graffiti off the trains, busting the turnstile-jumpers, and air-conditioning the cars broke the crime wave, according to this theory, and thereby demonstrated the power of "context" to affect human behavior. That's well and good. What's troubling, though, is the extension of this idea into a sort of lofty apology for the likes of Bernie Goetz, who acted verminishly, according to Gladwell, because "he was in a rathole."

Gladwell's smart. He knows full well that his cool appraisal of human behavior and how it's modified through artful nudges, deft suggestions, and changes of environment won't sit well with traditional moralists or, for that matter, old-fashioned liberals. He offends individualists by pointing out the limits of free will and conscious decision. He offends progressives by minimizing the importance of venerable social villains such as poverty. Old categories of right and wrong, justice and injustice don't seem to interest him—he's a postmodern, market-era pragmatist. He defends the position of having no fixed position with an appeal to results, efficacy. In a chapter on teen smoking—which, to his credit, he'd like to see reduced—he pooh-poohs the influence of parents and scare tactics and advocates the reduction of cigarette nicotine levels to just under the threshold for addiction. Tiny changes, big effects.

One suspects there isn't a problem in America, no matter how knotty or profound, that Gladwell can't imagine some nifty solution to, if only we'd take off the blinders of ideology and put on the glasses of science and observation. That's the latent promise of the book: that the same techniques that made Airwalk sneakers a hit and *Sesame Street* an institution can be applied to—who knows?—ending domestic violence or revitalizing the farm economy. Ross Perot preached a similar line when it came to rationalizing government. And so did Robert McNamara, of course, when it came to whipping Ho Chi Minh.

Politics and policy aren't really Gladwell's concern, though. His real fascination is with why things sell, and why certain things sell better than other things. He traces the geometric rise in sales of a so-so novel, *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood,* through its adoption by the book-club network. He shows how *Blue's Clues,* another kiddie program, uses repetition to mesmerize. He sings the praises of the makers of Gore-Tex for their decentralized, team-based corporate structure. Each example illustrates some principle from cognitive psychology or chaos math, and the exposition and analysis are always lucid, clear, and fresh, though some of the concepts are pretty old hat. The underlying message is older than that, though. It's the can-do faith that was satirized in *Babbitt* and came apart in Vietnam at the hands of America's best and brightest (what was the domino theory, after all, but another sort of "tipping point," elegant in the abstract, disastrous in practice?). The metaphors change; the faith remains the same. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

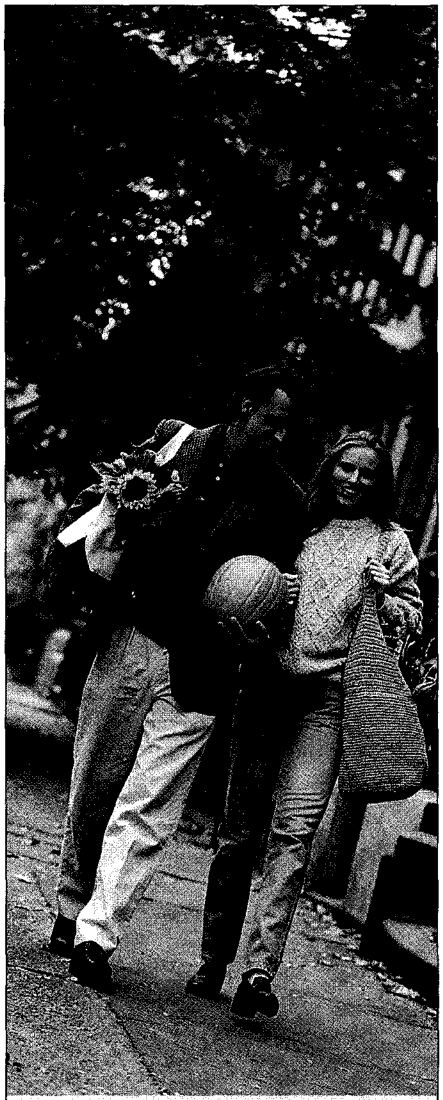
SHORTS

ONE SIDE EFFECT OF GLOBALIZATION IS that more people are having difficulty answering the question, "Where are you from?" Essayist and novelist Pico Iyer, a British-born Californian of Indian ancestry who lives part-time in Japan, explores the psychic side of the New World Order in **The Global Soul: Jet Lag, Shopping Malls, and the Search for Home** (Knopf; $25). In seven meditations on rootlessness, each rooted in one location, Iyer probes the condition of wealthy members of the frequent-flyer class as well as their poor-immigrant cousins. With equal empathy, he inhabits Hong Kong's high-rise corporate fast lane and the ultimate modern tent city (America's new Ellis island), Los Angeles International Airport. At times, the ironies are a little too carefully parsed, but in a genre as solipsistic as travel writing usually is, Iyer's global vision is a welcome antidote. BORIS KACHKA

EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT BRUCE Chatwin's travel writing won't prepare you for his life—or for his biography. Where his books were clipped, compressed, cultured affairs rarely running much beyond 200 pages, Nicholas Shakespeare's **Bruce Chatwin** (Doubleday/Nan Talese; $35) is a sprawling, 700-page tome. Chatwin led a life of serendipity, gliding effortlessly from one arcane and exclusive world to another: from the genteel combat of the art-and-antiques trade to the intrepid milieu of archaeology; from access to high society around the world to the gay demimonde. Jam-packed with names from all those realms, Shakespeare's book is everything Chatwin's were not: exhaustive and dishy.

MARION MANEKER

SINCE 1991, URBAN EXPLORER BRUCE KAYton has led walking tours of the city's radical past. Now his routes have gone paperback. In **Radical Walking Tours of New York City** (Seven Stories Press; $12.95), he casts his net rather wide: The intersection of Allen and Division Streets is included, for instance, though it was famous mainly for early-twentieth-century prostitution. But forgive the author his odd enthusiasms. It's worth knowing that Marcus Garvey lived at 235 West 131st Street, that the term "breadlines" was coined to refer to the hungry who massed outside Fleischmann's Model Vienna Bakery at 10th Street and Broadway, and that Marcel Duchamp was among those who, in 1917, climbed Washington Square Arch to declare "The Independent Republic of Greenwich Village." It's not the *AIA Guide*, but it belongs on the shelf right next to it. MICHAEL TOMASKY



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THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Broadway Bound

Scuttled en route to its opening 45 years ago, Stephen Sondheim's 'Saturday Night' is finally unveiled—full of promise and the riches to come.

UNLIKE PALLAS ATHENA, YOUNG STEPHEN SONDheim did not spring fully formed from the brow of Zeus. When, in 1954, at age 24, he was commissioned to write a score to a play written by the twins Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein (the authors of *Casablanca,* perhaps the most overrated movie in cinematic history), he was already a canny lyricist but still a fledgling composer. Even so, it was undeservedly rotten luck that, through a chain of unhappy circumstances, the show was kept from a professional New York premiere until the next millennium. **Saturday Night**, with a book by half of the Epsteins (Julius J.), arriving almost half a century late, proves not half bad, and should have a full life in regional and college theaters.

The fraternal play, *Front Porch in Flatbush,* already tightened by Julius, was surely further improved by Sondheim. It emerges as a sweet screwball comedy about Gene, an ambitious young Brooklynite with Park Avenue aspirations way beyond those of his four flatmates, who merely want a date, perhaps a bit of sex, and eventually "a paid-up house in Brooklyn and a double feature every Saturday night," as Gene contemptuously puts it.

So Gene tries for bigger things and picks up a nice girl, Helen, along the way. But all sorts of schemes collapse, and he gets into quite a pickle from which his pals, their girls and spouses, and the levelheaded Helen rescue him for a humbler but presumably happier future. Without the score, this might be slim pickings; with clever lyrics, sprightly tunes, originality and liveliness in the concept of musical numbers, it becomes an entertainment of more than historic interest.

Kathleen Marshall's somewhat schematic choreography and flirting-with-the-perfunctory staging are redeemed by Jonathan Tunick's spiffy orchestrations, Rob Fisher's nervy musical direction, Derek McLane's enchantingly whimsical scenery (including a very arch proscenium arch), Donald Holder's jazzy lighting, and mostly enjoyable performances. Don't expect a smasheroo, and you'll have yourself a jolly time in the present along with a nostalgic look back—at the past of Sondheim, New York, and the American musical in the process of ridding itself of the last surviving conventions.

There is only one thing seriously wrong with the show: the leading lady. I have not been impressed by Lauren Ward in *Violet* or *1776;* as Helen, she simply won't do. An uninfectious dancer and routine singer with a voice tending toward stridulation, she is a decent enough actress. But this is undercut by her looking virtually like the twin of the show's comedienne, whose looks are deplored by the Saturday-night date-seekers. That David Campbell, as her fellow, Gene, is accomplished in every department, including winning looks, further unbalances the proceedings.

As outstanding as the young Australian leading man is the chief comic, Christopher Fitzgerald, who combines acting, singing, dancing, and fine folly with the utmost naturalness and ease. The rest of the cast members hold their own and blend into a jovial ensemble. And in that wonderful song "So Many People," you enter the ground floor of one of the finest careers in musical-comedy writing.

ONE REASON FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE DELIGHTFUL **Encores!** is that these semi-staged musicals minimize what is most perishable about the genre: the book. So it is that its last offering, *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever,* dispensed with some of Alan Jay Lerner's fable about telepathy and reincarnation, the maunderings of an author terrified of mortality, and concentrated on its hu-

The little things they did together: David Campbell and Lauren Ward in *Saturday Night.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

nor, nicely polished up by David Ives.

The adorably American, naïve, and unself-confident Daisy Gamble astounds the psychiatrist Mark Bruckner with her ESP. Under hypnosis, she reveals that she was once Melinda Welles, a haughty, eighteenth-century London belle, drowned in a shipwreck while escaping to America from an unhappy British marriage. As this two-tiered heroine, Kristin Chenoweth is delectable, though she cannot quite escape her American self.

It is not that Lerner's libretto lacks humor or poignancy, but that it tries to do too much. What saved the 1965 show was the ear-tickling score by Lerner and Burton Lane, enhanced by the performance—or was it personality?—of Barbara Harris. The score, in its fine Robert Russell Bennett orchestration, is more than safe in the hands of Rob Fisher and his Coffee Club Orchestra, and the new Daisy is just as lovable even if her Melinda doesn't quite make it.

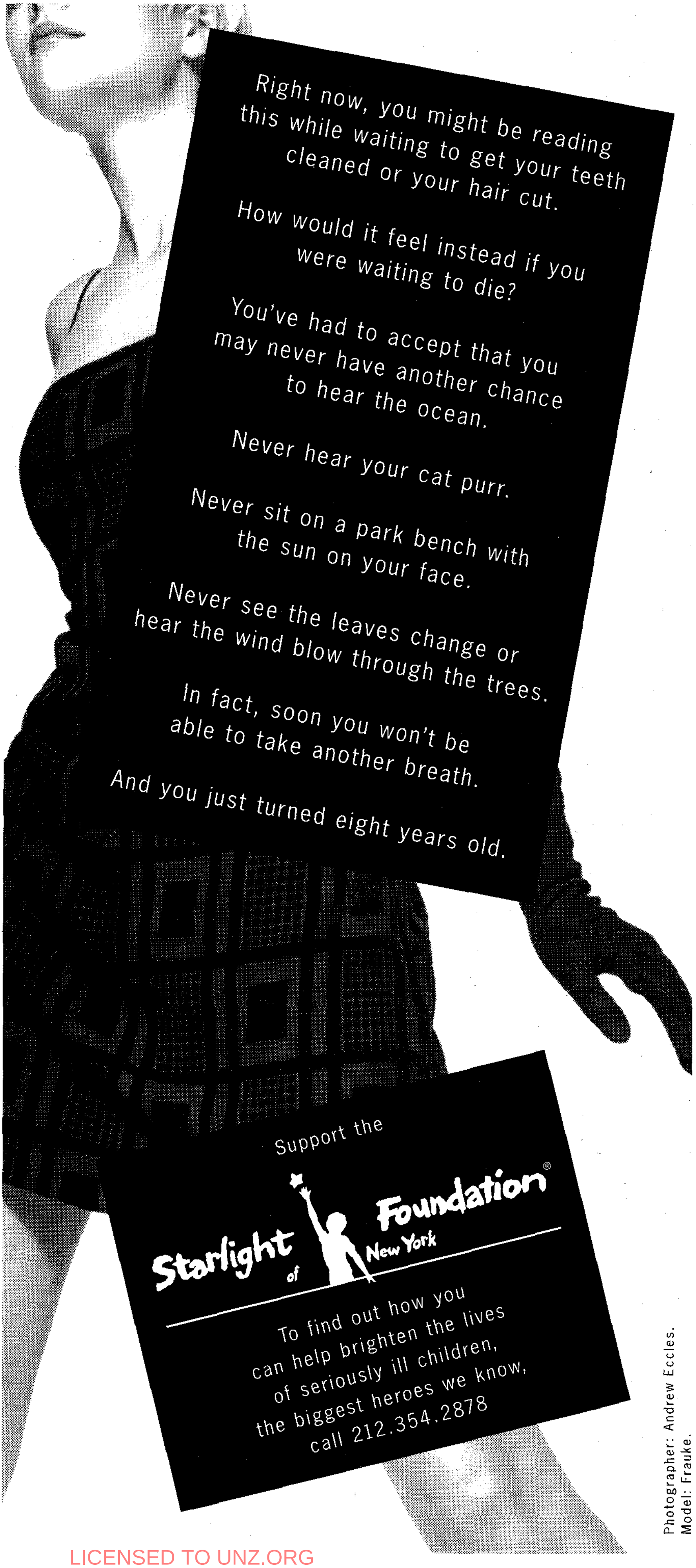
Miss Chenoweth has a sparkling voice, great comic timing, and an idiosyncratic way of speaking that epitomizes ingenue charm. But when British hauteur is called for, she no longer rings quite true, which may be partly the fault of the director, Mark Brokaw, whose dazzling early career has lately taken a dip. He may not have provided enough guidance for Melinda, and his casting of Peter Friedman as Dr. Bruckner was catastrophic.

Friedman sings compellingly and is a solid actor but lacks all romantic charisma, especially when confronted with Brent Barrett, who plays the dashing villain with a superabundance of looks, voice, acting, and bravura. Friedman, bald in front and on the top, may look like a therapist (and even more like a festooned footstool worn threadbare in the front) but generates not enough chemistry with his leading lady to fill one test tube.

The good Roger Bart was misdirected into ditsiness rather than the nerdy materialism called for as Daisy's unworthy suitor. But Louis Zorich, as a Greek shipping tycoon hellbent on reincarnation, and Nancy Opel as a starchy secretary who briefly turns into a maenad, scored handsomely. The rather too faceless singing-and-dancing ensemble was not helped by John Carrafa's fairly lackluster choreography, and Miss Chenoweth, being so very petite, made the male dancers unfelicitously look like colossi playing with a rag doll.

Still, with that captivating but all too little-known score and Kristin Chenoweth and Brett Barrett in fine fettle, you could clearly see that at least part of the show is a joy forever. ▬

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.



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ART MARK STEVENS

Tomb It May Concern

Because the ancients painted on wood, some of their most glorious art is dust; all the more reason to treasure the 'mummy portraits' at the Met.

As you walk through the new Greek galleries at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, you will come upon sublime works of sculpture, brilliant vases and mosaics, resplendent jewelry. But where is the painting? The ancient Greeks revered this art form; they apparently ranked painting, especially that done on wooden panels, above sculpture (or wall painting). Where, then, is the Apeles? Or the Zeuxis? Lost to dust: Greek and Roman artists worked on wood that decayed into nothingness centuries ago. Almost all that we have left—of what was surely one of the crowning achievements of human culture—is the distant but astonishing glimpse now on view at the Met in **Ancient Faces: Mummy Portraits From Roman Egypt**. Organized by Dorothea Arnold and Marsha Hill, working in collaboration with the British Museum, the exhibition includes more than 70 vivid portraits painted in Roman Egypt during the first through the third century A.D.

I shall be released: A portrait, still in the mummy, retains the vivid look of a life captured.

The portraits—which were buried for centuries and survive only because of the Egyptian climate—are an eccentric fusion of Greco-Roman painting and pharaonic funerary practice. When Egypt became part of the Roman empire in 30 B.C., Roman fashions and influence began filtering through the region. Wealthy groups of people, especially those with Greek connections, commissioned paintings in the fashionable Greco-Roman style. Some also added remarkably lifelike portraits to mummies. Often, they inserted the panel into the wrappings above the head of the embalmed corpse; sometimes, an artist would paint a portrait of the deceased directly onto the linen shroud. The artists used both tempera and encaustic, a wax-based medium. Most portraits were probably painted after the death of the subject, perhaps with the aid of those familiar with the person. The actual making of the painting must have seemed a kind of resurrection.

The history and religious meaning of these portraits is fascinating, but their artistry is what claims the imagination. No lover of painting—from any period—will want to miss seeing the best examples. Although the painters worked within certain conventions, such as the three-quarters view, nothing routine or stylized or ostentatiously "realistic" smothers the extraordinary sensation of life they brought to art. The people who stare out at you are as alive as the intake of a breath; their faces flicker with character. (In the brushwork of the pictures there is something quick and almost slapdash, as if that were the only way to capture the passing light of a moment.) Many are not in the least idealized. Each person, while unique, also suggests universal human qualities. You may feel that you know some as well as you know certain friends. Here is the characteristically flirtatious half-smile. There the quizzical arch of the eye. The lock of hair that cannot quite be controlled falling across a damp brow. One of the pictures in this exhibition—the very model of a "father"—hung above Freud's couch.

The Egyptian obsession with death stemmed from an intense love of life. No culture had more trouble letting go of its robust joys. The colors in these portraits seem mixed from blood and bone. The surfaces have the ripple of flesh; encaustic is a visceral medium, one that conveys particularly well the sensation of touch. In their manner of dress and grooming, the subjects appear as fashion-conscious as New Yorkers; they will take their present into the hereafter. Most of the portraits have been removed from their mummies, so that they now hang on the wall like modern paintings, but the show does contain a few examples of an intact mummy and portrait. The power of such work, seen in its original form, is partly sculptural. In one, a lifelike depiction of a young man with doleful, melancholy eyes lies within the still, tightly bound wrappings of the mummy. The picture becomes an open window, releasing the breath of life from an airless prison. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Smoke and Mirrors

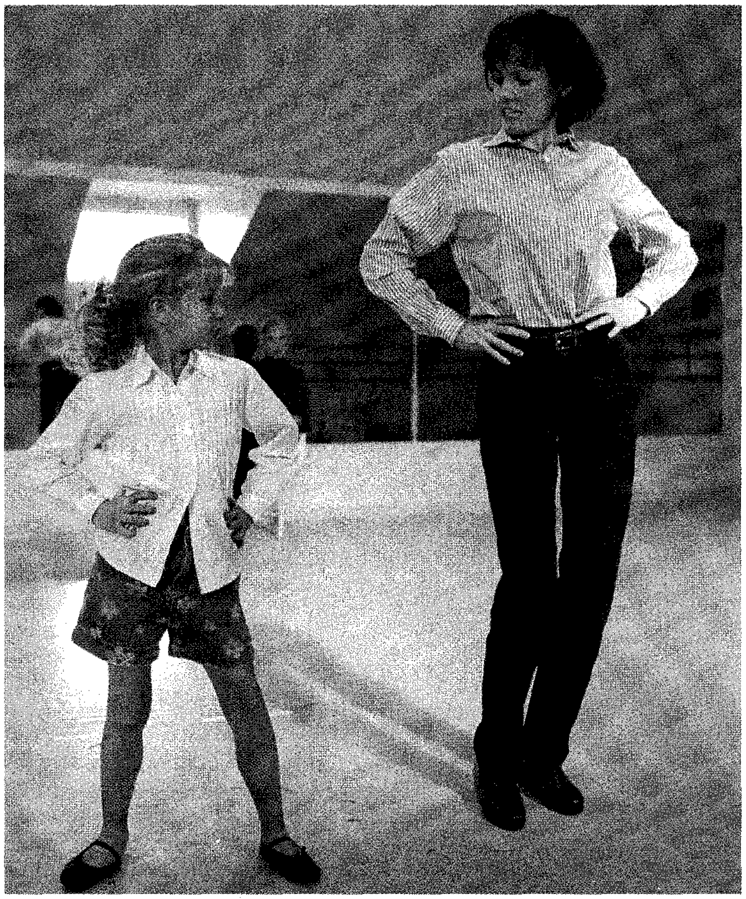
CBS's JonBenet mini-series rehashes every known scenario; NBC modestly bills its through-the-looking-glass fantasy as 'The Epic Event of the Millennium.'

WHAT'S MOST BEMUSING ABOUT **Perfect Murder, Perfect Town** (Sunday, February 27, and Wednesday, March 1; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is that almost every actor in the mini-series version of the botched JonBenet Ramsey case behaves as if his or her character were secretly guilty of something—even the Boulder, Colorado, cops and especially the district attorney, whose lolling around naked in a hot tub with a glass of red wine to wet his white mustache suggests some sort of Moby Duck mythic grudge. No wonder they're all overwrought. They may not have strangled the 6-year-old beauty queen with a Filipino fisherman's garrote, but they are culpable, at the very least, of politics and bungling. Because, however, they're just actors, they don't know for sure that they're to blame or, if they are, for what. No indictment was ever brought against anyone for anything. And Lawrence Schiller, who produced and directed this adaptation of his own best-selling book, keeps his lip zipped.

I've thought a lot about JonBenet and Boulder. (No, I haven't, not really. And those who have should consider therapy. And if you're waiting for me to say something about the February 16 one-hour Fox TV movie about the same stuff, *Getting Away With Murder: The JonBenet Ramsey Story*, you wait in vain. Fox didn't send out preview cassettes.) I have decided that if Burke Ramsey didn't waste his little sister, causing a parental coverup, then probably O.J. did it.

This is a minority opinion. The cops (played by Scott Cohen, John Heard, Deirdre Lovejoy, Murphy Guyer, and Dennis Boutsikaris), the FBI, and a tabloid *Globe* reporter (Sean Whalen) all believe that Patsy Ramsey killed her daughter. The "legendary" homicide detective hired to second-guess the cops (Kris Kristofferson) is convinced an intruder did it, maybe the Santa Claus sex offender whose wife had written a play about a little girl tortured in a basement. The D.A.'s office (Ken Howard, J. C. MacKenzie, and Peter Friedman) is either uneasy about the absence of motive, semen, and evidence of prior bad behavior, or agnostic about reality itself. And all these people leak on one another when they aren't blabbing to Geraldo or CNN—which is where we go these days with our imponderable intimacies, as to a swap meet.

But you can't tell me that Patsy did it—not when she's played by Marg Helgenberger, to whom I have been partial since her hair was red in *China Beach*. Whereas my feeling about John Ramsey (Ronny Cox) is that anybody with a private plane has something to hide. Police detective Steve Thomas, who is said to be writing a Patsy-did-it book, is so ferociously impersonated by Scott Cohen that it's amazing Cohen had anything left over for Wolf, the hairy part he plays in NBC's competing mini-series *The 10th Kingdom*. In fact, although nobody has a better time than Ken Howard in his hot tub, the entire cast of *Perfect* exerts itself as if its subscription were about to be canceled, from John Rubenstein as the Ramsey family minister who is actually called upon to forgive a *Globe* reporter to Ann-Margret's scene-stealing walk-on as JonBenet's southern-belle grandmother to two minutes of Jane Powell as the little girl's dancing teacher.

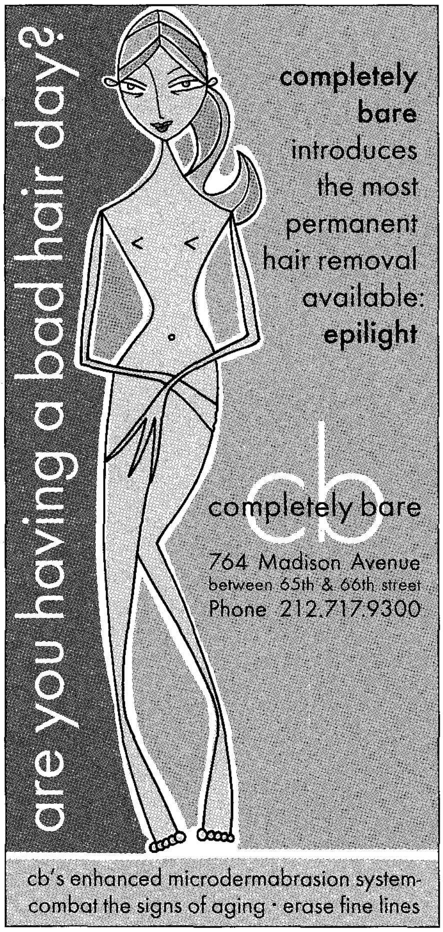


Mommie dearest: From left, Dyanne Iandoli, as JonBenet, and Marg Helgenberger in *Perfect Murder.*

On the one hand, we have a spiderweb, a stun gun, vaginal bruising, duct-tape fibers in the wine cellar, ghostly voices on the tape recording of the 911 telephone call, pineapple residue in the small intestine, and the fact that a 6-year-old still wet her bed. On the other hand—as suggested by *The X-Files* in its recent two-part riff on the identical material—maybe aliens did it. Or Leopold and Loeb.

The 10th Kingdom (SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 9 TO 11 P.M.; Monday, February 28, 8 to 10 P.M.; Wednesday, March 1, 8 to 10 P.M.; Sunday, March 5, 9 to 11 P.M.; and Mon-

Photograph by Tony Esparza/CBS.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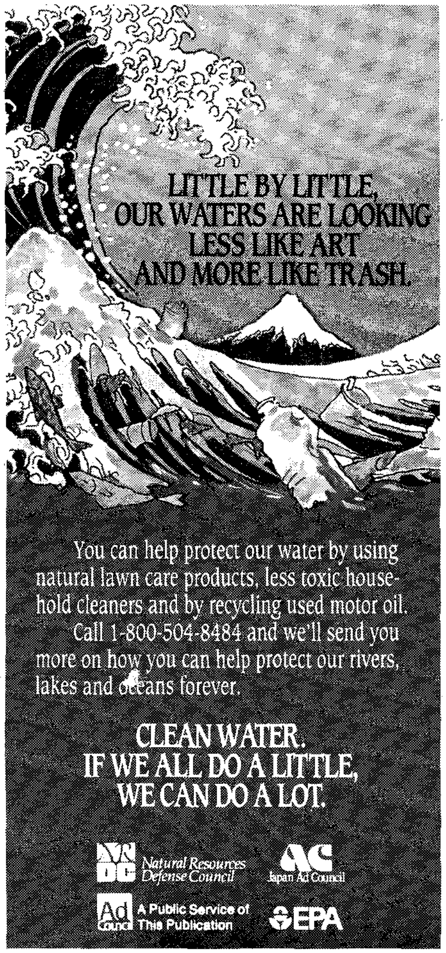
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day, March 6, 8 to 10 P.M.; NBC) is not as inane as you may have heard, although the idea of spending ten hours with John Larroquette and a triad of trolls named Burly, Bluebell, and Blabberwort is enough to flatline the most resolute EKG. Fortunately, we also spend this time with Kimberly Williams, the winsome waif from *Relativity* and *Father of the Bride.* And besides the leather-fetish trolls, we also get Dianne Wiest as the Evil Queen; Daniel LaPaine as a Dog Prince; Scott Cohen as a Wolf; Rutger Hauer as an infanticidal Huntsman; Camryn Manheim as a zaftig Snow White; Ann-Margret as (both) a Cinderella with gas and, if I'm not mistaken, Dr. Rose Franzblau on lysergic acid; tooth fairies; swamp witches; a poisoned apple; poisoned combs; a magic ax; a magic crossbow; and many magic mirrors, one of which speaks only in rhymed couplets.

Briefly, Larroquette plays Tony, a glum janitor in a luxury apartment house bordering Central Park. Kimberly is his nubile waitress-daughter Virginia, as in "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus!" They've long since been abandoned by his wife and her mother, who is seen in a Brothers Grimm flashback trying to drown a younger Virginia in a bathtub, as if she were Hans Christian Andersen's Ugly Duckling. But one day, pedaling to work on her bike in the park, Virginia runs down a stray dog that turns out to be an enchanted prince who has escaped via a magic mirror from another dimension, pursued by trolldom's own Three Stooges in slapstick service to King Relish (Ed O'Neill), who's cut a bounty-hunter deal with the Queen of Mean.

Never mind how, but Tony and Virginia and the dog all end up stranded in the squabbling principalities of Fairytale Land. Thus—on the usual trail of breadcrumbs; in dreamscapes that are half Dalí and half Disney; in Red Riding Hood Forest or the Ice Palace where Snow White has been cryogenically stashed or the cave inside the mouth of a dragon that leads to an underground factory where dwarves smelt magic mirrors; among blind woodsmen, talking engagement rings, solid-gold Midas fish, hallucinogenic mushrooms, shoes that make you invisible, hedgehog-eating gypsies, and Little Bo Peeps as concupiscent as Lolita—Tony, like the Cowardly Lion, must prove himself worthy of fatherhood, and Virginia, like Dorothy from Kansas, Alice in Wonderland, Rapunzel in her hairy tower, and absolutely everybody who ever went into Stephen Sondheim's woods, discovers sex. Not for naught has Scott Cohen so wolfishly consumed so many self-help books, and far too much is made of his bushy tail.

This is, perhaps, an elephantiasis of whimsy. And it peters out in the course of a nine-day week, especially for those adults who know, as writer-producer Simon Moore also surely knows, that many of Grimm's fairy tales were coded descriptions of child abuse. But if you have a single night to spare, make it Wednesday, March 1, which is when a wondrous Kimberly/Virginia wins the Little Lamb Chop-Chop competition and leads all the sheepish Bo Peeps in a rousing ballpark foot-stomp rendition of "We will . . . We will . . . We will—*shear* you!"

ONCE UPON A VERY LONG TIME AGO, I WROTE a novel with a chapter on surfing, imagining a cult of preverbal Surfrajets who petitioned an Aztec god, at a Fire Festival every equinoxious March, for high tides in the coming endless summer, which petition combined human sacrifice and some liturgical chanting that owed a lot more to Matthew Arnold's *The Forgotten Merman* than it did to Pope Gregory I. This was my good-bye look at Southern California. Like Brian Wilson, I hated sand. There were so many waves in Brian's head that he couldn't hear his own music. Nor did he, of course, want to listen to the music of his younger brother, Dennis, which could explain why Dennis consorted with Charlie Manson and his "family" before they murdered Sharon Tate. Is it really such a stretch to think of the Manson Gang as the satanic flip side of the Beach Boys? The return of the surfer repressed?

Why **The Beach Boys: An American Family** (Sunday and Monday, February 27 and 28; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC)? Haven't we already seen several cut-rate documentaries and another TV movie on the same subject, *Summer Dreams: The Story of the Beach Boys* (1990)? Are they trying to cash in on the critical success of *Topsy-Turvy,* with Mike Love as Gilbert and Brian as Sullivan? When even Nancy Reagan is on record as approving of this music, shouldn't the rest of us query our own nostalgia? The mini-series resemblances—of Matt Letscher to Mike, Frederick Weller to Brian, Nick Stabile to Dennis, etc.—are indeed eerie but also prescient and presentimental, as if by ghostly morphing we see the zombie under the tan; as if David Lee Roth had so corrupted our very memory of "California Girls" that all we recall is a leer. So they had Oedipal issues. Who doesn't? So their wives couldn't stand the groupies and the hangers-on, the drug-numbed "Drainers" who, like, fed like vampire bats on their bankroll and celebrity. Wives are like that. So Brian, on hearing the Beatles, pulled the covers over his head. He needed Samuel Beckett to write a play about him. It ended badly. It always does. ■

John Leonard's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET ROB PATRONITE & ROBIN RAISFELD

What a Dumpling!

From Wall Street to Greenpoint, from pelmeni to pierogi, a discriminating tour of the surprisingly varied world of stuffed dough.

CARBO-LOADING, THAT QUAINT TWENTIETH-CENTURY regimen, has fallen by the nutritional wayside. Starch makes us tired and fat, goes the conventional wisdom, and should be consumed in small doses, like TV quiz shows. Except in late winter, when wind-chill factors drive us to seek solid, satisfying comfort food like prehibernation bears at an all-you-can-eat buffet. For inspiration, we turn to cultures where "eating seasonally" doesn't mean boycotting winter tomatoes so much as filling up on steaming, chewy, plump dumplings—in soups, stews, or solo. Not surprisingly, the countries of Central and Eastern Europe are the birthplaces of some world-class dough specimens: the pierogi, knedliky, and pelmeni that are quintessential peasant food—unpretentious, filling, and cheap. With the aid of sour cream and sautéed onions, we explored the boiled and fried realms of Polish, Russian, Ukrainian, Czech, and Slovak dumplings and dough pockets, the stuffed stuff an underground gourmet's dreams are made on.

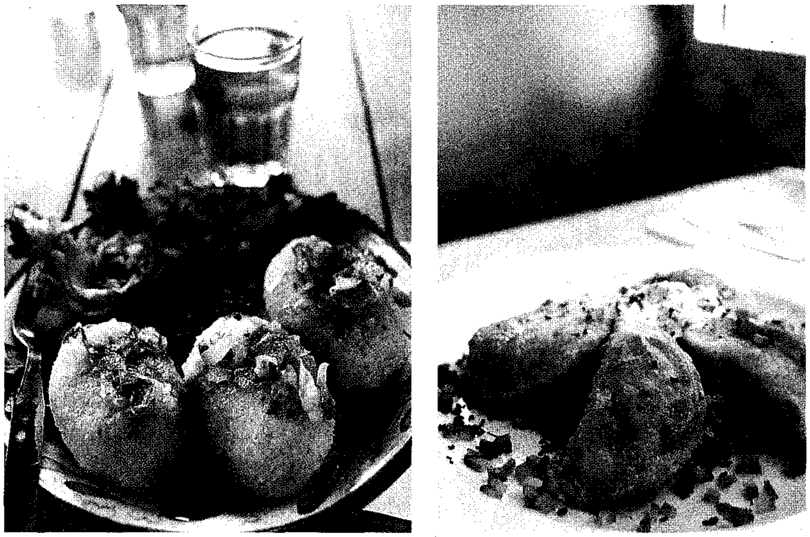
On a quiet side street in the financial district, the two-table **R.J. Max** (55 Ann Street; 212-791-9800) caters to an office-lunch crowd with takeout roast-turkey sandwiches and Caesar salads. But interspersed throughout are full-flavored Eastern European daily specials like pojarski (ground-chicken patties), and Russian borscht served with savory beef pirozhki. If they're available, sample the tender pelmeni ($6.75), hand-folded little chicken-and-pork dumplings that resemble tortellini. Usually found in soup, the pelmeni are native to Siberia, where they used to be stockpiled and frozen in snowbanks. These, thankfully, show no signs of freezer burn; their fresh taste is enhanced with garnishes of dill, vinegar, and sour cream.

When Czechoslovakia split into the Czech and Slovak republics, the rift was geo-gastronomic as much as political: The Czech Republic adjoins Poland and shares its obsession with dumplings. Slovakia, on the other hand, adjoins Hungary, ergo goulash. **Milan's** (710 Fifth Avenue, near 22nd Street, Brooklyn; 718-788-7384), a mom-and-pop restaurant on the fringes of Green-Wood Cemetery, magnanimously offers both. "People come from Trenton for this," says our waiter about the spicy Hungarian goulash ($6.10), one of three variations on the menu. We can see why: Chunks of tender beef nearly drown in a puddle of paprika-amped sauce. So that not a drop is wasted, the goulash comes with a healthy serving of knedle, dumplings made of soft-steamed slices of bread, perfect for sopping and mopping. The Slovak combination plate ($7.30), a beige-on-beige apotheosis of belly-busting starch, features husky potato-and-cheese pierogies, an oversize potato pancake, and—the *pièce de résistance*—a lardon-topped mound of halusky, a noodle-dumpling hybrid (think spaetzle) in a rich, sheep's-milk-cheese sauce. Kraft macaroni and cheese seems low-cal in comparison.

All pierogi pursuits invariably lead to Greenpoint, where you'd be hard-pressed to find a restaurant menu without them. We're partial to the lumpy ones at **Christina's** (853 Manhattan Avenue; 718-383-4382) of Manhattan Avenue —not to be confused with Christine's of Manhattan—a cozy Polish-American coffee shop with red vinyl booths and wood-veneer tabletops. Light-footed waitresses pace the linoleum floor slinging babka French toast and eggs with kielbasa, and—mostly—plates of pierogi to a mixed crowd of chatty locals and interlopers. The half-moons of supple dough encase toothsome cabbage and mushroom, cheese and potato, or meat fillings; order the combination plate ($4.25) to cover all four food groups.

Some blocks away, **Pod Wierchami** (119 Nassau Avenue; 718-383-0670) attracts a distinctly different clientele: single working men on weeknights hunched over their plates territorially, forgoing conversation for fast-paced uninterrupted eating. For them, this is a home away from home—if home is decorated like a hunting lodge, with picnic tables, crossbows, and a mounted deer head wearing a harlequin mask. The robust, authentic Polish home cooking is cheap and satisfying and served cafeteria-style. Excellent borscht is $1.50; seven oversize, overstuffed pierogi made from scratch are $3.80. Included in the price is a glass of compot (a room-temp fruit drink) and a trip to the makeshift "salad bar," which comprises pickled cucumbers and two kinds of coleslaw. Best of all is pyzy z miesem ($4.50), three potato dumplings the size of souvenir footballs, stuffed with ground pork—which are both lighter than they look and much lighter than the men's-club mood.

(continued on page 92)



Plain or fancy: Above left, pork-stuffed pyzy at Pod Wierchami; above, Leshko's truffle-scented pierogi.

Photographs by Joe Scafuro.

Gray *continued from page 37*

ment expenses and had been making personal loans to clients that were not “professionally papered and at market rates.”

Giacchetto denies that he lied about client accounts, and he says that his expenses were normal for someone who traveled frequently with clients. How about the trade errors? I ask. “Yeah, we had trade errors,” he sighs. “There are always errors in trading, but I don’t think I had any major problems. You call and say, ‘Buy me 500 shares of Merck,’ and somehow they’d buy 400 instead. *That’s* a trade error. That’s what she’s addressing. But I don’t think that’s bad or negative or shocking. Soledad wanted power. *All of them* wanted power. They got in and they thought, *I can do this better than you, because Dana’s so flighty and creative and we’re these top management people.”*

In fact, Bastiancich was seeking an equity stake in the company and asking to be named president, with the power to run daily operations and draw up a “conservative” budget to make the company profitable. Giacchetto angrily refused. She left Cassandra a few months later to write a novel.

BASTIANCICH AND GIACCHETTO’S PARTNERS IN Cassandra-Chase were especially troubled by Giacchetto’s involvement in a struggling firm called Paradise Music & Entertainment. In 1998, the company, which produced music videos, commercials, and albums, was about to be de-listed from the NASDAQ because its assets were so dismally depleted. To Giacchetto, the company, little more than a shell operation at the time, presented a tempting opportunity. He agreed to pump $6 million of client funds into Paradise to rebuild it into a powerful indie force that would serve as a vehicle for his clients’ projects. “It was a shell where I thought I could bring together the kinds of things I always wanted to bring together,” Giacchetto says. To run the company, he tapped Jesse Dylan (son of music legend Bob Dylan), a respected commercial producer and a Cassandra client. As president he chose his old friend Jay Moloney, who had, after several attempts at sobriety, been clean for months.

Skittish because of Moloney’s drug relapses and rumors of earlier suicide attempts, some clients hesitated to bankroll Paradise, and even Moloney’s friends worried that the pressure would send the fragile agent over the edge again. “He could barely hold a job,” one friend notes, “much less run a public company.” Equally troubling was Giacchetto’s stake in the venture. The money manager was given a consultant’s title and paid in stock options worth $1.2 million. What made the arrangement problematic was that Cassandra traders were advising clients to trade shares in a company about which their boss possessed inside information.

Large financial firms install barriers between investment bankers and traders to prevent insider trading, but in Giacchetto’s seven-member office the potential for abuse is enormous. “There *was* a potential conflict,” Giacchetto says. “Absolutely. We were very careful. It’s completely disclosed in the [SEC filings] that I owned stock. Everyone knew I owned it.” John Heine, a spokesman for the Securities and Exchange Commission, says he can’t comment on this case, but insists the issue is not clear-cut. “There’s a possibility that his being a consultant and selling shares is a conflict of interest. Simple disclosure may not be enough.” Giacchetto denies ever breaking any SEC rules. “If there was someone who has proof that I had, my former so-called partners would have picked it up during the first six months of this torture and put me in my grave.”

By now the partners were also clashing over the operation of the Cassandra Chase fund. Time and again, Giacchetto complains, Sachs and Holdsworth shot down deals he brought them involving major stars—all of whom were Cassandra clients. There was Danny DeVito, looking for funding for an Internet start-up. There was Ovitz, wanting to put together a film-distribution company. There was DiCaprio, Martin Scorsese, and Q-Tip, who jointly planned to set up a film company. Finally, there was Larry Bathgate, the powerful former finance chair of the Republican National Committee, who had agreed to back a $20 million merchandising firm called Artists Marketing Corp., which would market the names and likenesses of such stars as DiCaprio in the lucrative overseas markets. (The AMC deal, which was killed when Bathgate was informed that Giacchetto had used his clients’ funds as collateral, a charge Giacchetto denies. It also antagonized Ovitz, whose management company handles DiCaprio.) “Why didn’t they do those deals?” says Giacchetto. “I don’t know. It was ridiculous. They wanted the glamour of having me tromp all those celebrities through the door of Chase, but they didn’t want to work with my clients.”

Sachs responds that deals brought in by other partners were frequently turned down as well. “For every hundred deals we looked at, maybe we’d do *one,”* he says.

But Giacchetto believes that once they had used him to establish the partnership, Sachs and Holdsworth decided they no longer wanted him around. In early October, several clients and their attorneys began calling Giacchetto, he says, claiming that Sachs had told them disturbing things about Cassandra. At first, Giacchetto says he didn’t want to believe that Sachs had turned on him. “But people started calling me and saying, ‘This guy is not your friend. He’s trying to destroy you.’ And I said, ‘Why? Why?’ ” His face reddens perceptibly and his voice grows shrill. “The only answer I have is that he didn’t understand [my business] and thought there really was bad stuff going on. I don’t know. But there wasn’t. And there isn’t.”

ON OCTOBER 21, HIS PARTNERS MOVED OUT of the office without informing Giacchetto and set up shop directly across the street. A few days later, Giacchetto received a terse letter informing him that he was being removed from the partnership and his one-third interest in the venture would be reduced to about 8 percent. “Dana went apeshit,” a colleague says. “He kept crying and yelling that he’d pay them back.”

Giacchetto filed his lawsuit a month later. “I think they hoped we’d all separate and I’d keep my reduced interest and life would go on. I’d be mad for a few days, but they’d keep the fund and I’d keep my clients and everything would be wonderful,” says Giacchetto. “They were wrong.”

Three weeks ago, Giacchetto hired a Greenwich money-management firm to shape up his back office but then promptly dismissed it because he feared its owners were trying to take advantage of his recent troubles. “They wanted too much control and access to the star clients,” he says. “And I’m never going to give that away again.”

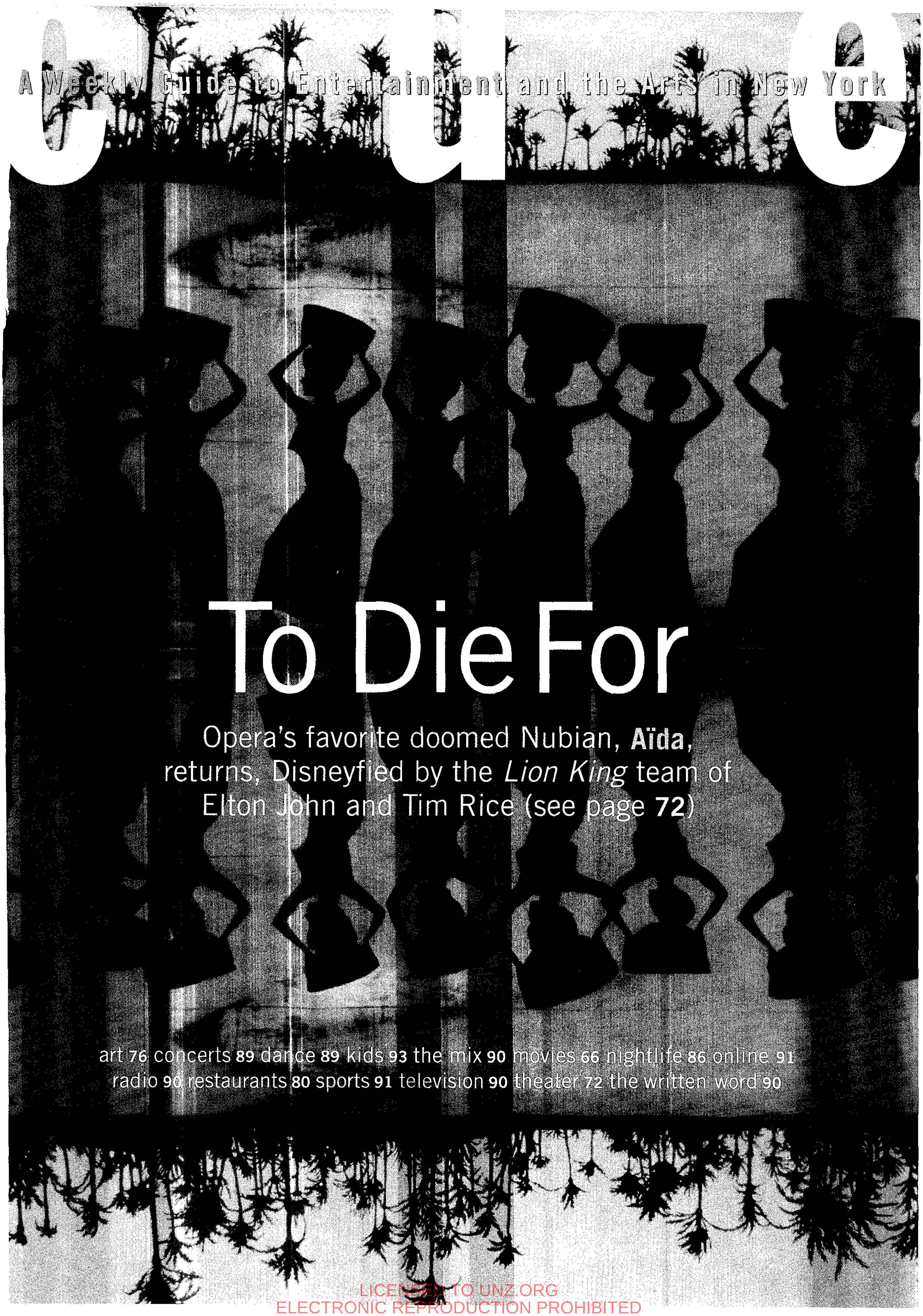
In the meantime, Giacchetto says, he’s back in the game. He has hired two new portfolio managers for his office; one of them, he lets slip, is Chloë Sevigny’s brother. He says four of the seventeen clients who bolted last fall have returned to his firm. Eager to show that he’s curbed his penchant for name-dropping, he won’t say who they are. He also says he’s currently in talks with two banks about backing a new venture-capital fund.

Last week, Giacchetto even surfaced at a screening of his old friend DiCaprio’s movie *The Beach,* where he wandered the aisles kissing old friends. But when the house lights dimmed and he went in search of a seat, none was vacant. He wound up sitting cross-legged on the floor, right up against the screen.

Giacchetto’s New Year’s performance notwithstanding, the mythological character he’s often compared to these days is not Cassandra but Icarus, who got burned flying too close to the sun. “I just had a suspicion it wouldn’t last,” says one intimate. “He was flying too high, had too many people signing on. You knew that if anything ever went wrong, they’d all start jumping ship. He was a *New York* Magazine article waiting to happen.”

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



To Die For

Opera's favorite doomed Nubian, **Aïda,** returns, Disneyfied by the *Lion King* team of Elton John and Tim Rice (see page **72**)

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movies

Wonder Boys...Almodóvar & Waters...Judy Berlin

New Films

★All About My Mother—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Eastside Playhouse; Clearview's Chelsea; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* on stage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

American Movie—Two years in the life of Mark Borschadt, a driven and slightly deranged independent filmmaker in Wisconsin. (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Angela's Ashes—Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir, starring Emily Watson and Robert Carlyle, is blarney-free but also spirit-free, humor-free, depth-free. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Coronet; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Any Given Sunday—Al Pacino is the head coach who can't adapt to the new-style market chicaneries and disloyalties of the game; Cameron Diaz is his bitch-on-wheels boss. James Woods, Jamie Foxx, Dennis Quaid, Jim Brown, and many others show up. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *Loews 72nd St. East.*

The Beach—Leonardo DiCaprio's new film is a woozy piece of jungle fever about an American backpacker in Thailand who finds his way into a supposed island paradise only to find purgatory. The Conradian overtones are too big for this film's britches, and DiCaprio, although he gives the role

Running Time

Wistful Thinking

While he was growing up in Old Bethpage, Long Island, Eric Mendelsohn didn't have aspirations of becoming a great filmmaker. "It was very late in life before I thought of myself as someone who would be *anything*," admits the self-effacing 35-year-old, who took home the prize for Best Director last year at Sundance, for *Judy Berlin*. "I was very unconscious. I spent most of my time in the basement making things out of clay and egg cartons." He was studying portrait painting at SUNY Purchase when he discovered film, thanks to best friends (soon-to-be-producer) Rocco Caruso and (soon-to-be-actress) Edie Falco. "The truth is, I was a bad painter," he says, laughing. "But film wasn't mute like painting was—I had so many more avenues for describing people—I had sound, I had dialogue, I had movement, I had setting and story." In *Judy Berlin*, a beautiful black-and-white character study in which several congenital Long Islanders go about their daily business during a most unusual solar eclipse, Mendelsohn paints a wild and poetic portrait of a suburban town, without making what he would call a "suburban film." "There is something loopy about Long Island—there are women in mink coats in the frozen-yogurt store, and there are Civil War–reconstruction Bar Mitzvahs—but this isn't judging that; it's just looking at different people dealing with being human at different points in their life." After toiling over the script for the better part of 1997, Mendelsohn recruited old pals Caruso, to produce, and Falco (pictured left), for the title role, along with actors Madeline Kahn (pictured right, with Novella Nelson, center), Barbara Barrie, Julie Kavner, Anne Meara, and Bob Dishy. And while the performances in the piece are the greatest source of pride for Mendelsohn (especially that of Kahn, who passed away last December) the director also managed to document a quintessential part of the Long Island landscape he's always had a special affection for: "It's these areas that Long Island is filled with that go completely unnoticed. They're behind supermarkets, next to scraggy patches of grass, and there's always an empty bleach bottle lying next to a woman's high-heel shoe, and they're frightening and lonesome and kind of melancholy and—for some reason in my psychotic mind—delightful." *Judy Berlin*, which earned high praise at Sundance, Cannes, Toronto, and Avignon last year, kicks off the Shooting Gallery Film Series at Loews State Theatre (located downstairs in the Virgin Megastore) on February 25.

BRETT KELLY

'CUE' cover photograph by Joan Marcus.

his all, holds the screen long after we in the audience have let go. (Rainer; 2/21/00) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Beautiful People—The lives of several very different Londoners—an aristocratic nurse, a troubled doctor, a Serbian pianist, a shell-shocked Scottish documentarian, and a teenage heroin-addict—all intertwine while the war in Bosnia rages not that far away. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—A stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Big Tease—The story of a Glaswegian hairdresser who thinks he has what it takes to be in the World Freestyle Hairdressing Championships in Los Angeles. With Craig Ferguson, Frances Fisher, and Veronica Webb. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**Boiler Room**—See Rainer, page 54. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; UA Gemini; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; UA Criterion; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside.*

The Closer You Get—Another Irish village comedy. This one's about a host of Donegal countrymen who seek American companionship. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Starts 2/25.*

★**The Cup**—Bhutanese director Khyentse Norbu set his calm and lulling first film in a Tibetan monastery-in-exile in the foothills of the Himalayas. It's a movie about the vagaries of the monastic life, centering on young monks obsessed with World Cup soccer. His touch is playful, not lordly. We get a sense of the disciplinarian order but also of how that order is changing. (Rainer; 2/7/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere. Features Ralph Fiennes is an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; North Shore Towers.*

Eye of the Beholder—Ashley Judd is murdering unsuspecting men in her underwear. Ewan McGregor is the secret agent who falls in love with her. Ludicrous and knotty. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; UA Astoria; UA Movieworld.*

★**Galaxy Quest**—Taking the postmodern approach, Sigourney Weaver, Tim Allen, Tony Shalhoub, and Alan Rickman are seventies-TV has-beens mistaken for bona fide galactic warriors by aliens while attending a sci-fi convention. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

Retrospective
Camp Out in the Wild

Beginning Tuesday, February 22, Symphony Space brings high camp to the level of high art when it presents "Pink Flamingos on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown: The Films of Pedro Almodóvar and John Waters." The two-month retrospective is a cross-cultural, cross-dressing cross-pollination between the colorful, often preposterous works of the two cult directors, like Almodóvar's 'High Heels,' (1991; pictured left), a semi-serious look at dueling mothers and daughters, and John Waters's kooky fifties musical 'Cry Baby' (1990; pictured right). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Girl, Interrupted—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* meets *Clueless.* With Winona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern penitentiary in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks as a prison guard and Michael Clarke Duncan as the hulking death-row behemoth with the healing grace. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astoria.*

Gun Shy—A black comedy with Liam Neeson as a stressed-out New York City DEA agent who is forced into group therapy in order to overcome his fear of mobster Oliver Platt. *Donnie Brasco* meets *Mixed Nuts,* with Sandra Bullock. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk.*

Hanging Up—See Rainer, page 54. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Holy Smoke—Kate Winslet is an Australian girl who falls under a guru's spell while traveling in India. Harvey Keitel plays the cult deprogrammer who gets caught up in the swirl. The relationship between them is like *Feminism for Dummies,* and the film, directed by Jane Campion, becomes more and more absurd as it plays itself out. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

★**The Hurricane**—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after being wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; Clearview's Beekman; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays Lowell Bergman, a producer for *60 Minutes,* and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco company whistle-blower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans. It's a florid, doomy movie, but the muck here is worth raking. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews New York Twin.*

Judy Berlin—Barbara Barry, Edie Falco, Bob Dishy, and the late, great Madeline Kahn star in this beautiful and quiet film about a small Long Island township beset by a solar eclipse. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Starts 2/25 at Loews State Theater.*

Kadosh—The story of two sisters who live in Mea Sharim, Jerusalem's ultra-Orthodox Jewish quarter, and whose lives and marriages are dictated by the strict hermetic community. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg—The story of "the baseball Moses," from the Bronx who made it to the Detroit Tigers and became a baseball legend. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Magnolia—*Boogie Nights* writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted, but this San Fernando Valley–based epic of alienation comes across like a concatenation of soap-opera stories. A remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, is featured in mostly unremarkable settings. (Rainer;

Photographs courtesy of Symphony Space.

Tribute
Pre-Prêt-à-Porter

France's obsession with cultural preservation can be a weakness when it comes to competing with Disney in the marketplace, but there's much to be said for a nondisposable culture. The Louvre, for instance, is a good argument. Another is The CNC French Film Archives, a leading film-preservation society since its inception in 1969. The archive now has a 130,000-title catalogue, which includes Sacha Guitry's "home movies" of some of France's greatest artists—Degas at his easel, Rodin eyeing a slab of marble—a documentary on the Jewish settlement of Palestine dating from 1913, and countless other reels of footage salvaged from the ravages of time. "A Tribute to The CNC French Film Archives" begins at MOMA on February 24 with Jacques Becker's 1944 melodrama *Falbalas* (*Paris Frills,* pictured), a film about haute couture shot during the Occupation. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

1/10/00) (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews State; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Mifune—A strange and amusing film about a successful businessman (Anders W. Berthelsen) who moves back to his rural hometown to care for his retarded brother after their father's death. To help out, he hires an ex-hooker as a housekeeper. *Rain Man* meets *Pretty Woman* meets the Danish New Wave. In Danish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Starts 2/25 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and the CC Angelika Film Center.*

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's latest documentary is about Fred Leuchter Jr., who drinks 40 cups of coffee a day and designed "more humane" electric chairs before becoming the unwitting hero of the Holocaust-denial movement. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about his growing up in Mississippi with his beloved fox terrier, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, and Frankie Muniz. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Next Friday—Picking up where we left off with Ice Cube and his reefer-toking pals in *Friday,* only this time they're in the suburbs. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Loews Astor Plaza; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Crossbay.*

★**Not One Less**—A small, affecting fable from Zhang Yimou about a 13-year-old substitute village schoolteacher who goes into the city to find one of her errant pupils. Zhang has a gift for dramatizing highly theatrical stories in highly naturalistic settings. (Rainer; 2/21/00) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Pariah—After a gang of neo-Nazi skinheads rape his wife and beat him senseless, a yuppie seeks revenge. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Pitch Black—Vin Diesel, Radha Mitchell, and Cole Hauser are marooned in space on a strange, hot, *seemingly* lifeless planet. Just wait until dark. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Rear Window**—Alfred Hitchcock's 1954 classic has been wonderfully restored by Robert Harris and James Katz. James Stewart is the news photographer sidelined with his leg in a cast in his Village apartment, and Grace Kelly is his marriage-minded girlfriend. (Rainer; 1/24/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG) *Film Forum; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Reindeer Games—John Frankenheimer's latest caper stars Ben Affleck as an ex-con who is forced to hold up a two-bit casino in a Santa suit by a slutty Charlize Theron and a smarmy Gary Sinise. Just plain awful. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Starts 2/25.*

Restaurant—Adrien Brody and Lauryn Hill star in this little indie about New Jersey waiters and waitresses with delusions of grandeur. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea.*

Scream 3—Neve Campbell, Courteney Cox Arquette, and David Arquette reunite with director Wes Craven for one last scream. With Jenny McCarthy and Parker Posey. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Sex: The Annabel Chong Story—A documentary about Grace Quek, a.k.a. Annabel Chong, a hard-working college student and self-proclaimed feminist who broke the world record for "biggest gang-bang" when she had sex with 251 men in ten hours. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria.*

Snow Day—When a blizzard hits upstate New York, the students snow-plow their school shut and wreak havoc. With Chris Elliott, Chevy Chase, and Mark Webber. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood, UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside, Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Straight Story**—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn codger (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower across Iowa to visit his estranged brother. It's sweet, and Farnsworth, and Sissy Spacek, playing his daughter, are very fine. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children's story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay.*

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as an analytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. Sound familiar?. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cinemart.*

The Talented Mr. Ripley—Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the celebrated Patricia Highsmith novel (also the basis for Rene Clement's *Purple Noon*) is a dark thriller made luxurious under a bright Italian sun. Matt Damon plays the psychopathic Tom Ripley. Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow co-star, looking embossed in expensiveness. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; Cinemart.*

The Terrorist—Inspired by the suicide-assassination of Rajiv Gandhi, Santosh Sivan's visually spectacular film tells the story of a young Indian woman on her way to blow up a corrupt politico (and herself). (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Tigger Movie—Winnie-the-Pooh's hyper-spastic pal Tigger bounces about in search of his ancestry. (1 hr. 16 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests, with some kind of limb-hacking going on every other minute. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the

Photograph courtesy of Les Archives Du Film DU DCNC.

brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Criterion.*

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. It's an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Paris Theatre; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The War Zone—Actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with this disquieting story of a teenage boy struggling along with his less-than-happy family. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

The Whole Nine Yards—Matthew Perry is an amiable dentist, Rosanna Arquette is the wife who wants him dead, and Bruce Willis is the ex–hit man who lives next door in dubious witness protection. You do the math. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Wonder Boys—Curtis Hanson's (*L.A. Confidential*) latest film—based on the book by Michael Chabron—stars Michael Douglas as Grady Tripp, a struggling college professor who gets the school chancellor (Frances McDormand) pregnant while suffering from writer's block. With Tobey Maguire and Katie Holmes. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Starts 2/25.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Mansfield Park; A Map of the World.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; The Big Tease; The Cider House Rules; The Cup; Holy Smoke.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Boiler Room; Next Friday; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; The Straight Story; The Tigger Movie; Toy Story 2.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Kirakou the Sorceress; American Movie; Mr. Death; Princess Mononoke; The War Zone.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich; The Hurricane.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Kadosh; Rear Window.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; The End of the Affair; Hanging Up; Snow Day; The Talented Mr. Ripley; Topsy-Turvy.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Beautiful People; Boys Don't Cry; Not One Less; Sex: The Annabel Chong Story.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg; Pariah; The Terrorist.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *The Beach; Eye of the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; The Insider; Magnolia; My Dog Skip; Pitch Black; Sweet and Lowdown; Titus; The Whole Nine Yards.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *The Beach; Boys Don't Cry; The End of the Affair; The Sixth Sense.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Boiler Room; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; Hanging Up; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; Angela's Ashes; Being John Malkovich; Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; Eye of the Beholder; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Boiler Room; Holy Smoke; Magnolia.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Gun Shy; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Diamonds.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Dogma; Man on the Moon; Sleepy Hollow; Stuart Little; Supernova; The World Is Not Enough.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Boiler Room; Down to You; Eye of the Beholder; Girl, Interrupted; Gun Shy; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Next Friday.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Angela's Ashes; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; The Green Mile; Magnolia.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *The Beach; Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; The Hurricane; The Sixth Sense; Titus.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *The Beach; Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; The Sixth Sense; The Tigger Movie.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Hurricane.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *All About My Mother; The Beach; The Cider House Rules; Girl, Interrupted; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Pitch Black; Restaurant; The Tigger Movie.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *American Beauty; The Beach; Girl, Interrupted; Snow Day; Sweet and Lowdown.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Pitch Black.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Any Given Sunday; Pitch Black.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *The Insider; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

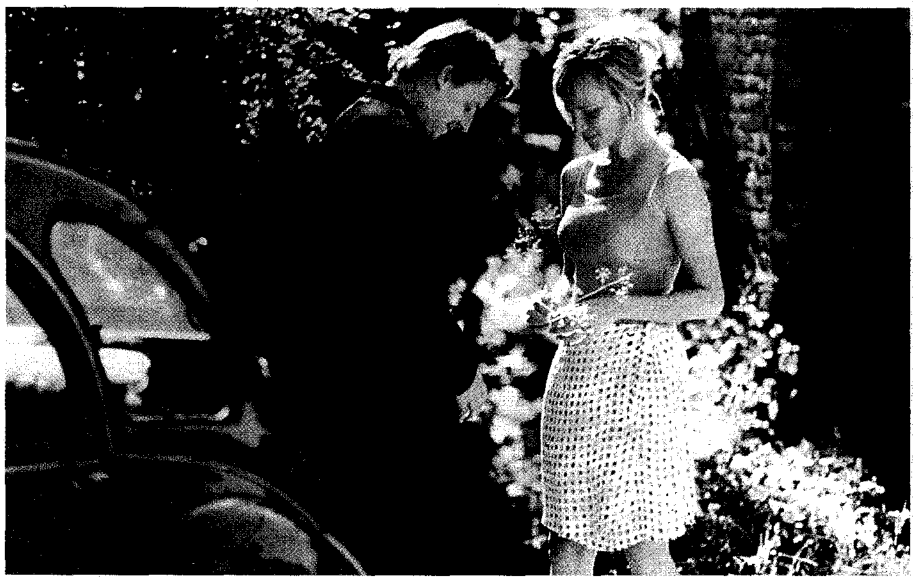
Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Boiler Room; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Previews

Pick-Up Artist

For 'Mifune,' the latest from Denmark's rules-obsessed Dogma films, actress Iben Hjejle (pronounced Eee-ben Yeh-lay) plays a hooker who changes careers and becomes a housekeeper in the country. The 28-year-old actress (pictured, with Anders W. Berthelsen) had no trouble adhering to Dogma's strict doctrine, which dictates (among many, many other things) that actors must do their own hair and makeup and wear their own clothes. And when she pairs off with John Cusack in 'High Fidelity' later this spring, she'll also show audiences she had no trouble mastering the intricacies of the American tongue—this Copenhagen native sounds like she grew up in lower Westchester. 'Mifune' starts February 25 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and the Angelika Film Center.



Photograph by Lars Hogsted.

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Boys Don't Cry; The End of the Affair; Hanging Up.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *The Beach.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Snow Day; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Hurricane; Scream 3.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; The Cup; Holy Smoke; Not One Less; Rear Window; The Straight Story; Sweet and Lowdown.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; The Hurricane; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The Beach; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Angela's Ashes; The Cider House Rules; The End of the Affair; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; Magnolia; My Dog Skip; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.* IMAX: *Fantasia/2000.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Beach; Eye of the Beholder; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Beach; Boiler Room; Eye of the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *All About My Mother; Holy Smoke; Topsy-Turvy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *The Beach; The End of the Affair; Princess Mononoke.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; The Hurricane; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *The Beach; Scream 3; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Beach; Boiler Room; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Scream 3; The Sixth Sense; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Angela's Ashes; The Beach; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *The Beach; Hanging Up; Scream 3; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *American Beauty; The Beach; Boiler Room; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *The Beach; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Cider House Rules; Pitch Black; Snow Day; Sweet and Lowdown; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *American Beauty; The Beach; Boiler Room; Eye of the Beholder; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Pitch Black; Scream 3; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Angela's Ashes; The Beach; The Cider House Rules; Girl, Interrupted; Hey Ram; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; Being John Malkovich; Boys Don't Cry; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; Magnolia; Topsy-Turvy; Toy Story 2.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Beach; Galaxy Quest; Grizzly Falls; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy. Floral Park (718-229-7702) *All About My Mother; The End of the Affair; Liberty Heights.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Pitch Black; Snow Day.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; Eye of the Beholder; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; The Sixth Sense.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Boiler Room; Holy Smoke.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Next Friday; Pitch Black; Snow Day; Stuart Little.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *American Beauty; The Beach; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; The Beach; The End of the Affair; The Hurricane; Scream 3; Stuart Little; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *The Beach; The Cider House Rules; Hanging Up; Pitch Black.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *The Beach; Eye of the Beholder; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *The Beach; Boiler Room; The Cider House Rules; The Green Mile; Hanging Up; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *The Beach; Hanging Up; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *American Beauty; Angela's Ashes; The Beach; Boiler Room; Hanging Up; The Hurricane; Pitch Black; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Previews

Bare Necessities

Michael Douglas is best known for a seemingly unending string of sexually charged thrillers that pair him with much younger women and feature more of him (read: his butt) than we really want to see. But in *Wonder Boys,* Douglas (pictured with Frances McDormand), while still somewhat randy, is having an affair with—get this—a woman his own age. *Wonder Boys,* which also stars Tobey Maguire and Katie Holmes, starts February 25.

Photograph by Frank Connor.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—2/26–2/27: "The Magic of Miyazaki." 2/26: *Kiki's Delivery Service* (1989); *Whisper of the Heart* (1995). 2/27: *My Neighbor Totoro* (1988); *Nausicaä of the Valley of Winds* (1984); *Porco Rosso* (1992). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Cinema Classics—2/22–2/23: *Scarlet Street* (1945). 2/24–2/25: *Big Clock* (1948). 2/26–2/27: *Blue Dahlia* (1946). 2/28: *While the City Sleeps* (1956). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Film Forum—2/18–4/6: "Neo Noir." 2/21–2/22: *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962); *The Parallax View* (1974). 2/23: *Night Moves* (1975); *Mickey One* (1965). 2/24: *Shoot the Piano Player* (1960); *Pickpocket* (1959). 2/25: *Taxi Driver* (1976); *Light Sleeper* (1992). 2/26: *Blue Velvet* (1986). 2/27: *Lost Highway* (1997). 2/28–2/29: *Badlands* (1973); *True Romance* (1993). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—2/21–2/25: "Movies for Kids." *Yellow Submarine* (1968). 2/25–3/2: "American Independent Visions" presents *Claire Dolan*. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9, $5 for members, $4.50 for seniors, $3 for "Movies for Kids."

Israel Film Festival—2/23–3/9: The sixteenth annual Israel Film Festival features almost 40 films, documentaries, made-for-TV movies, and student shorts from Israel. For tickets and schedule information, call the IsraFest Foundation at 212-532-2075 or Clearview's 59th Street East (212-759-4631); $9.50.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 2/24: "The American Place: Landscape in the Early Western." 2/24–3/12: "A Tribute to The CNC French Film Archives." 2/24: "The Artists and Landscapes of Paris"; *Falbalas* (*Paris Frills;*1944). 2/25: *Maldone* (1928); *La Terre des Taureaux* (*Land of the Bulls;*1924); *Six Pour Dix Francs* (*Six for Ten Francs;* 1930); *Il Partit Pour un Long Voyage* (*He Left on a Long Trip;* 1932). 2/26: *The Wife of Monte Cristo* (1946); *Maldone.* 2/27: *Falbalas*; *Quelque Part Quelque'un* (*Somewhere, Someone;* 1972). 2/28: *La Terre des Taureaux; Six Pour Dix Francs; Il Partit Pour un Long Voyage; The Wife of Monte Cristo.* 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

The Screening Room—2/22–2/24: *Pariah.* 2/25–3/2: "The Complete Planet of the Apes." 2/25–2/29: *Planet of the Apes* (1968). 2/26–2/29: *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* (1970). 2/26–2/27: *Escape From the Planet of the Apes* (1971). 2/27: *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes* (1972). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's.* Sunday afternoon: *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—2/22–4/25: "Pink Flamingos on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown: The Films of Pedro Almodóvar and John Waters." 2/22, double feature: *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* (1988) and *Pink Flamingos* (1972). 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $8, $7 for seniors, $5 for members.

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—Through 2/23: "The Blank Generation and Beyond." 2/24–2/26: *The Waiting Game.* 2/25–2/26: *Year of the Horse* (1997). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 for seniors.

YWCA Cine-Club—2/26–2/27: *Destiny* (1921). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Cue

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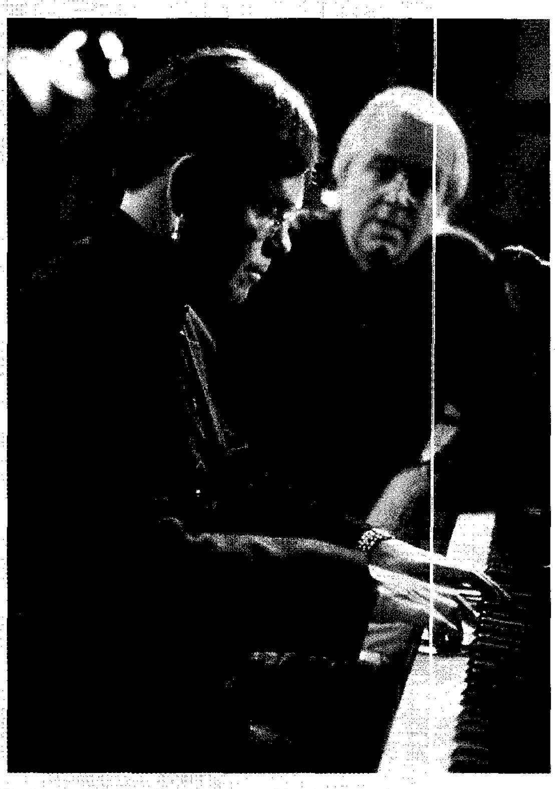
Previews
Royal Subjects

Okay, bad enough that Disney was mounting a pop musical using the story—but not the music—of Verdi's opera about an Egyptian captain who falls hard for his slave, the Nubian princess Aïda. The tryout in Atlanta two years ago "was not the disaster it has become in myth," Tim Rice protests. Just disaster enough for Disney to scrap the sets and costumes, bring in director Robert Falls (*Death of a Salesman*), and junk much of the creative team except, of course, for lyricist Rice (that's *Sir* Tim to you) and his *Lion King* collaborator, *Sir* Elton John (pictured, foreground, with Rice). Then, just as the spectacular new sets and costumes by Bob Crowley were set to fly in Chicago last winter, a tomb rising from below fell, sending two of the musical's headliners to the hospital and prompting much tabloid rumination on "the Pharaoh's curse." Most of the technical difficulties seem to have been ironed out, as the company tweaks songs in these last weeks before previews begin February 25 at the Palace Theatre. As for the show itself, don't expect the kind of cultural carpetbagging Disney tends to put in its cartoons. The score doesn't try to incorporate Middle Eastern musical influences, Rice insists: "I don't think Verdi did that either. I don't think *Jesus Christ Superstar* would have been *quite* as good if we'd tried to do it in first-century Hebrew music—whatever that is. And ditto with *Evita,* where we didn't push the Latin American feel. I think you should write what you want to write instead of trying to ape somebody else's heritage." The music of *Aïda* will showcase the spectacular voices of Heather Headley and Sherie René Scott. Mouse-skeptics, still embarrassed by the stunning success of Julie Taymor's *Lion King,* may be hoping for a failure of *Epic Proportions,* but "it *is* nice to get some new music opening on Broadway," Rice says, adding, "Of course, I've got a revival opening myself, *Superstar.* I apologize for that." (See "Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL



Photograph by Tony Russell.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aïda—The new epic musical with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton, and David Henry Hwang. Sets and Costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/25 for a 3/23 opening. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Squonk!—This new production, which made its debut at the East Village's P.S. 122, may be a musical, but it's no *Footloose.* $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers are brought back to life by two old friends: white-hot Hollywood commodities Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, most recently spotted together in the film *Magnolia.* Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs a production that also features Celia Weston and the ever-irrepressible MCC artistic director Robert LuPone. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/2 opening. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., west of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!,* plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. This revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Starring Bebe Neuwirth. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* Featuring ballet star Julio Bocca, through 4/8. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?), but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

James Joyce's The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book and directs. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

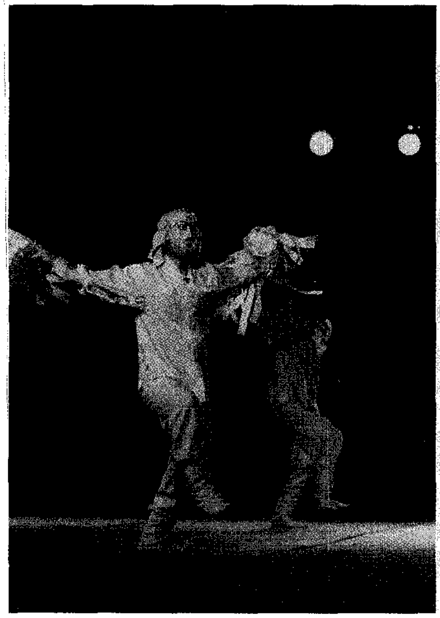
Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*



Photograph by Dae-Hyun Cho.

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Through 3/5. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford spells Burnett on Tuesdays. $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bittersweet mode at which Coward excelled. A seemingly inconsequential piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99). $25–$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Altruists—A new play by Nicky Silver that proves that those Volvo-driving Upper East Side philanthropists are just as screwy as you'd expect. $40. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9. In previews for a 3/6 opening. Through 3/25. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

Previews

Eastern Standard Time

Raised in New York's Chinatown, avant-garde performance legend Ping Chong opens his fifteenth show at La MaMa on February 24. As the fourth performance in Chong's groundbreaking East-West series, which has explored and evoked the histories of Vietnam, China, and Japan, Pojagi (featuring C. S. Lee and Esther Chae, above) tackles Korea's history: from eyewitness accounts of Japanese invasions to imagistic meditations on the Cold War partitioning of the peninsula. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

The Big Bang—In the beginning, there was the word. Then there was the musical. In this backstage comedy, actors Jed Feuer and Boyd Graham present a backer's audition for a musical about nothing less than the history of humanity. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/23 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Carnival Knowledge—Rob Faust and Faustwork present comic-performance pieces like the Fred Astaire–inspired "Gingerella" and the autobiographical "For True." $35. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/23 for a 3/2 opening. Through 3/26. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-532-8887).*

Celtic Tiger (Me Arse)—In Don Creedon's new comedy, two Irish Americans return to Dublin and find not cathedrals and Celts but Motorolas and day traders. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/24 opening. Through 3/31. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (212-581-4125).*

An Empty Plate in the Café du Grand Boeuf—In Michael Hollinger's new play about a gourmand's hunger strike, the cast is led by George Wendt, a *Cheers* vet known best to couch potatoes and bar jockeys as "Norm!" $40. Call for schedule. Previews begin 2/23 for a 3/8 opening. Through 3/25. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

Flaming Idiots—Madcap, kid-friendly histrionics from Pyro, Gyro, and Walter: three acrobatic gag-crazy jugglers and balloon-swallowers. $10–$25. Call for schedule. Through 2/27. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Imperfect Love—Screenwriter-playwright Brandon Cole's romantic farce (a tale of a bungled play and backstage love) may be new, but his work may already be familiar to fans of John Turturro, who adapted Cole's story for the 1997 film *Illuminata.* $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 2/24 for a 3/4 opening. Through 4/16. *New York Performance Works, 128 Chambers St. (212-969-0166).*

It's Impossible to Sing and Play the Bass—Jay Leonhart performs twenty of his songs in this new musical. $20–$40. Mon. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 2/21 opening. *Jewel Box Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Letters From Cuba—The final production of a whole season at the Signature that has been devoted to the works of playwright Maria Irene Fornes (*Mud, Fefu and Her Friends, Promenade*). This new play uses hundreds of letters that the playwright exchanged with her brother in Cuba to tell a very personal 30-year history of Cuban-American relations. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/20 opening. Through 3/5. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Love in a Thirsty Land—The Jewish Repertory presents a new romantic play by Alan Glass about a young immigrant who ends up in an 1875 murder trial. Directed by Robert Kalfin (*Strider, Happy End, Yentl, Truly Blessed*). $35–$40. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 2/27 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-831-2000).*

The Moment When—James Lapine's new play about the entwined lives of a book-jacket illustrator, a novelist, and an agent's assistant. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 3/12 opening. Through 3/26. *Anne G. Wilder Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Sueño—A new adaptation of Pedro Calderon de la Barca's classic *Life Is a Dream* by Obie-winner Jose Rivera (*Marisol* and *Cloud Techtonics*). $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/22 for a 3/1 opening. Through 3/19. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife—Charles Busch's new play about the happy side effects of mid-life crises. Directed by Lynne Meadow. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/29 opening. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Torch-Bearers—Faith Prince and Marian Seldes star in George Kelly's spoof of small-town theater. Presented by the Drama Dept. $15. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/23 opening. Through 3/4. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-541-8441).*

The Wild Party—The first of two new musicals with the same title (the next appears on Broadway in March), based on Joseph Moncure March's raucous Jazz Age poem about a soirée that ends in a police bust, is presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club. Book, music, and lyrics by Andrew Lippa. The cast features heartthrob Taye Diggs, his girlfriend Idina Menzel, Brian d'Arcy James, and Julia Murney. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 2/24 opening. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

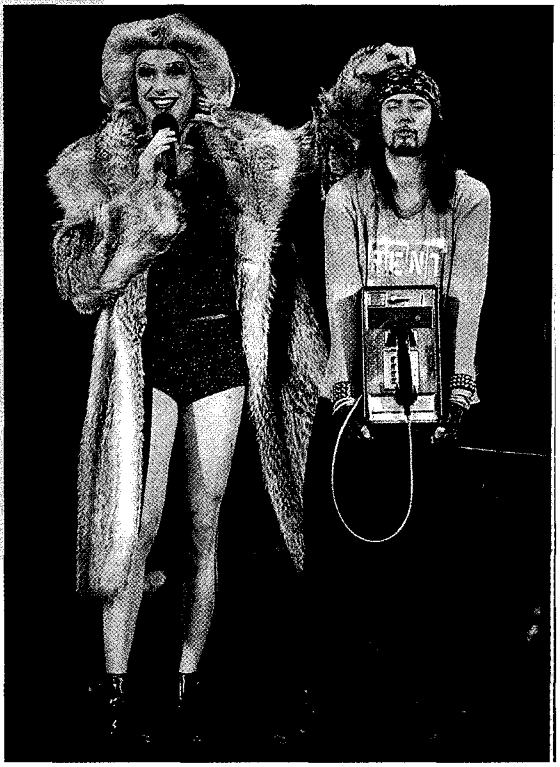
Now Playing

The Alchemist—Dan "D'ohh!" Castellaneta, the man who originated the role of Homer Simpson, smartens up to play the smooth-talking con artist at the center of the classic Ben Jonson comedy. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/12. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).*

Onstage

The Longest Inch

Hedwig, the triumphant transgendered German at the heart of *Hedwig and the Angry Inch,* persevered through East German Communism, life with an American GI in a Kansas trailer park, a botched sex-change operation, and a struggling cabaret career—but she almost didn't survive the critical drubbing Ally Sheedy provoked. John Cameron Mitchell and Stephen Trask's glam-rock musical (soon to be turned into a film by New Line Cinema) was set to fold after that mishap, but the marvelous actor Matt McGrath (left, with Maggie Moore) has donned feathered wig and furs to jolt Hedwig back to life. Onstage now. (See "Off Broadway.")



Photograph Carol Rosegg.

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leaves Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. Now featuring Irene Worth. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Arms and the Man—Roger Rees directs the Roundabout Theater's revival of George Bernard Shaw's comic drama of bullets and bonbons. Starring Henry Czerny, Katie Finneran, and Paul Michael Valley. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Off-Off Broadway's patron devil, Richard Foreman, pays tribute to philosophy's favorite Antichrist, Friedrich Nietzsche, 100 years after the iconoclastic philosopher's death. $15. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/30. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Defending the Light—This new play by Ron Milner (*Checkmates, Don't Get Started*) is based on the high-profile 1846 trial of a black man who murdered a white man and his wife, mother-in-law, and baby. Directed by Jay Broad. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Tribeca Center for the Performing Arts, 199 Chambers St. (212-346-8500).*

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Director—In Nancy Hasty's new play, a once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. Starring John Shea, last seen opposite Molly Ringwald in *How I Learned to Drive.* $25–$35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).*

Dirty Blonde—The brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $12–$45. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 2/29. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. $35. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Enough About Me: An Unauthorized Autobiography—Downtown diva Varla Jean Merman, who may or may not be the love child of Ernest Borgnine and Ethel Merman, reveals all the pain, sorrow, and aorta-bursting heartache that festers behind her dazzling persona. $25. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate, on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. The evening explodes with laughter, magisterially provided by J. Smith-Cameron and others. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $19.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 at 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; now starring Matt McGrath. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

Hundreds of Sisters & One Big Brother—In the one-woman show, HBO host Deborah Swisher describes what it was like to grow up in Synanon, the cultish California commune. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Through 2/27. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Inappropriate—The Desisto School's musical teenagers return to Manhattan to show those fuddy-duddies over at *Rent* what youth sounds like today. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/27. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Joyful Noise—Tim Slover's musical play about the backstage drama behind Handel's *The Messiah.* $44–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 3/26. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

King John—No more *Midsummer Night's Dream,* you say? Fine, then. Directed by Karin Coonrod, this

Previews. Collision Course

The stylish multimedia performance company Collision Theory won top honors at Fringe 1999 for 'Time/Bomb,' a take-no-prisoners satire of the medical biz. On February 25, they unleash a similarly scabrous take on the 'Industry Standard' generation with 'Incorporated: A Cinderella Story' (featuring, from left, Jeffery Richards, Moira MacDonald, and Tsuyoshi Kondo), a cutthroat-capitalist fairy tale about greedy stepsisters and a girl with a get-rich-quick scheme. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

neglected play by the Bard chronicles the king's contentious medieval reign. $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Meet George Orwell—Mark Weston's one-man play stars Michael Allinson as the great Scottish intellectual famous for *1984*'s intruding Big Brother and *Animal Farm's* scummy pigs. $20–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 2/27. *Sargent Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (212-595-1733).*

The Merry Wives of Windsor—Pearl Theatre presents Shakespeare's giddy gals. $26–$33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/27. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Monster—Eek! Frank Hertle's comic mystery about small-town insecurities. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Nighthawks—Lynn Rosen's new play, inspired by four Edward Hopper paintings, including his iconic diner tableau. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/5. *Blue Heron Theatre, 123 E. 24th St. (212-886-1889).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro about Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Panache—Patronage lives! In Don Gordon's new play, a depressed, starving artist (Eric Pierpoint) is saved by an odd socialite (Lisa Pelikan). $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 3/26. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

Saturday Night—*See Simon, p. 58.* $61. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Splendora—Effeminate small-town outcast Timothy John Coldridge returns to a tiny Texas town to manage the local bookmobile and reintroduces himself as Miss Jessica Gatewood. The local pastor is shocked—and smitten. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Stomp—A loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Taking a Chance on Love—A musical revue about the life of composer John LaTouche (*Golden Apple,* Leonard Bernstein's *Candide, Cabin in the Sky*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Through 3/26. *Theatre at Saint Peter's, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Time of the Cuckoo—The classic romantic comedy about an American woman in Venice (Debra Monk) who finds love in a cute shopkeeper (Olek Krupa). By Arthur Laurents, author of *Home of the Brave, Invitation to the March,* and the books for *West Side Story* and *Gypsy.* $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Triptych—In Richard Willet's comedy, two gay men break up and things get confusing. One starts dating a lady, the other meets a man who wants to turn him into a woman. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 3/18. *HomeGrown Theatre, 2628 Broadway, at 99th St. (212-229-7500).*

Two Sisters and a Piano—In Nilo Cruz's new play, a romance novelist and her sister are locked under house arrest by Castro's administration. A piano-tuner and a sympathetic guard both endanger and enliven their home. Featuring Daphne Rubin-Vega (*Rent, Gum*). $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. 2/22–3/5: Mary Alice, Amy Irving, Rosie Perez. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's Holy Sonnets? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Lisa Harrow. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat.–Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

Incorporated: A Cinderella Story—*Cinderella* as cutthroat capitalist fairy tale, presented by the stylish theater company Collision Theory. $15. Mon, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 5. 2/25–3/12. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).*

North Atlantic—The Wooster Group's no-holds-barred satire of the absurdities of the Cold War military stars Willem Dafoe and Kate Valk. $25–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

Othello—An all-Asian-American production by the award-winning National Asian American Theatre Company. $12–$15. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, Sun. at 2. Through 3/4. *Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (718-623-1672).*

Pojagi—Ping Chong's latest performance. $20–$25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3:30 and 8. 2/24–3/5. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

Try to Remember: A Look at Off Broadway—Accomplished golden gal Rita Gardner looks back on 40 years in the theater, beginning with her 1960 success as "the Girl" in *The Fantastics.* $30. Sat. at 10. In previews for a 2/26 opening. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Woyzeck—A high-tech production of George Buchner's classic, performed by Axis Theatre. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/1. *Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (212-807-9300).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.

art

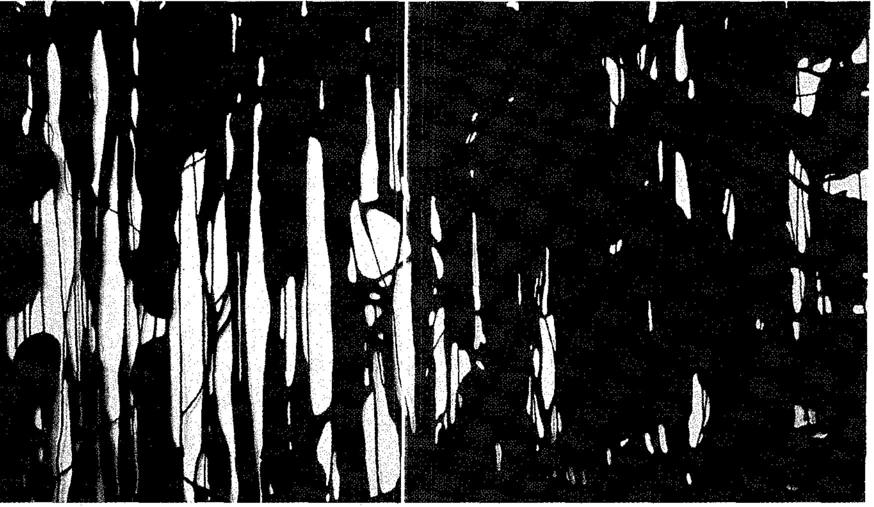
Art Fairs...Gary Schneider...Greater N.Y.

On View

New York's New Art

For art-world old-timers, thoughts of early spring have always been tangled up with feverish anticipation of the Whitney Biennial . . . and the inevitable debate that will follow. Now the millennium—and more specifically the recent merger of P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center and MOMA—has given further cause for nail-chewing. The latest talent roundup is "Greater New York," a survey of contemporary work from New York–based artists opening at P.S. 1 this week (22–25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City; February 27 through May 16). Alanna Heiss, P.S. 1's director, insists the show is not an attempt to steal some of the Whitney's vaunted steam. "This is a defiantly and fabulously local show," says Heiss, who, along with Glenn D. Lowry (MOMA's director), Tom Finkelpearl (P.S. 1's programming director), and a group of curatorial staff members from both institutions, solicited slides, then made visits to the studios of more than 100 artists in the New York area. From the beginning, Heiss adds, the show's organizers made sure "there was the option that someone known by no one would be able to get into the show," going so far, she says, as to put notices up in artist-frequented bars and grocery stores. Never mind that the show includes some familiar names, such as Cecily Brown, Ellen Gallagher, Arturo Herrera (above, *For the First Time,* 1999), Shirin Neshat, and James Siena. Says Heiss, "The show sends a message that we're all looking at art and we're looking forward to looking at more of it."

EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph courtesy of Brent Sikkema Gallery.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Arthur B. Carles—A survey of paintings by the Philadelphia modernist (1882–1952); through 3/18. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

Robert Jessup—Narrative paintings in a series titled "The Recipe for a Perfect Pie"; through 3/18. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-924-0858).

Robert Morris—Four of the artist's minimalist felt works dating from 1968 to 1974, including a floor piece; a work attached to the wall with strips hanging to the floor and two large-scale geometric works; through 3/31. Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

Guy Pene du Bois—Drawings made over the first four decades of the twentieth century that illustrate the artist's evolution towards a modernist aesthetic; through 3/4. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

Jonathon Rosen—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and animation that combine medical, carnival, and mechanical imagery by an artist whose illustrations have appeared in this magazine, the New York *Times, Newsweek, Rolling Stone, Esquire, Raygun*, and other publications; through 3/25. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338).

Tony Scherman—Large-scale encaustic paintings that depict enlarged faces of political figures ranging from Robespierre to Himmler; through 4/1. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Connie Walsh—Three video works that depict the artist performing various tasks; through 3/11. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500).

Christopher Wool—Drawings that were published as a limited-edition artist book in 1989 called *Black Book;* through 3/25. Skarstedt, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-737-2060).

57th Street Area

Lois Dodd—Maine landscapes painted by the artist in the seventies; through 3/10. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345).

Janet Fish—New paintings of still-life arrangements; through 3/4. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-246-2205).

Helen Frankenthaler—Paintings and works on paper from 1960 to 1989 on loan from private collections; through 3/11. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).

Julie Hedrick—New abstract paintings; through 3/4. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-3550).

Jacques Lipshitz—Bronze and stone sculptures and drawings from the 1941–1973 period, when the artist lived in New York; 2/23–3/25. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (212-541-4900).

Donald Lipski—New sculpture that continues the artist's investigation of the ready-made and the surreal; through 3/4. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Michael Mazur—New abstract paintings and works on paper; through 4/4. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

Pablo Picasso—Works dating from the late twenties to the seventies on the theme of the artist and his model; through 3/11. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288).

Brian Shure/Joan Linder—Recent paintings by both; through 3/9. Perlow, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Robert Smithson—Freehand, linear ink drawings and collages from 1962–63; through 3/4. Cohan, 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).

Hans van Bentem—Large-scale ceramic figures inspired by Japanese comics and animated films; through 3/4. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205).

Timothy Woodman/Stuart Shils—New painted aluminum sculptures depicting people at work and play/Oil-pastel landscapes and seascapes of the Irish countryside. Through 3/11. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray—Selected works by the two artists that reflect their long friendship and shared interests in chess, optics, African sculpture, and the photographic recording of their mutual friends; through 3/4. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Lucio Fontana—Paintings made by the Argentine-born Italian artist (1899–1968) during the early sixties, including works from his Buchi (holes) and Tagli (cuts) series; two works in metal, and a rare oil painting with Murano glass stones added to the surface; through 4/1. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Simon Frost—Drawings in graphite, ink, watercolor, or gouache that depict intricate compositions of shapes; through 4/1. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Cris Gianakos—A site-specific installation; through 3/25. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (212-807-1051), Wed.–Sat. 12–5.

Michael Gregory/Jane Gottlieb—New paintings of silos in landscapes/Hand-painted archival color photographs of Monet's home and gardens at Giverny. Through 3/22. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Phillis Ideal—New abstract paintings; through 3/18. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (212-431-4838).

Mark Bennett—Large-scale photomontages that depict idyllic scenes of the fifties and sixties and focus on a fictitious "Barbara" character and her fondness for Ford automobiles; through 3/11. Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

John L. Moore—Abstract paintings and works on paper; through 3/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (212-925-3007).

Muntean/Rosenblum—Paintings, photographs, and sculptures by the Austrian artist team Markus Muntean and Adi Rosenblum; through 3/18. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Sheryl L. Rubenstein/Caroline Golden—Photo-collage transfers on glass that combine the artist's own photographs with images of women appropriated from classical painting/Collages that depict women's bodies metamorphosizing into furniture and architecture. Through 3/11. Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld, 560 Broadway (212-941-6355).

Jörg Sasse—Digitally manipulated photographs of interiors and exteriors of buildings; through 3/18. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Kenny Scharf—New paintings and sculptures; through 3/25. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Jude Tallichet—A sandblasted, eleven-foot-high plastic sculpture of two conjoined models of the Empire State Building accompanied by tapes of music composed and performed by the artist; through 3/11. Meltzer's on View . . . , 588 Broadway (212-343-8256).

Chelsea

Haluk Akakçe—Works on paper and wall drawings depicting allegorical scenes; through 3/11. Urbach, 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-0974).

Barbara Andrus/Travis Molkenbur—An installation that transforms the gallery into a forest/Abstract paintings that suggest imaginary landscapes or places. Through 3/11. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Monika Bravo—A video projection titled *Symphasis* that brings viewers into contact with an aquarium and its occupants; through 3/18. De Chiara/Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. (212-967-6007).

Fabian Burgos—Recent paintings inspired by light particles and waves and optical art paintings of the sixties; through 3/8. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

Greg Drasler—New paintings; through 3/18. Generous Miracles, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2858).

Stephen Ellis—Recent abstract paintings; through 3/11. Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Judy Fox/Katharine Kuharic—An installation of life-size sculptures of four young girls and a middle-aged man/Recent watercolors that depict the American flag and strings of Christmas lights strewn among the flowers of a garden. Through 3/25. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

Michelle Handelman—New photographs and a video installation; through 3/18. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297).

Nancy Haynes—New abstract paintings that draw obliquely on the artist's earlier works; through 3/11. Stark, 555 W. 25th St. (212-807-1051).

Gina Manola—A video, a sculpture, and other works that document the artist's youthful crush on a boy from her hometown of Springfield, Illinois; through 3/11. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-3686).

Josiah McElheny—A new sculpture that comprises white glass objects that are updates of classic modern designs arranged on white display shelving based on a 1958 design by Ettore Sottsas; through 3/25. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Santi Moix—New paintings that depict energetic compositions of animated shapes, buildings, breasts, exotic fruits, and eyes within color fields of cerulean blue; through 3/11. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Paul Noble—Large-scale drawings by the British artist that depict his fictional city of Nobson Newtown; through 3/11. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8872).

Thomas Nozkowski—New abstract paintings; through 3/18. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Kristin Oppenheim—A sound installation, glass sculpture, and large color photographs; through 3/18. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Ellen Phelan—Recent still-life paintings and works on paper; through 4/1. Senior & Shopmaker, 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

Sally Ross—Paintings of imaginary objects and landscapes; through 3/11. Audiello, 526 W. 26th St. (212-675-9082).

Jonathan Seliger—Three-dimensional paintings that reconfigure such commonplace objects as shopping bags, pillows, woven baskets, and food containers in both real and distorted scales; through 3/11. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

E. E. Smith—Two series of photographic oil prints that offer two views of the open road: the drivers we see and the landscape that rushes past; through 3/18. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (212-229-0044).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Cadé—1045 Madison Ave. (212-734-3670). Paintings and works on paper that depict or allude to trees, by Anthony, Christo and Jeanne-Claude, Dubuffet, Rothenberg, de Saint Phalle, Sultan, others; through 3/18.

Hunter College—Leubsdorf Gallery, 68th St. and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4991), Mon.–Sat. 1–6. "Deep Field Painting," works by Ascheim, Biggs, Ellis, Mogensen, Ohlson, Zinsser, others; through 3/18.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550). "Pasted Pictures: Collages and Abstraction in the 20th Century," with works by Arp, Cornell, Johns, Matisse, Pollock, Ryan, Schwitters, others; through 3/11.

Moeller—167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500). "Cross-Currents in Modern Art: A Tribute to Peter Selz," paintings, drawings, and sculpture by 39 artists whose works have been of particular interest to the art historian, among them Beckmann, Conner, Feininger, Golub, Kahn, Lebrun, McLaughlin, Rickey; through 3/3.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (212-879-0500). Still-life compositions by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, among them Bonnard, Braque, Gauguin, Leger, Morisot, Vuillard; through 4/1.

57th Street Area

Babcock—724 Fifth Ave. (212-767-1852). "Aspects of White," paintings, sculpture, and works on paper made with white materials, by Ajay, Grausman, Lipton, McLaughlin, Nevelson, Pavia, Ryman, Segal, others; through 3/31.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292). Biomorphic sculptures by Arp, Calder, Noguchi; through 3/18.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Works by European self-taught artists, among them Bois-Vives, Gill, Nedjar, Wilson, Wölfli; through 3/11.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex—291 Church St. (212-431-55270). "Chispa," an exhibition organized by Luis Jimenez of works by three Latino artists who see their work as a *chispa,* or spark, that ignites a fire; through 3/11.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Manly," works by nineteen artists that look at the current state of masculinity, through 4/1; window installation by Nancy Klotz, through 4/1; audio/elevator project by Phillipe Deshaies; "Animal, Vegetable, Video: Memories of Manhattan From a Millennium Ago," project by artist in residence Sam Easterson, through 2/26.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "Deterritorialization of Process," works by Abbott, Irving, Johansen, Krone, Lesperance, Min, Mittleman; through 3/25.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "The End," a survey of Exit Art's eighteen-year exhibition history featuring works by more than 100 artists; through 4/1.

Staff USA—495 Broadway (212-925-9700). "Fissure," the third in a series of five exhibitions presented in collaboration with AC Project Room, featuring works by Davis, De Cointet, Elmgreen and Dragset, Perdices, Shannon; through 3/18.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Conversation exhibit: Patsie Broderick and John Wesley, through 3/19; paintings by Andrew Spence, through 3/5; project by Rudolph Hubert Wilcoff and Toni Werthmuller, through

Photography

Personal Matter

"Gary Schneider: Genetic Self-Portrait" (ICP, 1130 Fifth Avenue, at 94th Street; through April 9) melds art and science: Schneider has turned X-rays of his body and high-resolution images of his DNA into luminescent photographic prints, an undertaking inspired by the Human Genome Project. Downtown, Eleanor Barefoot Gallery (in association with P.P.O.W.) has a survey of Schneider's equally experimental series from the past twelve years, including "Specimens," for which he placed microscope specimen slides directly into a photographic enlarger to make large, cameraless prints (580 Broadway, near Prince Street; through April 22).

Photograph courtesy of the International Center of Photography.

3/5; hallway by Jim Pavlicovic; through 3/19; works by Barbara Friedman and Charles Hovland, through 3/11.

Eller—529 W. 20th St. (212-206-6411). "Superorganic Hydroponic Warfare," drawings by Dunham, Dupuis, Ross; through 3/11.

Thatcher Projects—529 W. 20th St. (212-675-0222). "(In)Tangible," works that deal with the transmutation of the object by Pastine, Sian, Siegel; through 3/11.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (212-727-0767). "Translation/Seduction/Displacement," works by contemporary artists from southern Africa; through 4/1.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). Works by more than 150 artists that will be auctioned on March 11 to benefit the gallery; 2/25–3/11.

Photography

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Picturing Guatemala: Images From the CIRMA Photography Archive, 1870–1997," the first exhibition to explore the history of photography in Guatemala, including, among other works, a photographic album by Eadweard Muybridge from 1875 and images by the nineteenth-century ethnographic photographers Emilio Herruger and Alberto Valdeavellano; through 4/16.

Paul Caponigro—New silver prints whose images include shells, stones, plants, and weeds; through 3/25. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

Gregory Crewdson—Elaborately staged, large-scale tableaux that show suburban landscapes and occurrences at twilight; through 3/25. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Larry Fink—Black-and-white photographs that document the international fashion world and appear in the photographer's new book, *Runway* (PowerHouse Books); through 3/25. Revolution, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-4663-8037).

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of flower stems as seen below the water line in a vase; through 3/18. Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

David Goberman—Photographs of now-vanished Jewish cemeteries in the Pale of Russia and the Ukraine; 2/24–4/2. SoHo Triad, 107 Grand St. (212-965-9500).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution from 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Gary Schneider: Genetic Self-Portrait." A series of fourteen works comprising 55 photographs that depict the artist's transformations of X-ray images of his own genetic materials; through 4/9. . . . "Picturing Business: The Photography of *Fortune*, 1930–1965." An exhibition of photographs by Margaret Bourke-White, Walker Evans, Robert Frank, and others that were commissioned for *Fortune*, the magazine founded by Henry R. Luce in 1930; through 4/9.

Louise Lawler—New photographs of Andy Warhol's helium-filled "Silver Cloud" pillows, and of works by Jeff Koons, Robert Gober, and other contemporary artists; through 3/4. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (212-242-7767). "Mirror With a Memory: The Art of the Daguerreotype," an exhibition of mid-nineteenth-century daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, and tintypes organized by Jerry Spagnoli; through 3/18.

Marvin E. Newman—Seven photo-essays from the fifties and early sixties, among them *Chicago Snow Scenes 1951*, *Coney Island Beach Scenes 1952*, *Halloween 1955*, and *Prostitutes on Rue St. Denis, Paris 1960*; through 3/25. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

Gary Schneider—"Specimen Drawings," large prints made from microscope slides; through 4/22. Barefoot, 580 Broadway (212-625-8899).

Aaron Siskind—Images of peeling paint, corroded surfaces, graffiti, and rock formations that represent the late photographer's explorations of abstraction; through 3/18. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Defining Craft 1: Collecting for the New Millennium." A selection of works from the museum's permanent collection and works that have been promised as gifts; through 5/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York Times Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York *Times* that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the U.S., Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. . . . "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are $14 adults, $8.50 children).

Asia Society at Midtown—"Spiritual Perfection: Religious Sculpture of South and Southeast Asia." Sculpture from the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III Collection of the Asia Society; through 4/1. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400). Mon.–Sat. 10–6; $4, $2 students and seniors (free Mon.–Fri. 12–2).

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Guennol Collection Cabinet of Wonders." Olmec jade carvings, pre-Columbian textiles, American folk art, and works by de Kooning, Cornell, and other twentieth-century artists that were given to the museum by Alastair Bradley Martin and his wife, Edith Park Martin; 2/25–5/7. . . . "One Hundred Famous Views of Edo." An exhibition of a rare complete set of Utagawa Hiroshige's 1856–58 wood-block-print series from the museum's permanent collection; through 4/23. . . . "Artists Books." Fifty books made in the nineties by Brooklyn-based artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Doug Beube, and Janet Zweig; through 4/16. . . . "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Goberman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 4/2. . . . "Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 6/18. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/5. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"The Body of the Line: Eisenstein's Drawings." The first U.S. museum exhibition of drawings by the groundbreaking Russian filmmaker (1898–1948); through 3/18. . . . "*Together Now* by Nic Hess." A site-specific installation that combines drawing and a two-dimensional structure built of adhesive tape by Nic Hess, a Swiss artist; through 2/26. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec.19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Sheer Realities: Power and Clothing in the Nineteenth-Century Philippines." An exhibition organized by the Asia Society of clothing, accessories, paintings, lithographs, drawings, and photographs that reflect the external and indigenous cultural influences in the Philippines over the past century; 2/23–4/22. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5: $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Worlds of Nam June Paik." The first American retrospective of the Korean-born multimedia artist since 1982, including sculptures, installations, videotapes, and projects for television; through 4/26. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. . . . 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

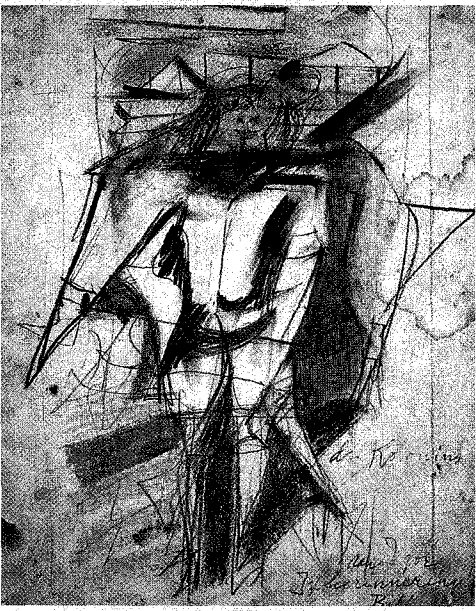
Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Walker Evans." A retrospective of the American photographer (1903–1975) comprising some 175 vintage prints from public and private collections throughout the U.S. and Canada as well as from the photographer's archive, which was acquired by the Metropolitan in 1994; through 5/14. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition; through 9/3. . . . "Northern Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries in the Robert Lehman Collection." French, German, and Netherlandish drawings and illuminations; through 5/21. . . . "Tilman Riemenschneider: Master Sculptor of the Late Middle Ages." An international loan exhibition of carved-wood and stone works by the German sculptor (1460–1531); through 5/14. . . . "Ancient Faces: Mummy Portraits From Roman Egypt." Painted panel portraits made in Egypt from the first to third century A.D.; through 5/7. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "Korean Ceramics From the Museum of Oriental Ceramics, Osaka." Forty-eight ceramic works dating from the twelfth to the nineteenth century; through 6/4. . . . "Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. . . . "Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869–1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27. . . . "Sean Scully." A selection of recent watercolors, pastels, and photographs by the American artist; through 3/12. . . . "Masterpieces of Photography From the Gilman Paper Company Collection"; 2/26–5/23. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

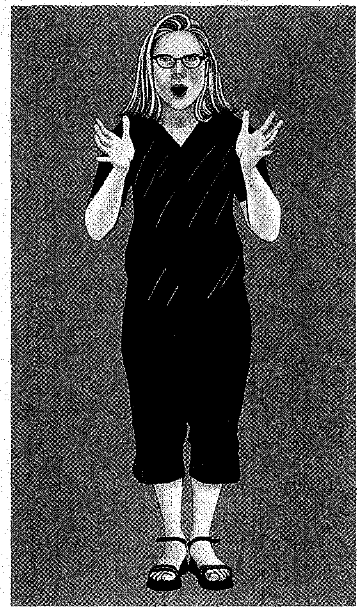
Morgan Library—"From Bruegel to Rubens: Netherlandish and Flemish Drawings." Northern European master drawings spanning the Gothic through the Flemish Baroque periods from the Morgan Library's collection, and a selection of works by artists working in the tradition of Van Eyck and Van der Goes; through 4/30. . . . "Sacred

Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 5/14. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Latin American Still Life: Reflections of Time and Place." Paintings, sculptures, and other works depicting still-life by twentieth-century Caribbean, Central American, and South American artists, among them Diego Rivera, Rufino Tamayo, and Wilfredo Lam; through 5/21. . . . "Franco Mondini Ruíz: *Mexic*." A site-specific installation depicting a romanticized, miniature cityscape of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City; through 5/21. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Happening *See more art under two roofs than you ever thought humanly possible! This weekend, two colossal art fairs promise something for almost anyone. Works from some of the art world's most established players (below, Willem de Kooning's 1952 pencil and pastel 'Woman,' at C&M Arts) are what you'll find at the 70 galleries participating in this year's The Art Show (Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Avenue, at 67th Street; February 24–28; $12). Look also for one-person exhibitions of Agnes Martin at PaceWildenstein, Malcolm Morley at Sperone Westwater, Nam June Paik at Holly Solomon, and Albrecht Dürer at David Tunick. Cutting-edge hounds will want to sniff around The Armory Show 2000 (New North Pavilion, Eleventh Avenue and 39th Street; February 25–28; $12), whose 95 strictly contemporary-art galleries include New York's Casey Kaplan (below right, Amy Adler's 'Why Would I Lie?,' 1999), L.A.'s ACME., London's Jay Jopling/White Cube, Sydney's Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, and Madrid's Marta Cervera Gallery.*





'hotographs: left, courtesy of C&M Arts; right, courtesy of Casey Kaplan.

luseum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

luseum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture, and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"This Land Is Your Land: The Life and Legacy of Woody Guthrie." An exhibition chronicling the life of the folksinger; through 4/23. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"The Corset: Fashioning the Body." Corsets from the sixteenth century to the present, as well as corset-inspired fashions, archival photographs, posters, books, caricatures, and advertisements that document the evolution of corsetry; through 4/22. . . . "Girlfriend! The Barbie Sessions by David Levinthal." Forty large-format Polaroid photographs of the doll that return her to her fashion model roots; through 4/15. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"175th Annual Exhibition." America's oldest, continuously held juried art competition, featuring paintings, sculpture, watercolors, and prints by more than 160 artists; through 3/26. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, 4.50 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning thirty years; through 3/5. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. from 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"New York on the Brink! The Fiscal Crisis of the 1970s." Documentary photographs, newspaper headlines, political cartoons, and objects relating to New York's notorious fiscal crisis; through 5/7. . . . "John James Audubon: The Birds of Winter." Fifteen original watercolor paintings by the naturalist (1785–1851) depicting birds that can be found in New York during the winter months; through 4/30. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Greater New York." The first significant collaboration between P.S. 1 and MOMA, an exhibition of works by more than 140 artists who have emerged as vital voices over the past five years; 2/27–5/16. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"New York Noir: Crime Photographs From the *Daily News* Archive"; through 4/30. . . . "William Glackens: A Journey From Realism to Impressionism." A selection of paintings, works on paper, and notebooks by the Philadelphia-born artist, who became one of the Eight and worked in Paris, New York, and Cape Cod, most of them drawn from the Glackens family bequest to the Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale; through 4/30. . . . "Queens Focus: Installation by Leung Chi Wo"; through 4/30. . . . "Community Space: Silk Paintings by Dr. Rikki Asher"; through 4/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Highlights From the Permanent Collection"; 2/26–6/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Correspondences: Isamu Noguchi and Ellsworth Kelly." Sculptures and drawings by both from the Whitney Museum's permanent collection; through 4/7. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. 11–7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 2/23 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 2/19.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 2/23 at 10:15 and 2: "Impressionist and Contemporary Paintings." On view from 2/19.

restaurants

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Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classic renditions of such Italian standards as pasta, veal chop, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shiitake-seared salmon with cashew-scallion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. *179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Laight Street and Dylan Lounge—White tapestries and blue lighting lend this coolly contemporary TriBeCa space a marine feel, which makes perfect sense in a seafood restaurant with an extensive raw bar. Choose among Nantucket lobster salad, ginger-octopus salad, and grilled whole snapper with pistou, or if you're still working up an appetite, have a cocktail in the adjacent Dylan Lounge. *62 Laight St. (212-334-2274). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

Is there good Chinese food in my neighborhood?

Climb a flight of stairs to the SoHo Shanghai Tang with its silent Chinese movies and gentle prices. We ignore the sushi bar to focus on luscious steamed crab-and-pork juicy buns, subtle sautéed yellow eel with leeks and seafood on wonderfully gummy rice cakes—Shanghai soul food. A big bowl of hot-and-sour bean-noodle soup could be dinner. We divvy it up, leaving room for Mr. Shu's fatty braised pork chunks to stuff in steamed buns, our favorite clams in black bean and sautéed baby bok choy. Beware the house-special blue crab—deep-fried in the shell—we never did find the crab. (77 West Houston Street; 212-614-9550.) Lili's Noodle Shop & Grill on the Upper East Side has a clean, modern look and the ambition to offer grilled Chilean sea bass or salmon as well as the predictables: all sorts of Big Bowl soups, fine soy-sauce chicken, crisp scallion pancakes, spicy chen-du beef, plus old-fashioned lobster Cantonese (just a little too corn-starchy). Ask for I.M. Pei's stepmother's favorite (not on the menu): a toss of preserved bean curd, mushroom, and scallion. Good for the neighborhood. (1500 Third Avenue, near 84th Street; 212-639-1313.)

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he' young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—ha conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossibl to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes ca wait for a table to open up two doors down a Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219 0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all ove again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's ou of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room get everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2 year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas S. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by James Baigri

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Elephant & Castle—For more than a quarter of a century, as the city's kitchens went pan-Asian and pan-Latino around it, this West Village landmark has satisfied cravings for basic American fare like burgers, omelettes, and Caesar salad. Sliced steak with Merlot sauce is about as highfalutin as the friendly spot gets. *68 Greenwich Ave. (212-243-1400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

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Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

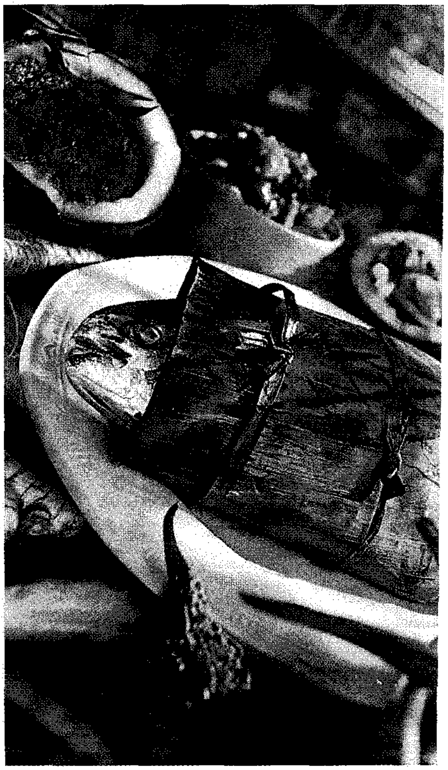
14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—An ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (212-685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangria. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Happening **Amy Besa, co-owner of Cendrillon and tireless proselytizer of the varied cuisines of Asia, will inaugurate a series of special dinners beginning March 1 and continuing through the spring. The meals will be prepared by visiting Asian chefs, some famous and excellent and some merely excellent. "This is food that you never see in restaurants, whole traditions that New York has yet to taste," says Besa, whose first guest, Judy Padamadan, specializes in the undiscovered cooking of the South Indian state of Kerala, like the spicy pompano wrapped in a banana leaf (pictured). To come: Julie Sahni, author of *Classic Indian Cooking*, and Longteine de Monteiro, Cambodian chef-owner of Boston's Elephant Walk. On July 1, all the participating chefs will jointly prepare an Asian barbecue in Cooperstown, N.Y., so you can eat some Filipino lumpia and ogle Ty Cobb's cleats on the same day (45 Mercer Street; 212-343-9012).** **PETER KAMINSKY**

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese shrimp spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch*

Photograph by Adrienne Helé

got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. *253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

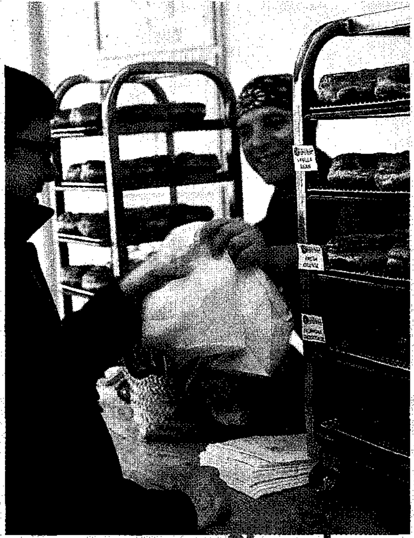
Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Quantum 56—The restaurant at the Drake Swissotel that used to be Lafayette has finally reopened, this time as a New American dining room and cocktail lounge under the culinary direction of chef Joseph Fortunato. His menu ranges from the familiar to the less so, in dishes like shepherd's pie, seafood hot pot, and buffalo carpaccio with horseradish aioli. *65 E. 56th St. (212-756-3800). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*



Shopping

Plant Food

"Auténtico? Auténtico?" *Mark Isreal (above, in bandanna) interrogates a Latina customer as she bites into a churro at his brand-new bakery, The Doughnut Plant. Isreal's understandably eager to please. After selling his cult doughnuts—all-natural, king-size knockouts—only through gourmet stores for the past five years, he's savoring his first interaction with his adoring public. That is, when he takes a moment out from baking the day's supply of Valrhona-chocolate, vanilla-bean, orange, and raspberry beauties on the high-tech new equipment he can't stop kvelling over. The plant is a family affair: Isreal's brother helped fund the expansion; and his father, a potter who's flown in from North Carolina to help out, built colorful window benches with doughnut-patterned tiles. But even though Isreal has increased production, demand still dwarfs the supply. A sign out front reads,* OPEN FROM 7AM UNTIL WE SELL OUT. *Set your alarm.* (379 Grand Street; 212-505-3700.)

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

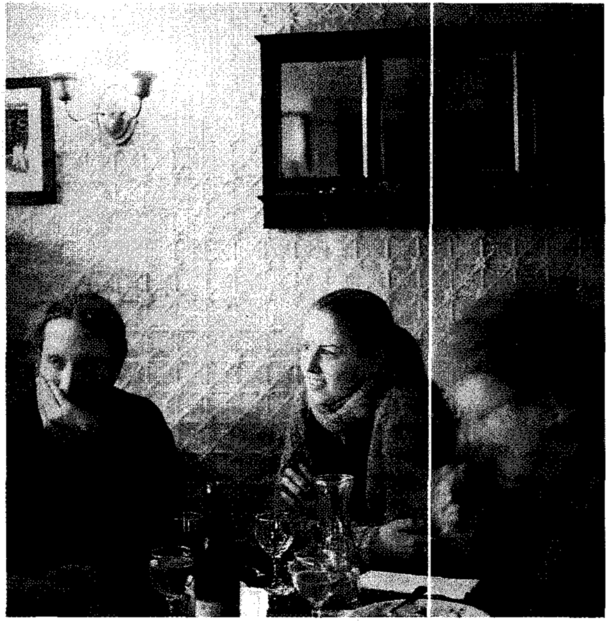
Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai food to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed

hotographs by Carina Salvi.

Opening
Fort Greene Machine

Jean-Charles Sorel, who established a bistro beachhead in Fort Greene with his *tres français* Chez Oskar, expands his Brooklyn empire with the more international Cafe Lafayette. Consulting chef Pierre Thiam's menu is a hodgepodge of global influences, including mafe (a beef, root-vegetable, and peanut stew from his native Senegal), Creole chicken gumbo, and Thai curried mussels. Entrées run from $6.50 to $13.50. (99 South Portland Avenue, near Fulton Street; 718-624-1605.)



by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Utsav Festive India—Only the bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level; the contemporary dining room itself is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. A $10.95 lunch buffet is practically 6th Street–cheap, while à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. The management promises a lineup of food festivals highlighting the varied cooking styles of the subcontinent. *1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Vago—This Northern Italian midtowner makes its own pasta and breads along with house specialties like warm sea-bass carpaccio, venison medallions sautéed with chestnuts, and roasted baby pheasant with black-truffle sauce. The wine list is extensive, and the dining room is adorned with frescoes, alabaster sconces, and cherrywood trim. *29 W. 56th St. (212-765-5155). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weave is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene put

Photographs by Luke Hovermar

the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Houppa—Lots of Upper East Siders—foreign-born and native alike—congregate at the lively bar here, and, when they get hungry, nibble on something from the raw bar, pizza from the wood-burning oven, or fresh fish of the day. *26 E. 64th St. (212-317-1999). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trata—With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood (sushi-quality octopus, for instance), this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. *1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

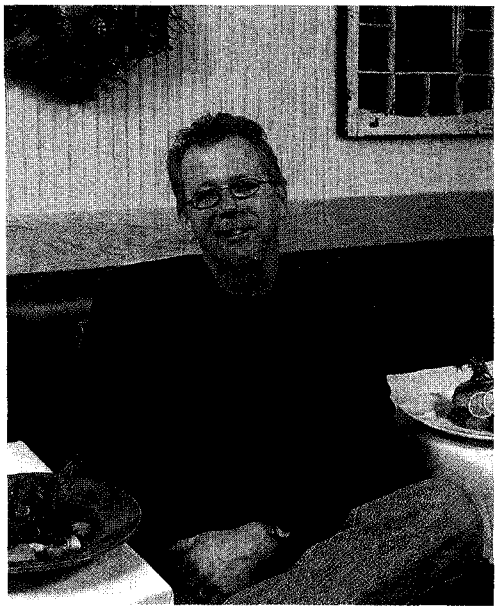
Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

First Taste
Truckin'

You never know where an epiphany may appear. For the Emperor Constantine it was a luminous cross floating above the battlefield. For construction worker–cum–truck driver Ken Johnson it was a late-night ad for the New York Cooking School. "I called the next day, enrolled, and became an ex–truck driver," he recalls. Top honors as a student led to a line-cook job at Bouley and sous-chefdom at Picholine. He eventually took over the kitchen at the Terrace in Morningside Heights. Johnson, whose two earrings, close-cropped hair, and weather-chiseled (or is that oven-cured?) face give him the look of a rock musician who partied hard for twenty years before cleaning up his act, is now behind his own stove at Rustic in Cobble Hill (with partner David Schneider, proprietor of the nearby Harvest restaurant). A first taste of Johnson's new menu featured a wood-roasted pork chop with baby clams, sausage, bitter greens, and potato confit. His cooking has *cojones* and finesse that remind one of the intense flavors and combinations of Gramercy Tavern's Tom Colicchio. Roast chicken, stuffed with its liver, Swiss chard, currants, almonds, and olives, betrayed a similar brash essay into the flavors of the Mediterranean. (242 Court Street, at Baltic Street; 718-254-9375.) P.K.



hotograph by Magdalena Caris.

nightlife

Buena Vista Maestro...Morrissey...Humphries

Concerts

Cher—With Lou Bega. 2/24 at 7:30. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). $100.25, $75.25, $50.25, $25.25.*

Morrissey—2/25 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St., (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

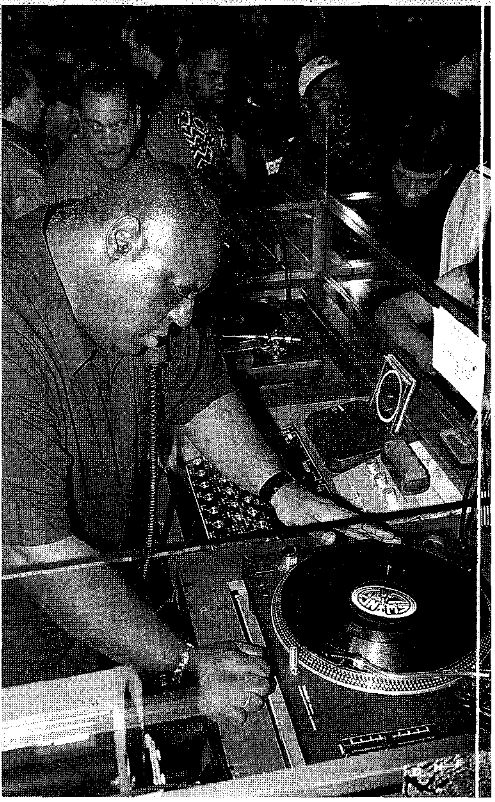
"Sno-Core 2000"—With System of a Down; Incubus; Mr. Bungle. 2/23 at 7:30. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $21.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—2/21: Metal Karaoke; Motel Girl. 2/22: Fungus; Young Turks. 2/23: Lotus 33; The Flying Aces. 2/24: Otis Campbell; Andrew Vladeck. 2/25: Darby Jones; Evelyn Forever. 2/26: Nipple; Steak. 2/27: Static 13; Brendan O'Shea. 2/28: Punk Karaoke; Chronic Fatigue. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

Performance
Jersey Boys

New York and Chicago are seen as house music's twin cities, but New Jersey also holds a place in the genre's development. Tony Humphries (pictured) informed the eclectic musical ethos of clubs like "Body & Soul" by blending soulful house with the downtown funk of the Talking Heads, and Asbury Park resident Romanthony took house off the dance floor and into the bedroom with sultry singles like "The Wanderer." They'll make their Garden State–ment at Twilo on February 23. (See "Clubland.")



Photograph by Donna Ward

Bottom Line—2/21: Lindsfarne. 2/25: California Guitar Trio. *315 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—2/22: Apollo 440. 2/25–2/26: Karl Denson's Tiny Universe. 2/27: Sick of It All; Gray Area. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat's "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—2/23: Eliades Ochoa. 2/26: Robert Schimmel. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—2/21: "Damaged Liver Musical." 2/23–2/25: "Fiction Live: *New Yorker* Reading Series." 2/26: Indie 5000. 2/27: Expansions. *2425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—2/21: Dave Liebman; Billy Hart. 2/22: Ori Kaplan; William Hooker. 2/23: Actual Proof; Schleigho. 2/24: Swirlies; Pilot to Gunner; Lockgroove. 2/25: Hot Water Music; Saves the Day; Panther U.K. 2/26: Bernie Worrell and the Woo Warriors. 2/27: Odean Pope's Collective Voices. 2/28: Uri Caine; Phillip Johnston's Transparent Quartet. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—2/23: Joel Harrison Octet; Seth Kaufman 2/24: Isle of Klezbos; Rachelle Garniez and the Fortunate Few. 2/26: Jet Set Six. 2/27: Ben She Quartet. *35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000).*

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Saturdays: Adam Roth. 2/22: Blind Pharoahs. 2/23: The Dirty Water Dogs. 2/25: Simon and the Bar Sinisters. 2/27: The Coolarators. *99 Ave. B. (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—2/23: Stick Figure Suicide; Dodgeball. 2/24: Hot Water Music; Saves the Day; Panther U.K. 2/25: The Handsome Family. 2/26: The Fleshtones; The Insomniacs. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—2/24: Wild Colonials. 2/25: The Nields. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

The Supper Club—A large grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 2/25: The Yallopin Hounds. 2/26: The Jumpin' Gigolos. *240 W. 47th St. (212-921-1940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 2/21: Necro; Jedi Mind Tricks. 2/22: "Innervisions," a Stevie Wonder tribute. 2/24: Fighting Gravity. 2/25: Ulu vs. Fat Mama. 2/26: Konkrete Jungle. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Wednesdays: "Soons," an eclectic night of music with D.J.'s Jaymz Nylon and Gamall. Alternate Fridays: loved-up house music from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop to dance-hall reggae to funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays," anything with a groove from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. 2/21: Valery Ponomarev and the Universal Language. 2/28: The Radam Schwartz Trio. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn, (718-599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. And there's more good news: The new owners have already managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for Saturday nights and the "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo for Thursdays. The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron district nightspot has suddenly become a great dance-music destination, thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Flamingo—This East Village nightspot was once called Flamingo East. Now it's simply Flamingo. The club now has a hipper, more futuristic bent, thanks to parties like Saturday's techno-dominated "Tru Skul." 2/26: Great Chicago house D.J. Boo Williams. *219 Second Ave. (212-533-2860).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-Vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender-straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

hine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like "Giant Step Mondays" and the Friday-night hip-hop-meets-beautiful-people affair "Hello 2000." 2/28: "Giant Step Mondays" kicks off its first night with tribal-house wunderkind D.J. Ron Trent. *285 West Broadway (212-941-0900).*

peeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Thursdays: "Midnight Turntable Knockers" a hardcore-hip-hop party with D.J.'s like Doo Wop, Max Glazer, and S&S. Fridays: :The main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays: D.J.s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house for "Speeed Saturdays." Sundays: A soulful-house party called "Sunday Mass," with D.J.'s Merritt and Father Chris. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 2/23: Romanthony; Tony Humphries. 2/25: Sasha and Digweed. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which, at about seven in the morning, becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Jazz

irdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Chico O'Farrill's Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin and the Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 2/24: Arturo O'Farrill Sextet. 2/25–2/26: Rick Della Ratta Trio. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

lue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/25–1/30: Tito Puente's Latin Jazz Ensemble. 2/22–2/27: Mike Stern Quartet and Steps Ahead. 2/28: Jon Regen Trio. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

ity Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 2/23: "An Evening of Acoustic Music." 2/24: Franck Amsallem. 2/25: Andy Biskin Quintet. 2/26: Ben Monder Trio. 2/27: Jaw-La. *29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 2/21: High Noon. 2/22: David Berkman Quartet. 2/23: Pat Donaher Quartet. 2/24: Elvis Sinatra. 2/25: Dave Lobenstein Quartet. 2/26: Brooklyn Boogaloo Blowout; Matt Hong Quartet. 2/28: Matt Hong Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz Insights: The Music of Duke Ellington"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. 2/22: Daryl Sherman. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 , guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Larry Ridley and the Jazz Legacy Ensemble—2/27 at 3 P.M. *The Schomburg Center/New York Public Library, Langston Hughes Auditorium, 135th St. at Lenox Ave. (212-491-2206). $12.*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 2/25: Arturo O' Farrill Trio. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

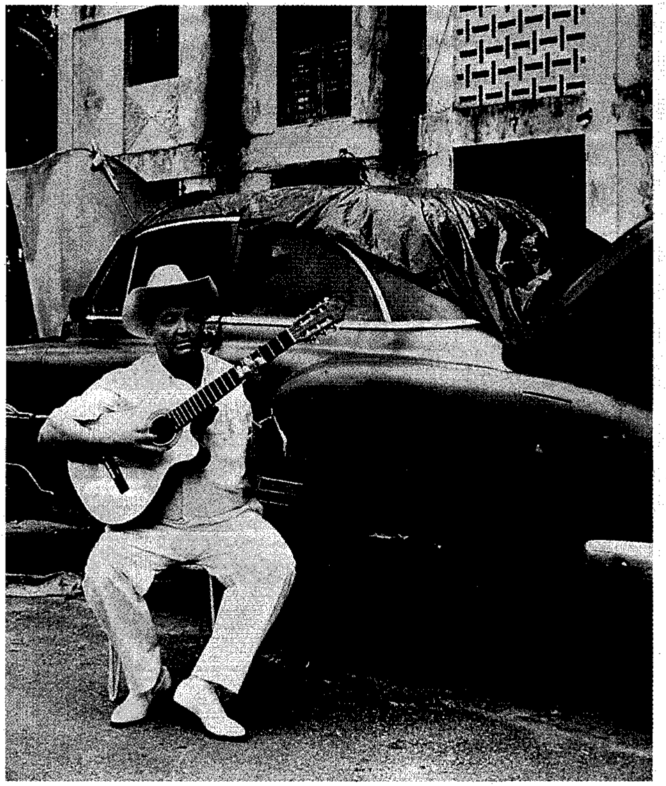
Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Performance

Sublime Strummer

Buena Vista Social Club is to Cuban music what *Star Wars* was to Hollywood: a towering blockbuster that dominated its field with seemingly endless spin-offs. But Eliades Ochoa (pictured), who sang on the first song from the *Buena Vista* film, "Chan Chan," is a maestro in his own right—and on his new album *Sublime Illusion,* the 53-year-old guitarist incorporates traditional, acoustic-guitar-based Cuban forms like *bolero, son,* and *guaracha* (a fast-paced music similar to salsa). "I love all of them equally," Ochoa says through a translator during a tour pit stop outside Santa Fe. "I could never commit to playing one kind of music." While he's comfortable exploring Cuban music's numerous subgenres, Ochoa says he stops short of embracing jazz or rock and roll. "Let the younger players do that," he says. "I am an ambassador of traditional Cuban music." It's music that's now getting lots of attention from American ears: *The Buena Vista Social Club* album has now sold over a million copies; Ochoa and his band Cuarteto Patria are on a U.S. tour that will take them to Irving Plaza on February 23; and *Sublime* has been nominated for a Grammy for Best Traditional Tropical Latin Performance. For his part, though, Ochoa is jazzed about a more traditional form of recognition: His first groupie, a beautiful Latin woman who had to be dragged offstage by security guards. "That," he says with a laugh, "is better than a Grammy any day."

ETHAN BROWN



otograph by Anton Corbijn.

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: "Klezmer Sundays." 2/23: Eyvind Kang; Zeena Parkins Trio. 2/24: Elliott Sharp. 2/25: New Circle Quintet; Millennial Territory Orchestra. 2/26: His Name Is Alive. 2/27: The Pacific Ocean; Chris Lee. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with 1 A.M. sets Fri. and Sat. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 2/21: Mario Cantone. 2/23: Ha Ya Doin'. 2/23–2/27: Lester Barrie. 2/25–2/27: Jay Mohr. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 2/27: Colin Quinn; Darrell Hammond; Allan Harvey; Dave Attell; Keith Robinson; Godfrey. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

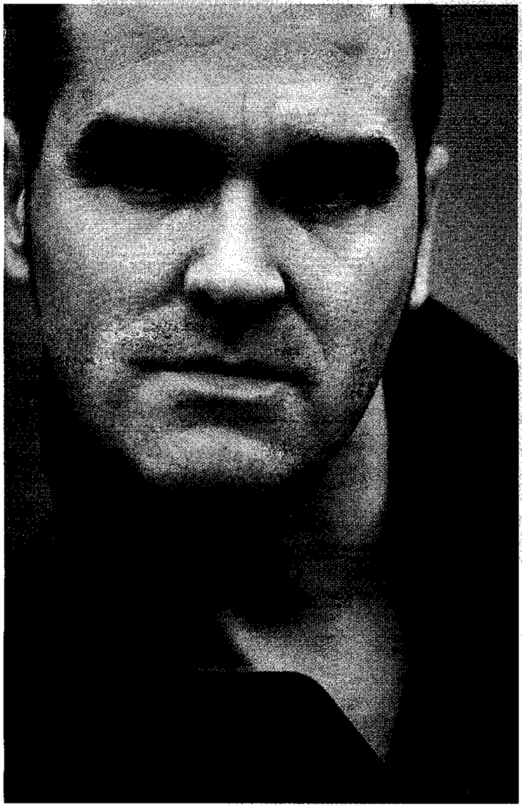
Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., "New Talent Showcase." Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 2/23: Robert Klein. 2/24: Comedy Salsa. 2/25–2/26: Greer Barnes; Jim David; Juston McKinney. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

Performance

Les Misérables

As the frontman and lyricist for the Smiths, Morrissey (pictured) was at once a revolutionary and a conservative. His innovative, self-revealing songs veered between the romantic and the perverse, but he was also a stubborn proponent of rock who once dismissed reggae as "vile." He was even more confoundingly complex in the nineties—trying to canonize himself with a series of best-ofs, basking in fan adoration at lackluster live shows, and race-baiting in his native England by posing for photos wrapped in the Union Jack. Heaven knows what he'll be performing on the hastily announced tour that plays Roseland February 25, though recent shows have been heavy on Smiths classics. (See "Concerts.")



Photograph by Gavin Evans/Retn

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel. $5 cover. *KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St., (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 2/21 and 2/27: George Pellegrino. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tuesday–Saturday) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. Betty Buckley performs nightly. Through 5/6: Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tuesday through Saturday, from 9:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. $10. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Danny's Skylight Room—$20, plus $15 minimum. 2/21: Ludmilla Ilieva in "Hidden Voices." *346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Thursdays: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Saturdays through 3/26 Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" $10 cover two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

"Enough About Me: An Unauthorized Biography"—With Varla Jean Merman, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 *The Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein' cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares th room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $6 and, there is a $50 food-and-drink minimum Through 2/26: Lucie Arnaz and Steve Marc Torme. *540 Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-410 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger toting doormen and you'll be fine. Wed.–Thurs. sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover $20 minimum. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar feature two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 2/21: Vincent Scarpinat 2/22: Gene Bertoncini. 2/23: Rosine Katan an Liquid Sapphire. 2/4: Colm Reilly in "Introduction." 2/26: Annie Hughes in "A Night c Day—The Doris Day Songbook." 2/27: "Bottom Up!" *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212 929-5410).*

Metronome—Shows at 7:30. 2/25–2/26: Cleve Douglas. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400).*

Rose's Turn—2/21: "The Elephant Man: The Musical." 2/22: "Hopscotch." 2/23: "Millennium Madness." 2/24: Chris Rozzi's "Outre Island." 2/2 "Homegroan." 2/26: "Around the World in a Ba Mood." 2/28: "Elephant Man: The Musical." *5 Grove St. (212-366-9658).*

in concert

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg...The Washington Ballet

Preview

A *Road* Not Taken

"When I first played it fifteen years ago at the piano," remembers conductor John Mauceri, "I felt a mixture of awe and rage. I thought, *Why have I never heard this before?*" Mauceri was born in 1945, eight years after German-born composer Kurt Weill premiered *The Eternal Road* at the Manhattan Opera House in a production staged by the legendary Max Reinhardt. One of the greatest composers of the Weimar era, Weill was among the many Jewish artists and intellectuals who fled Germany when the Nazis rose to power. "The generation of silence includes music," says Mauceri, who brought Weill's retelling of the biblical spectacle to Chemnitz, Germany, for the first time last year. "It must have been extremely embarrassing and emotionally draining to admit that there was great German music written in America." Mauceri brings back *The Eternal Road* as part of BAM's Weill-centennial tribute for the first time since its premiere in 1937; this time in its original German-language version. "I'll always remember it," says Dick Van Patten, who played the role of Isaac when he was only 8 years old (and was billed as Dickie Van Patten). "It lingers with you." After 153 performances, *The Eternal Road* was a critical success but a financial failure. Now Mauceri hopes that Weill's music will be heard not only by critics, but by a wider audience. "If you find it's good, occasionally great, and sometimes really interesting, then you have some very, very serious questions to answer," he says. "This is not just a question for Germans; this is a question for Jewish people who don't want to go there again either. They don't want to be reminded. It's almost worse with beautiful music. And *The Eternal Road* is full of beautiful music that you've never heard." (See "Opera.")

ROSE-ANNE CLERMONT

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

ach 2000—Students, faculty, and guest artists of Mannes College of Music continue their yearlong 250th anniversary tribute, 2/22 at 8. *German Consulate, 871 United Nations Plaza (212-580-0210, ext. 255); free.*

an Francisco Symphony—Works by Copland, Tchaikovsky, Bernstein, and Shostakovich; led by Michael Tilson, 2/22 and 2/23 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$66.*

merson String Quartet—Continues its all-Shostakovich programs with two more performances, 2/23 at 8 and 2/27 at 2. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $38.*

rometheus Chamber Players—Wilson Hermanto conducts works by Sibelius, Strauss, and Brahms, 2/23 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $20; students free.*

abio Luisi—Leads the New York Philharmonic in works by Saint-Saëns, Stravinsky, and Honegger in "Conductor Debut Week," 2/23 at 6:45, 2/24 and 2/26 at 8, and 2/25 at 2. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $13–$44 on 2/23 and $18–$77 from 2/24–2/26.*

rchestra of St. Luke—Premieres Joan Towers's *The Last Dance,* 2/24 at 8; led by Alan Gilbert. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $17–$61.*

Dominique LaBelle, Soprano—Performs arias by Debussy, Vigneault, de Séverac, and Handel, 2/25 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $31.*

Paula Robison, Flute, Kenneth Cooper, Piano, and Chamber Orchestra—Play works by Mozart and Cimarosa in "Mozart and the Italians," 2/25–2/26 at 7. *Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-570-3949); $40.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Performs *Afterhours,* the third in its "The Century" series; conducted by Robert Spano, 2/25–2/26 at 8. *BAM Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100); $8–$45.*

Philharmonia Hungarica—Performs works by Haydn, Kodály, and Liszt, 2/26 at 8. *Tilles Center Center for the Performing Arts at Long Island University, C.W. Post Campus, Route 25A, Brookville (516-299-3100); $42–$64, seniors $39–$61.*

The American Composers Orchestra—Celebrates "Flight" and its earliest heroes with premieres by Laurie Anderson and Robert Wilson as well as works by Glass and Barber, 2/27 at 3. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $16–$46.*

New Millennium Ensemble—Presents a concert of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire,* 2/27 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $15; $10 for students and seniors.*

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, Violin—Performs Bruch's Violin Concerto, and Lauren Flanigan, soprano, performs in the premiere of *The Lost Lover. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $35.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*The Merry Widow,* 2/21 and 2/25 at 8 and 2/28 at 7:30; *Mefistofele,* 2/22 and 2/26 at 8; *Madama Butterfly,* 2/23 at 8 and 2/26 at 1:30; *La Cenerentola,* 2/24 and 2/29 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

Amato Opera—Presents Massenet's *Manon,* 2/26 at 2:30 and 7; through March 26. 319 *Bowery (212-228-8200); 2/26 $50, other nights $25, seniors and children under 12, $20.*

The Eternal Road—Kurt Weill's 1937 opera presented by Chemnitz Opera, Opera Kraków, and the New Israeli Opera; conducted by John Mauceri, 2/28–2/29, 3/1–3/4 at 7:30 and 3/5 at 3. *BAM Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette St. (718-636-4100); $30–$95.*

Dance

The Washington Ballet—Performs choreography by Jiri Kylian, Nacho Duato, Kirk Peterson, and Septimbre Webre, 2/22–2/25 at 8, 2/26 at 2 and 8, and 2/27 at 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $32.*

Allyson Green Dance—Performs three new works in "City/Dans" series, 2/24–2/27 at 8:30. *Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194); $12.*

Dancers Over 40—Choreographers including Gus Solomons Jr., Peter Pucci, and Wendy Osserman perform their first modern-dance concert, 2/25 at 9 and 2/26–2/27 at 8. *Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. (212-330-8613); $15.*

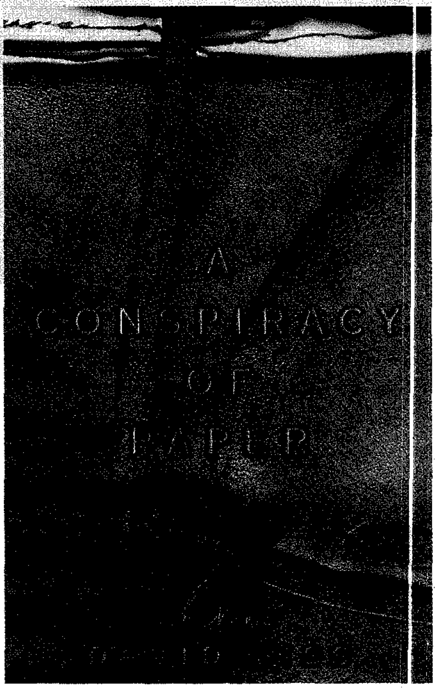
otograph by Dieter Wuschanski.

the mix

David Denby and Cynthia Ozick...Heavyweight Explosion

In Print
Paper Chase

David Liss is a doctoral candidate at Columbia, and his expertise in eighteenth-century finance in London shows in the meticulous examination of the origins of stock speculation in his first novel, 'A Conspiracy of Paper.' But don't let that stop you. The book is also a riveting mystery in which a Jewish ex-boxer and reformed crook investigates the murder of his no-good father while he contends with a desperate hooker who knows too much. Liss will be reading on February 22 at the Corner Bookstore; see listings for details.



John Leonard's TV Notes

Trial by Fire (2/24; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), a two-hour "Mystery!" movie, sends prosecutor Juliet Stevenson and her live-in boyfriend Superintendent Jim Carter from London to the sticks, where, hoping to escape big-city ugliness, they find instead both their wits and their relationship tested by a nude decomposing body, a troubled boy who is as inept at stealing jewels as he is at setting fires, a troubled girl who knows more than anyone her age should, an English teacher who smokes Gauloises, a suburb as corrupt in its own small way as Sodom, and very different ideas about how justice should be served. Stevenson, as always, is terrific.

Freedom Song (2/27; 7 to 9:30 P.M.; TNT) is a Black History Month love letter to the civil-rights movement of the sixties—both SNCC and CORE, the freedom riders, lunch-counter sitters-in, and voter registrars—but also to the folks who were there in Mississippi before the movement arrived and who would remain after it was gone. While the focus is on a chastened father (Danny Glover) and his angry son (Vicellous Reon Shannon), don't miss Vondie Curtis Hall's performance as an apostle of nonviolence, a Bob Moses sort of revolutionary saint. Even the music, by Sweet Honey in the Rock, is thrilling.

The Turn of the Screw (2/27; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) encourages Jodhi May, as the governess without a name in the ghost story by Henry James, to become hysterical at both the perverse behavior of her childish charges, Grace Robinson and Joe Sowerbutts, and the unseemly suggestiveness of her apparitions, Jason Salkey as Peter Quint and Caroline Pegg as Miss Jessel. Meanwhile, the master of the haunted house, Colin Firth, is notable for his lordly absences. I've reviewed so many productions of *Screw,* including at least one opera, that I've forgotten which interpretation I bought into last: sexual repression? pregnancy? pedophilia? parricide? Never mind. "Masterpiece Theatre" has done such a handsome job that it's probably not worth mentioning that none of this would have happened if the kids back then had had *Sesame Street* to watch.

Crimes of Honor (2/28; 7 to 8 P.M.; Cinemax) goes to Jordan, the West Bank, Iran, and Afghanistan to investigate the murders of young women, by their own families, for such offenses as refusing an arranged marriage, running away from home, leaving abusive husbands, and even being raped, plus the great unmentionable of incest. To its credit, this "Cinemax Reel Life" documentary doesn't blame Islam; it blames tribal custom, even in Christian and Druze Middle Eastern communities. It also celebrates brave people fighting that custom—Asma Khader, a Jordanian lawyer; Rana Husseini, a reporter for an Amman newspaper; and Nadera Shalhoub-Kevorkian, a mother of three daughters who runs a sort of underground railroad for young women to escape barbaric notions of their own bodies as the property of their fathers and brothers.

John Brown's Holy War (2/28; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) mixes in such novelists as Russell Banks and Bruce Olds with period historians like Margaret Washington, James Stewart, and James Horton to talk over, around, and between the rich archival footage on the Old Testament patriarch who led his own family into death, on behalf of the cause of abolition, at Harpers Ferry in 1859. Along the way we meet Frederick Douglass, William Lloyd Garrison, Richard Henry Dana, Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert E. Lee (who arrested the wounded Brown), Henry David Thoreau (whose own creed of nonviolent civil disobedience was called into question by Brown's hanging), and John Wilkes Booth (who showed up for that hanging disguised as a soldier). Joe Morton narrates a superb installment of "The American Experience."

Radio Highlights

"Massacre at Cuska"—2/23 at 8 P.M.: WNYC presents an American Radioworks Documentary piece in which Serbian fighters offer their first public discussion of the Kosovo killings that prompted NATO's air war against Yugoslavia. 820 AM.

Lectures and Panels

"Restaurants: The Front of the House"—2/22 at 8:1 P.M.: Celebrate Food Month at the 92nd St. Y wit Leonard Lopate and restaurateurs Alice Waters Danny Meyer, and Karen Waltuck. 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"Galileo's Daughter"—2/23 at 6 P.M.: Dava Sobel, author of *Galileo's Daughter: A Historical Memoir of Science, Faith, and Love,* attempts to dispel the popula notion that Galileo, who had two daughters wh were nuns, was an enemy of the church. New Yor Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (212-838 0230); free.

"Mother Nature: A History of Mothers, Infants and Natur Selection"—2/24 at 7 P.M.: Primatologist Sara Blaffer Hardy will lecture on her book *Mother Natur* focusing on gender roles, mate choice, and parentin through an evolutionary view. American Museu of Natural History, Kaufmann Theater, 175-20 Central Park West, at 79th St. (212-769-5200); $1

"Captains of the Industry"—2/24 at 8 P.M.: A conversation with Yahoo!'s Tim Koogle and *Business Wee* editor-in-chief Stephen Shepard. 92nd St. Y, 139 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"So Much Art, So Little Time: The Critic's Role in the Contemporary Art World"—2/25 at 3 P.M.: A panel discussion featuring Alex Katz, Michael Kimmelma Elizabeth Murray, and Peter Schjeldahl, moderated by Judith H. Dobrzynski. The Seventh Regiment Armory Tiffany Room, Park Ave. at 67th S (212-766-9200); $25.

"*Why Read the Classics?*"—2/29 at 6 P.M.: In celebration of the rerelease of Italo Calvino's book, Davi Denby, Paul Muldoon, Cynthia Ozick, and moderator Michael Wood will discuss the relevance great literature to our lives today. New York Public Library, Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

"The Craft of Poetry"—2/29 at 7 P.M.: Poet and essayist Donald Hall will deliver the annual Paul Zwe Memorial Lecture. Poets House, 72 Spring S (212-431-7920); $7.

The Written Word

David Liss—2/22 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his fi novel, *A Conspiracy of Paper.* The Corner Bookstore, 1313 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (212-83 3554); free.

Tom Sleigh and Robert Polito—2/22 at 6:30 P.M.: A evening of poetry. The New School, 66 W. 12th S (212-229-5611); free with student I.D., otherwise $5.

Ian Frazier—2/23 at 6 P.M.: Reading from his latest book, *On The Rez.* New York Public Library, Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0955); $10.

Fiction Live—2/23–25 at 8:30 P.M.: Actors read from *Wonderful Town: New York Stories From 'The New Yorker.'* Joe's Pub at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200); $12.

Nicholas Christopher and Binnie Kirshenbaum—2/27 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their novels *A Trip to the Stars* and *Pure Poetry,* respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-399-7028); free.

Rick Bass—2/28 at 6 P.M.: The author of wilderness-advocacy fiction and nonfiction will speak on "Landscape and Imagination" as part of the "Writing the American Landscape Series." New York Public Library, Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0955); $10.

Natasha Trethway and Kevin Young—2/28 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Giant Steps: The New Generation of African American Writers.* KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-399-7028); free.

Paul Auster and Maureen Howard—2/28 at 8 P.M.: Auster, author of novels including *Moon Palace* and *Timbuktu* and the screenplay for *Smoke,* and Howard, whose oeuvre includes the novels *Not a Word About Nightingales* and *Bridgeport Bus* and a memoir, *Facts of Life,* will read from selected works. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $12.

Tom Paine and Moshin Hamid—2/29 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their new works, *Scar Vegas* and *Moth Smoke,* respectively. Barnes and Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Tours

Maritime New York:—2/23 at 2 P.M.: Discover the rise and fall of the Port of New York as the world's greatest harbor, including stops at the Titanic Memorial and Fulton Fish Market and a ride on the Staten Island Ferry. Meet in front of the Strand Book Shop, 95 Fulton St. (718-591-4741); $12.

SoHo and NoLIta—2/27 at 1 P.M.: Trace the historic evolution of the area, from Italian neighborhood to artist colony, from remote farmland to the cast-iron district of fashionable galleries and boutiques. Meet on the southeast corner of Spring and Lafayette Sts. (212-439-1090); $10 adults, $8 students and seniors.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS	LAC MSG 1 P.M.		TOR MSG 7:30 P.M.		PHO MSG 8 P.M.		PHI NBC 12:30 P.M.
NETS		LAL FSNY 7:30 P.M.	MIA FSNY 7:30 P.M.			CHA METRO 7:30 P.M.	
DEVILS	BUF FSNY 7 P.M.			MON FSNY 7:30 P.M.	TOR FSNY 7:30 P.M.		MON FSNY 5 P.M.
ISLANDERS	DET FSNY 3 P.M.				DET NO TV 7:30 P.M.	PHI FSNY 7 P.M.	
RANGERS		PIT MSG 7:30 P.M.			BUF METRO 7 P.M.	OTT MSG 7 P.M.	
	2/21	2/22	2/23	2/24	2/25	2/26	2/27

Benefits

The Art Show—2/23 at 5:30 P.M. or 6:30 P.M., depending on the type of ticket purchased: The gala preview of this premier art exhibition, featuring 70 of the nation's leading art dealers, will benefit Henry Street Settlement. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (212-766-9200); $150–$1,000.

"Young Fellows" of the Frick Collection Edwardian Ball—2/25 at 8:30 P.M.: A white-tie ball with a visual theme of feathers, to benefit the Education Program of the Frick Collection. 1 E. 70th St. (212-327-3165); $175.

Shaken Not Stirred...—2/26 at 8 P.M.: A James Bond/Monte Carlo–themed black-tie gala featuring a full casino, buffet dinner, dancing, silent auction, and more, to benefit at-risk kids and Big Brothers/Big Sisters of NYC. The Tribeca Rooftop, 2 Desbrosses St. (212-686-2042); $100 online at www.bigsnyc.org or $125 at the door.

Events

Gramercy Garden Antiques Show—2/25–2/27: Gorgeous stuff for your garden—wicker furniture, oxidized copper pots, carved stone cherubs, etc.—on view and on sale care of the New York Horticultural Society. 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 26th St. (212-757-0915); $10.

"Celebrate Buenos Aires!"—Through 3/26: Highlights include a lecture with professors Thomas Reese and Carol McMichael Reese on the exhibition "Buenos Aires 1910: Memories of the World to Come" on 2/25 at 12:30 P.M. World Financial Center, 225 Vesey St. Call 212-945-0505 for a complete list of free events; $10.

Exhibitions

"Ancestral Echoes"—Through 2/24: In honor of Black History Month, the Arsenal Gallery in Central Park will feature an exhibit of works from traditional African-American backgrounds, including quilts, handcrafts, and mosaics. 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. (212-360-8163); free.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—Through 2/27: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation $5.

"Black History Month"—Through 2/29: The Museum of Television and Radio celebrates with a selection of programs from the sixties through the nineties. 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $3–$6.

Online

***New York* on the Web**—This week, www.newyorkmag.com reviews www.artshapes.com, an Irish arts site that features chats with Aidan Quinn and Frank McCourt, among others, as part of its "Five Weeks to St. Patrick's Day" series. Also online, check out "Best of New York 1999." As always, selected content from our current issue is available, and you can participate in our daily poll and trivia contest.

Sports

Five Borough Bicycle Club—2/21 at 8:30 A.M.: "Spy Ride" meets at the

The Tube

The Doc Is In

True, Errol Morris (pictured) has been making commercials for over a decade, but television is hardly the first thing that comes to mind when you think of the documentarian who made *The Thin Blue Line, A Brief History of Time,* and *Mr. Death,* and who won a bet that resulted in Werner Herzog's eating his shoe. But Morris, whose series *First Person* premieres March 1 on Bravo, not only likes watching television but considers it a duty. "Years ago, I would try to encourage my mother to watch with me and after a few minutes she'd get up. I'd say, 'Mom, you need to discipline yourself.' " Now his tube-viewing companion is his 12-year-old son Hamilton, with whom he watches *South Park, King of the Hill, Futurama*—"the best stuff on television," Morris declares. His show will be a little different: half-hour profiles that, like his films, offer startlingly intimate looks at unusual, often macabre subjects, like Saul Kent, a cryonicist who froze his mother's head; Sondra London, a woman with a lifelong romantic predilection for serial killers; Temple Grandin, an autistic university professor who has designed a third of the nation's cattle slaughterhouses. "We did this one about a guy named Clyde Roper, whose life's mission is to make eye contact with the giant squid—you know, the last living monster of the sea," Morris says. "There's been a show made about him for the Smithsonian, but it has nothing in common with this show. This is not thinly disguised adult ed, it's not *Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About the Giant Squid.* The arrow points in, not out." *First Person* airs Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. on Bravo. **ARIEL LEVY**

hotograph by Carmine Galasso.

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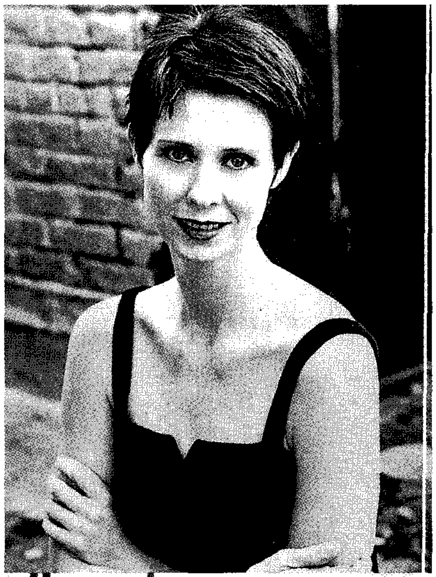


Happening *Cynthia Nixon, our favorite member of the lascivious* 'Sex and the City' *foursome, will be joined by Blair Brown and Jack Davidson for an evening of readings from the short stories of Thomas McMahon, Andrea Barrett, and Ken Kalfus at Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th Street (212-864-5400); $18.*

American Youth Hostel, 103rd St. at Amsterdam Ave., and tours Hudson Valley, stopping at a few Revolutionary War–era sites. Fifty miles. 2/27 at 9 A.M.: "Frostbite Ride No. 13" meets at City Hall and crosses Staten Island into Bayonne, N. J., and stops at Liberty State Park. Twenty-five miles; returns via PATH. For both events, bring a lock, any necessary permits, and money for lunch and/or PATH transportation. For more information on these and other free rides, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or visit www. 5bbc.org.

Heavyweight Explosion—2/24 at 7 P.M.: The second edition of this monthly heavyweight series at the Hammerstein Ballroom features former New York Golden Gloves champion Monte Barrett (22-1, thirteen KOs) and Shannon Briggs in separate bouts. Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. Tickets, $25–$125; call 212-564-4882 or 212-307-7171 for tickets and information.

Thursday Night at the Races—2/24, at 8 P.M.: Presented by the New York Road Runners Club, this weekly series offers an open track meet with four races—a two-miler, a four-by-800-meter relay, and 800- and 400-meter dashes—at the Armory Track and Field Center, 216 Fort Washington Ave., at 186th St. Open to anyone over 19. For more information, call 212-923-1803, ext. 12.

The Wedge/Critical Mass—2/25, at 7 P.M.: Time's Up's monthly bike ride and skate starts at Union Square, 14th St. at Broadway. Contact Time's Up at 212-802-8222 or visit www.timesup.org for more information.

Snowflake Four-Miler—2/26, 9:30 A.M.: This New York Road Runners Club championship race starts at the Engineer's Gate, East Drive at 90th St. Prizes awarded in several age groups; cash awards to the top three men and women in open and masters categories who have been members for at least three months. Numbers and souvenir head bands may be picked up 2/24–2/25 from noon to 7 P.M. and on race day from 8 to 9 A.M. at the NYRRC. Nonmembers $15; limited race-day entries $22. Call 212-860-4455 or visit www.-nyrrc.org for more information.

Patronite & Raisfeld *continued from page 6*

THE EAST VILLAGE HAS LONG BEEN AN EP center of unadulterated Eastern Europea soul food, so traditionalists raised a stin when **Veselka** (144 Second Avenue; 212-228-9682) treated itself to a makeover few years ago after nearly half a century o letting itself go. And although there's a whiff of West 57th Street about the bigger, brighter version of this landmark café (souvenir plates and mugs are available t commemorate your blintzes), the origina motto—"traditional Ukrainian cooking in a nontraditional setting"—still stands. The crowd hasn't changed. Take our countermate on a recent visit. He's a Buddhist monk in training, so he's on a one-meal-a-day diet, we learn, although he was brought up in an Italian family in Jersey, "which was more like ten meals a day." All of which seems like a testimonial to Veselka's hefty portions of hearty dishes (borscht, bigos, potato pancakes, goulash). The plump little pierogi are still made by hand and served boiled or fried with a variety of fresh, tasty fillings. Order the pierogi plate ($5.95 for seven) to sample all of the fillings (potato, sweet potato, farmer's cheese, spinach and cheese, meat, and sauerkraut and mushroom), a good deal for those on a one-meal-a-day diet.

For pierogi in an even less traditional setting (for Alphabet City, at least), go to **Leshko's** (111 Avenue A; 212-777-2111), the former Ukrainian coffee shop that used to be even bleaker than the old Veselka. The design team that created Moomba and Veruka have given Leshko' a complete overhaul: a face-lift, a tumm tuck, and lots of lipo, whereas Veselk only got the equivalent of a daytime-talk-show makeover. The new look (kind of cool interpretation of Greg Brady's atti bachelor pad) and creatively prepare American comfort food attract a hip good-looking crowd, so you won't min being squeezed into a table with littl room to spare, at least until your neighbor tries to cross his legs and repeatedl knees you in the elbow. Almost nothin of the old Leshko's remains—except fo the name and the pierogi ($5.95). An even that formerly humble dish is barel recognizable: Chef Bruce Barnes has considerably jazzed-up his Ukrainian grandmother's recipe. He stuffs his with fluff potatoes and minced onion, lightly sauté them to a crisp golden brown, and serve them on an ingeniously crunchy bed o fennel, caramelized leeks, and sautée mushrooms. The crowning touch: a drizzle of truffle oil, a dollop of crèm fraîche, and a dusting of chives. Now, i only he would tackle our grandmother' kreplach. ■

Rob Patronite and Robin Raisfeld 1999–2000 reviews are available **newyorkmag.com**.

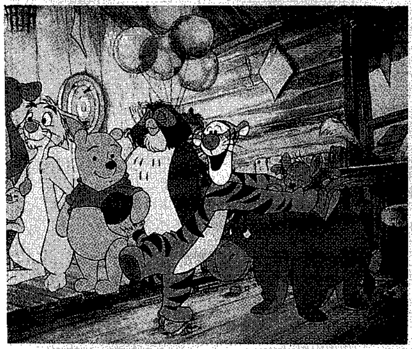
Photograph courtesy of Symphony Spac

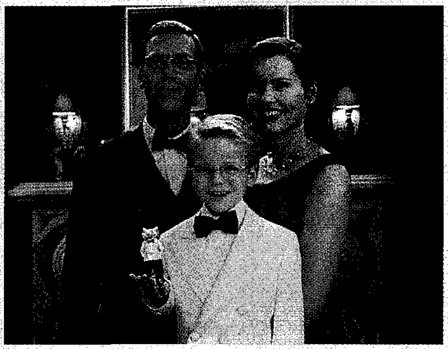
kids

Powwow Musical Mystery

Happening
The Parents' Rap

'Don'tcha have a family somewhere?" little Roo asks Tigger, the bouncy, lisping, orange-striped tiger who's always ready for fun at the Hundred-Acre Wood. This innocent question triggers a crisis for Tigger, star of the recently released *The Tigger Movie* (see photo, left), inspiring him to set out on a quest to find his kin. Again? The question of "Who is my real family?" seems to be springing up with some frequency in children's movies these days (or maybe I've just noticed it more since becoming an adoptive parent myself—doesn't it always happen that way?). Such plots have ignited a bit of a debate between Hollywood and the adoption community: While the filmmakers have an all's-well-that-ends-well attitude that ties things up neatly by the end, some adoptive families aren't impressed. "*Stuart Little,* for example, violates one of the most basic principles of adoption, and that is permanency," says Rich Mintzer, spokesperson for the Adoptive Parents Committee, a local not-for-profit group of some 2,500 families. "Some fake parents come to get Stuart and the adoptive family just hands him over." What makes it even worse, says Mintzer, who himself is the father of a biological son and an adopted daughter, is that the producers stuck in the adoption theme as a plot device (see photo, right); it doesn't even appear in the original tale. "They used adoption as a cheap way out," Mintzer says, "to make this movie more interesting. I don't think that's how E. B. White intended it." *Tarzan,* in theaters this past summer and released on video earlier this month, offers another take on the adoption theme: The gorilla-raised man is faced with the option of living with humans or retaining his apehood. When the happy-go-bouncy Tigger finally realizes that his non-Tigger-like buddies at Hundred-Acre Wood are his real family, it's Winnie-the-Pooh who speaks the words of every parent, biological or otherwise: "I'm afraid we have nothing better to offer." Indeed: "All of us feel that our parents might be of a different species," *Stuart Little*'s producer, Doug Wick, said when asked about adoption-as-plot-device. "Families are held together by the heart, not DNA." SUSAN AVERY





Photographs: left, courtesy of Walt Disney; right, courtesy of Sony Pictures Imageworks.

Children's Events

Oh, Bother—Could it be that the lighthearted tiger of the Hundred-Acre Wood is wistful for a bouncy family of his own? **THE TIGGER MOVIE** is a sweet tale about this simpleminded one-of-a-kind animal with a funny bone who sets out on a tearjerking search for other Tiggers. Opened 2/11 at theaters across the city. Combine a stop here with a viewing of the original stuffed toys that inspired A. A. Milne to write bedtime stories about Winnie-the-Pooh and friends. On permanent exhibition at the Central Children's Room on the second floor of the **DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER**, 20 W. 53rd St. Pooh, Piglet, Eeyore, Kanga, and Tigger are enclosed in a glass case and can be viewed daily. For library hours and more information, call 212-621-0636.

In the Bag—The **PAPER BAG PLAYERS** present *Molly Wiggle and Minnie Shake* at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. The 90-minute collection of skits and sing-along songs runs Saturdays and Sundays at 2 P.M. through 3/12. Tickets are $15 and $20 and can be purchased by calling 212-772-4448; for children ages 4–9.

Loco Puppets—Juan Bobo and Pedro Animal are vagabonds with a penchant for landing in sticky situations. The show, with performances in Spanish and English, includes audience participation, live music, and a lesson in Dominican and Puerto Rican folklore. Weekends through 3/12. Tickets are $8 for adults, $6 for children. **THE ENCOUNTER OF JUAN BOBO AND PEDRO ANIMAL**, Los Kabayitos Puppet Theater, 107 Suffolk St. (212-260-4080).

How—Ever been to a real powwow? Traditionally a gathering by Indian nations, this one will include Hopi, Cherokee, and Choctaw dancers; exhibitions; and taste-testing of traditional foods. Features the **THUNDERBIRD AMERICAN INDIAN DANCERS**. 2/25–2/27 and 3/3–3/5. At the Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. Tickets are $10, kids 12 and younger $1 at Sunday performances. Call for showtimes (212-254-1109).

"Lego Day"—Kids dress up in deep-sea-dive gear and plunge into the ocean's depths at **THE BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**'s "Lego Ocean Adventure." (Visitors actually peer underwater through the Lego Research Submarine's periscope.) The museum's ocean environment is made of 183,360 colorful plastic bricks, and plenty more are provided for designing your own sea creatures. 2/23; tickets are $4. 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400).

My Brother's *Kipa*—Discover your Jewish roots through the use of interactive workbooks and a bingo-style game for children called Heritage Hoopla. View ancient artifacts and learn how Jewish traditions came to be. Through 2/27, closed Saturdays. Tickets are $7 for adults, $5 for students, free for children ages 5 and younger. **MUSEUM OF JEWISH HERITAGE**, 18 First Pl., Battery Park City. (212-509-6130).●

Off We Go—Young navigators can meander through the origins of flight and wannabe sailors will decode the secret language their heroes used during wartime at this year's **KIDS WEEK AT THE INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM**. Through 2/25. Daily special events include boat-building, airplane adventures, and shuttle launches. Admission is $7.50 for adults, $6 for students, $4 for kids ages 6–11, $1 for those 2–5. Infants free. At Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at W. 46th St. (212-245-0072). ●

Beneath the Waves—With its Day-Glo colors and unforgettable songs from the Fab Four, **YELLOW SUBMARINE** comes back to the big screen, remastered in surround sound. Through 2/25. Watch John, Paul, George, and Ringo's attempt to save Pepperland from the Blue Meanies (remember them?). A brown-bag lunch and children's concert immediately follow. The movie, part of the New York International Children's Film Festival, starts at 10:30 A.M. at the Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St. (212-875-5600).●

Meet the Music—An introduction to the world of chamber music ensues as a wacky investigator of musical mysteries goes forth into a pulseless, tempo-challenged galaxy to come to the aid of musicians the world over. **INSPECTOR PULSE AND THE SIGNATURE OF TIME** is presented by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and will include selections by Bach, Chopin, and Shostakovich. 2/27 at 1 P.M. and 3 P.M. Tickets are $12. At Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-875-5788).●

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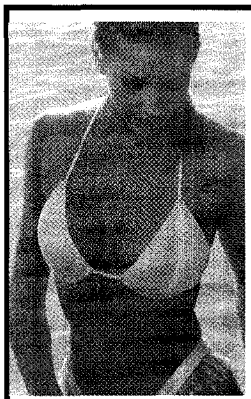

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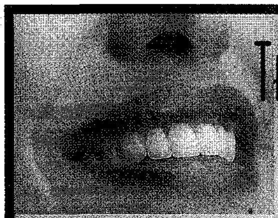

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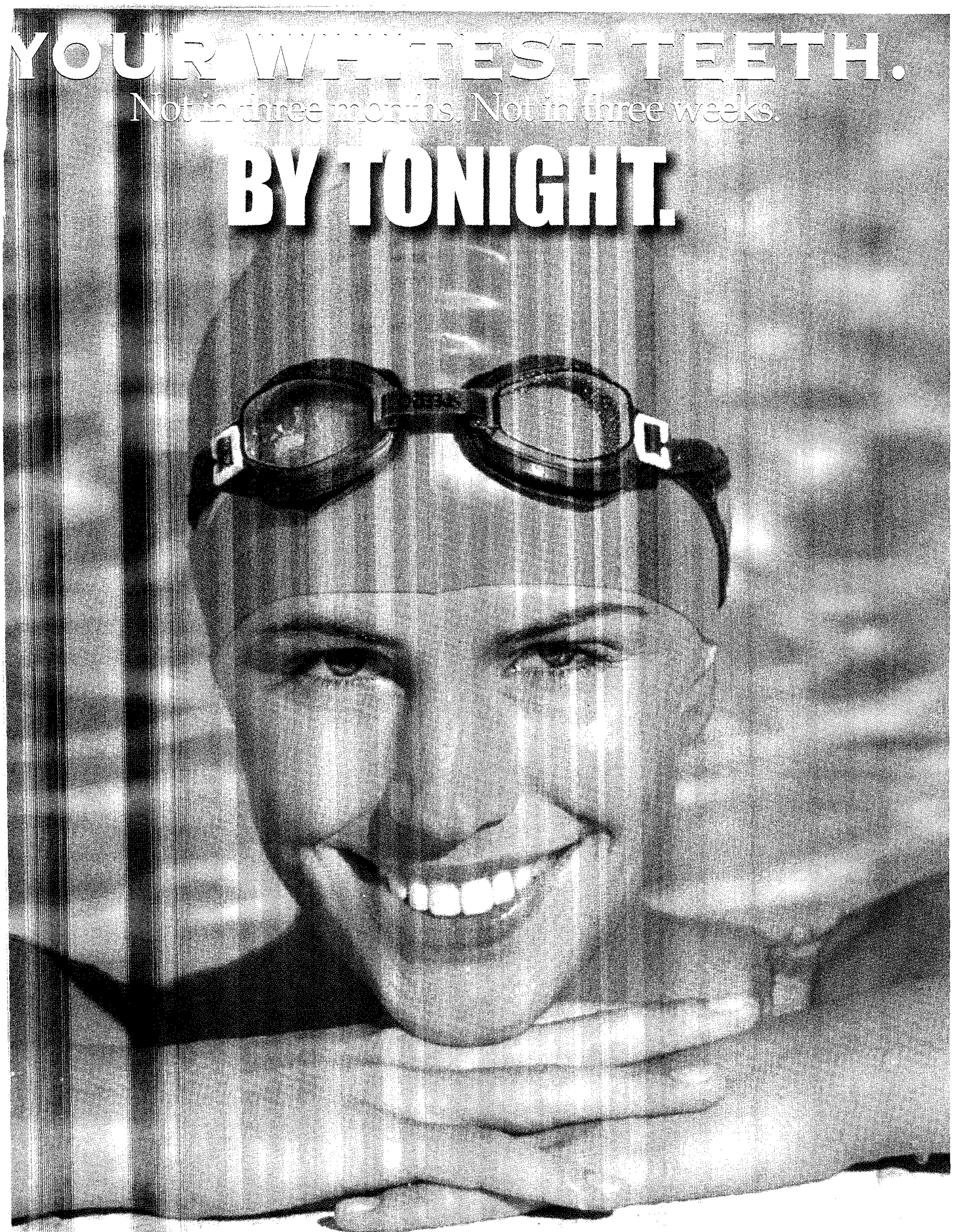
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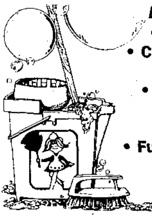

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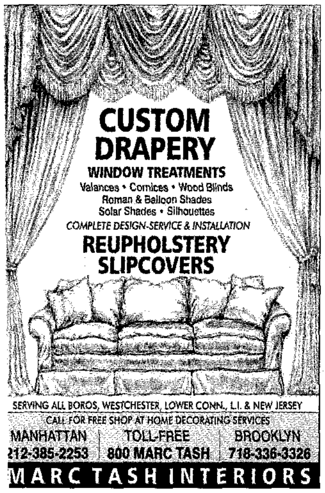

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Chinese Connection—Fit, athletic Chinese-American male, 45, 5'7", 145 lbs, seeks health-conscious female, 30-38, willing to explore mutual interests, possible long-term relationship. 3353✉

Florida! Florida!—Recently widowed, financially well-off, Ivy League graduate, seeks mature (to 60), attractive female companion to share beautiful FL home and good life. Note/photo. 3345 ✉

Adorable, Sexy, Blue-Eyed Blond, 29—Seeks intelligent, kind, successful MBA/JD/MD type, Jewish, 32-39, for romantic evenings and endless kisses. 3338 ✉☎

Good Man Seeks Good Man—LI white male, 39, attractive, fit, looking for gentle, caring one-man-man, 40-50, who is ready for a long-term relationship. 3329 ✉☎

Stunning, Charming—Warm, petite black female writer, considered to be classy, bright and witty, blends well with an upscale man with integrity, tact, sense of humor, sophistication and substance. Let's share NYC's wonders. Race unimportant. 50s plus okay. Note/recent photo. 3315 ✉

Retired Professional—Now living out West in ski country, but still keeps an apartment in the City. Patently handsome, 6'2", good shape from top to bottom, 67 but looks, feels and acts 20 years younger. Only truly beautiful, tall, slim and personable lady need reply. Photo preferred. 3358 ✉

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Intimate, Spiritual, Kind, Active—Good-looking NY professional, 51, ready to share fun, laughter, friendship, love, skiing (and who knows?)...with sweet, gorgeous prom queen, 25-40, with fabulous smile. Note/photo. 3340 ✉

Perchance To Meet, Perchance To...—Sensitive, caring, creative, together guy looking for that one special sharer for the last and best love of our lives. If you are 48-54, and hoping for the same, please send note and recent photo. 3313 ✉

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Cultured Society Lady—Seeks comparable gentleman to share the arts (50-70). Note/photo a must. 3351 ✉

Genuine—Honest, handsome, kind-hearted, wry, reflective, 49, 5'11", (212), Ivy, in the arts. Likes books, nature, Manhattan culture and sports, down-to-earth, all music, good talk. Seeks sincere relationship with very bright, warm, pretty (212) woman, 30s-40s. Hugs too. Recent photo appreciated, with substantive note (no form letters, please). 3346 ✉☎

Dynamic, Cerebral CEO/Inventor—A caring, upbeat, very romantic, handsome, nice guy, 5'10", muscular, mid 40s, seeks educated woman under 37 for the real thing. Phone/photo necessary. 3357 ✉☎

You're Looking For A Nice Guy—And that's great, because I'm that and a lot more. Me: single white male, 36, well-educated, successful, funny and adventurous. The physical stuff: 5'8", 155 lbs (very fit), brown/blue. What am I looking for? Perhaps you, if you're a brainy and classy female, 28-34, fun-loving, unpretentious, with a great sense of humor. The physical stuff: a pretty smile and curvy/fit figure are nice. If you enjoy museums, playing in the Park and ethnic foods, we might have something... Note/photo. 3331 ✉

Pretty, Petite Professional—Jewish widow, blond, blue eyes, published author funny and sweet, seeks kind, cultured Jewish male, 50 plus, who also likes travel, sports, Lincoln Center, having fun 3317 ✉

Hey, Music Lover!—Handsome Irish-American, 44, 6', 185 lbs, brown/blue native New Yorker, now living in Susse County, NJ, seeks very attractive Iris or Irish-American, intelligent, slim naturally buxom, 30-37-years-old unpretentious nonsmoker to enjoy music travel, long-term relationship and children Photo/phone. 3326 ✉

Seeking Best Friend And Romance—Successful entrepreneur, 41, fit, easygoin personality, with many interests includin dining out, dancing, NYC culture. Seek a warm, intelligent, attractive woman, 28 38, for possible long-term relationship Note/photo/phone. 3352 ✉☎

5'11", Good-Looking, Athletic—5 years, sincere, unpretentious male - enjoy fine dining as well as quiet evenings wit that someone special. Photo. 3319 ✉

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Amorphic, Energetic, Infectious—Intelligent Catholic guy, 43, no baggage, no skeletons, no smoking, no children, seeks like-minded, sincere woman with sense of humor. Photo/phone. 3355 ✉

Good-Looking, Warm Jewish Male—5'9", brown hair, blue eyes, with great smile, home on water in CT, successful, selective, affectionate, athletic, generous and caring. Enjoy outdoors, laughter, cozy nights, etc. Seeking long-term, special woman, 32-38, who is affectionate, attractive, with similar qualities and pleasures. Photo preferred. 3318 ✉☎

Waiting—To meet you. Desirable, professional, single Jewish female, never-married, 36, slim, attractive, 5'4" brunette with a clear mind and a warm heart. Interests include the stock market, swimming, workouts, karaoke, art events, sporting events, movies, theater, conversation, cozy nights and more. Seeking a handsome, sincere, kindhearted, intelligent, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 34-42, to share life...and love forever. Note and photo, please. 3312 ✉☎

Tall, Attractive, Athletic, Romantic—Considerate gentleman, 56, with flexible schedule. I have two Ivy League degrees and a successful consulting practice. Enjoy a good time. Seeking striking, sexy, genuine, energetic partner, 38-48, interested in golf, archeology, soft summer nights, history and music. Like to dance with a patient partner. Photo, please. 3307 ✉

Handsome And Tall—Successful entrepreneur who is emotionally and financially secure, seeks smart, slender, shapely, sophisticated, sassy, sexy, sensuous, stunning female with style and sense of humor, to age 49. Photo a must. 3354 ✉

Japanese Lady—Seeks male, Scottish or German descent, 40s. Photo. 3342 ✉☎

Ex-Male Model—PhD, 60, upscale, seeks eggy, slim opera/theater lover. 3344 ✉

After 40 Years Of Serious Partying—I've come to the realization that it's ime to settle down. Really what this till-lovely female is looking for is steady companionship from a lively male contemporary, 60-70. 3321 ✉☎

Successful Painter - Sans The Angst—Handsome, young (40), very active and previously married. Looking for a woman who can entertain the possibility of a ong-term relationship. Please send a keness of yourself. 3314 ✉

Beauty/Brains—New to Manhattan, young-looking 39, 5'6", thin, blond, well-educated professional - loves travel, art, laughing - seeking smart, fun, handsome, nonsmoking man with integrity. 3320 ✉

Decent—Guy, decent looks, decent income, just under 5'8", 52, lawyer, Manhattan, LI home, honest, caring, intimate, passionate, optimist. Laughs, cries, loves with abandon. 3322 ✉☎

Former Actress, Now Senior Exec—Beauty, brains, sense of humor/PhD, looking for tall, fit, 45-plus nonsmoker, financially secure, psychologically grounded, who understands the meaning of being earnest. Note/photo, please. 3337✉☎

Retired, Persnickety, Placid—And pompous physician seeks companionable white female, to early 50s, in Westchester/Rockland. Close-up photo and direct phone a must. 3311 ✉

Great Catch!—Handsome, athletic, successful, considerate professional guy, 44, seeking a woman, 27-37, who is fun-loving, educated and looking to meet someone special. 3333 ✉☎

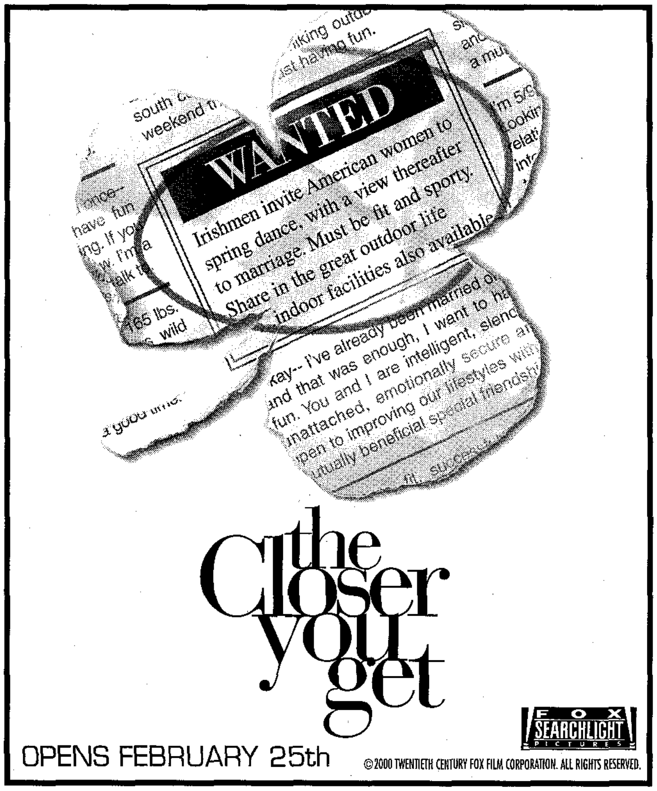
Read This—40, 6', 175 lbs, adventurous, handsome executive male seeks exceptionally beautiful woman (25-35) - slim, fit, intelligent, down-to-earth, with class and style. Note/photo, please. 3356 ✉

West Side Woman—With a country heart. Attractive, slender and fit, compassionate and contemplative, single, Jewish (nonreligious) professional, 42, who loves humor, dogs, snowfall, good food, red wine, close friends and autumn leaves, seeks complementary male counterpart, 40-53, with a good soul and an open heart. 3330 ✉

Red Bank, NJ—Successful, attractive, 6', fun-loving, romantic man with character, seeks an attractive 50s woman with heart, who likes the usual things and more, and is interested in a committed relationship. Note/photo. POB 15, Red Bank, NJ 07701

Commitment-Minded Woman—Very attractive, 48, athletic, happy, sincere, Jewish, financially secure, well-traveled. Please be a financially and emotionally secure man, unpretentious, spiritual, great sense of humor, age 48-52. 3332 ✉

Handsome, Successful Businessman—41, 6'2", looking for that special someone for a committed relationship, possibly more. Photo/telephone number. 3348 ✉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49-Year-Old, Beautiful, Successful—Blond, 5'5", 125 lbs, seeks French male, 40-50, for a romantic adventure. 3324✉

Finished My Book On Picasso—And want to celebrate. 6' male. Be very bright, upbeat, 40-50. Photo a must. 3334 ✉

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60-Year-Old White Male—6', in good health, Brooklynite, looking for woman, 45 and up, for a loving relationship - sense of humor, no smoking, lots of laughs, sincere. Picture and short note. 3347 ✉

Wicked Wit, Petite And Gorgeous—Aerobicized and therapized to perfection... Well, perhaps modesty still an issue. Seek man of substance, with heart and wit, 50-60, for serious relationship. 3328 ✉☎

Wealthy, Good-Looking Man Available—Take cruises, travel Europe, trips to Saks, live a life of ease and luxury. In winter commute from Florida - seeks beautiful white lady, 25-32, for long-term relationshp. PS. I'm a good guy too. 3335 ✉

Upper West Side Sweetheart—Seeks kind, fun-loving, smart, successful Jewish guy, 40-50, for best friend for life. This slim, beautiful (brown eyes, honey hair, 5'4"), energetic woman wants to create a home together that has warmth, laughter, family and friends. 3309 ✉☎

Attractive Financial White Widower—Secure, fit, athletic, 62, 5'8", wide interests, seeks attractive woman for long term, caring relationship. Photo appreciated. 3359 ✉

Gay, 47, Husky Bear—Lover of the arts, music, books, antiques. Cultured, sincere, intelligent, successful. Seeks guy, 30-50. Write/photo. POB 843, NYC, 10163

Gentleman, A Young 50—Athletic, successful, looking for an attractive, thin, intelligent lady, 35-45, for stable relationship. Photo, please. 3343 ✉☎

Beautiful Homebody—5[illegible], seeks normal white man for love/life together. 3305 ✉

Loving Lady—Wants a fit, vigorous, articulate, silver-haired man, 60-70, for romance and relationship. I'm beautiful, shapely, fit, 59, divorced. I value integrity, and love fun. 3325 ✉

Female, 42, Tall, Thin—Seeks soul mate and together invest in B&B in south France. Reply with note with address only. 3306 ✉

Pretty Japanese—30s, seeks marriage-minded man. Note/photo. 3303 ✉

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Richard B. Lederer, N.Y.C.

And Honorable Mention to:

A PENITENTIARY OF INNOCENTS
Bart Arcoleo, Whitestone, N.Y.

A WOMBFUL OF FUDDS
Joel Darrow, Ramsey, N.J.

A COVEYE OF QUAYLES
Mike Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.

AN EXPECTORATION OF HAWKS
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

A WAKE OF PAPARAZZI
Joseph Fielding, New Haven, Conn.

AN EXULTATION OF CROWS
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

A SEA OF BLINDS
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

A PINT OF QUARTZ
Michael Flitter, Elkins Park, Pa.

AN UPTICK OF LYME DISEASE
Meredith Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

A CLUTCH OF HEART ATTACKS
Sandra Hull, Arlington, Va.

A MAZE OF CORNHUSKERS
Tess Rusbarsky, Olathe, Kan.

A DELAY OF SUBWAYS
Stephen Dobrow, Woodside, N.Y.

A RUSH OF ADDICTS
Michael D. Valentine, Norfolk, Va.

AN INTEGRATION OF SCHOOL BUSES
Pablo Zouras, Vienna, Va.

A POLYGLOT OF PARROTS
Julie Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.

A PREEN OF PARAKEETS
William L. Bennett, Muskegon. Mich.

A CARGO OF MECHANICS
Tom Bloom, Woodville, Ohio

A JOGLAM OF SPOONERISMS
Rachel Shea, Cromwell, Conn.

AN UNSUITABILITY OF CASUAL FRIDAYS
Andy Staff, Truro, Mass.

A CO-OP OF CHICKENS
Sharon Lawyer, Rye, N.Y.

A POUND OF DOG MEAT
Ben Gottlieb, McLean, Va.

A PURSE OF WHISTLERS
O. F. Paige, N.Y.C.

A PAC OF LOBBYISTS
Greg Edwards, Denton, Tex.

A GALLOP OF POLLSTERS
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

A SHARE OF PROPHETS
Lucy Oblonsky, Hockessin, Del.

AN EXTRA RATION OF OXYMORONS
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

A CRASH OF COMPUTER OPERATING SYSTEMS
Ben Signer, Beachwood, Ohio

A SEQUESTER OF JURIES
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

A GAPE OF EXHIBITIONISTS
Steve Berger, Jamesport, N.Y.

A GROSS OF FLASHERS
Ellen Berger, Jamesport, N.Y.

A STONE OF SCONES
Brian Smith, Stamford, Conn.

A PROPOS OF NOTHING
Chuck Smith, Woodbridge, Va.

A SCOOP OF REPORTERS
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

A TROVE OF TRUMPS
Michael Andrews, Miami Beach, Fla.

A SPACKLING OF PLASTERERS
Barbara Miller, N.Y.C.

A DUSTING OF ANTIQUARIANS
Jon Lloyd, Shadyside, Pa.

A PURGE OF SUPERMODELS
Larry Levy, N.Y.C.

A PRECINCT OF DOUGHNUTS
Samantha Levy, N.Y.C.;
Thomas P. Dolan, Freeport, N.Y.

A HANKERING OF OSCARS
Elaine Gangloff, Amityville, N.Y.

AN ANECDOTAGE OF TAXI DRIVERS
A. Solinsky, Amityville, N.Y.

A CURRY OF CABBIES
Tommy de Leo, Ozone Park, N.Y.

A HILL OF MAFIA INFORMERS
Gene Duffy, Bonita Springs, Fla.

A FIERCENESS OF LOYALTY
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

A ROUX OF CHEFS
Sarah Gaymon, Gambrills, Md.

A GALLIMAUFRY OF BUCKLEYS
Skip Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.

A HEAP OF 18-MONTH-OLD COMPUTERS
Steven Scher, Bronx

A HAIL OF BLOODY MARYS
Donald Leighton, Jersey City, N.J.

A CONCORDAT OF WORMS
Joan Pollich, Farmingdale, N.Y.

A PRENUP OF TROPHY WIVES
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

A FISSURE OF DIVORCE ATTORNEYS
Lisa Drickey, McConnellsville, N.Y.

AN ONSLAUGHT OF CATALOGS
Kitty G. Brown, Akron, Ohio

A —— OF MINIMALISTS
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHARDS
Elaine Amdur, Kingston, Pa.

A PARTHENON OF COLUMNISTS
Sarah Kathleen, Regina, Sask.

AN HEIR OF ENTITLEMENT
Brian Bracey, Atlanta, Ga.

A DREAD OF DENTISTS
Joan Ihn, Medford, N.Y.

A DISQUIETUDE OF DIK DIK
J. B. May, Sawyerville, Ala.

A FESTERING OF SITCOMS
Andrew Gordon, Los Angeles, Calif.

A SILHOUETTE OF SOCIALITES
A. Leffingwell, Colchester, Conn.

A PECK OF SNIFFS
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

A SYZYGY OF SCRABBLE PLAYERS
Linda Forte, N.Y.C.

A CRAVEN OF HORRORS
David Yarnell, Los Angeles, Calif.
similarly: Alan Levine, Massapequa, N.Y.

A DOCKET OF JAYWALKERS
Stan Gully, Annandale, N.J.

A CLIQUE OF ONLINE SHOPPERS
Ivan K. Freeman, N.Y.C.

A SPROUT OF VEGETARIANS
Elaine Stallworth, New Port Richey, Fla.

A MOTLEY OF CRUISES
Bal Golden, Ridgewood, N.J.

A PERCENTAGE OF AGENTS
Seth R. Greenky, N.Y.C.

AN ASYLUM OF DAY TRADERS
Dottie Black, Lakewood, Ohio

A NUISANCE OF ONE-CENT STAMPS
Belinda Folsey, Los Angeles, Calif.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENTS
similarly: Judith Eisner, Brooklyn
Joan Catz, Amityville, N.Y.

A LATTÈ OF CAPPUCCINI
Jeanette Werman, Exeter, N.H.

A FLATUS OF PUNDITS
William Moore, Ylakalliontie, Finland
similarly: Tanya Ringland, Chevy Chase, Md.

A PECK OF HENS
David Diamond, Miami Beach, Fla.

A BROOD OF TEENAGERS
Debbie Rodriguez, Novi, Mich.

A STANZA OF MINSTRELS
Caroline B. Form, Somerville, Mass.

A PITCH OF SCREENWRITERS
Alvin Easter, Minneapolis, Minn.

A LOT OF MOVIE EXTRAS
G. N. Pigue, Sunnyside, N.Y.

A SWOOP OF BARGAINS
Jeannie Sakol, N.Y.C.

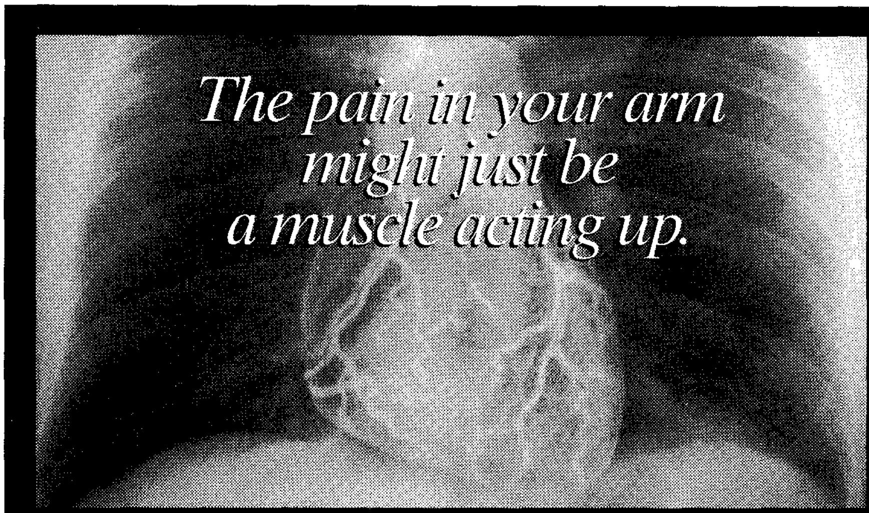
A FILE OF LIBRARIANS
Steve Goldstein, N.Y.C.

A TIRE OF TAILORS
Raphael Shells, Sunnyside, N.Y.

AN OZ. OF WIZARDRY
Nita Lamborghini, Newburyport, Mass.

Duplicated: HORDE OF HOOKERS. CORPS OF APPLES. RASH OF DERMATOLOGISTS. CLOSET OF NOSEGAYS. MATTER OF PRINCIPALS. GAGGLE OF CENSORS. MASS OF CLERICS. GORUP OF DYSLEXICS. HERD OF AUDIOPHILES. SHORTAGE OF MIDGETS. BUSHEL OF POLS. KNOT OF WINDSORS. BRACE OF ORTHODONTISTS. SLEW OF SOPRANOS.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 964, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by March 3. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the March 27 issue.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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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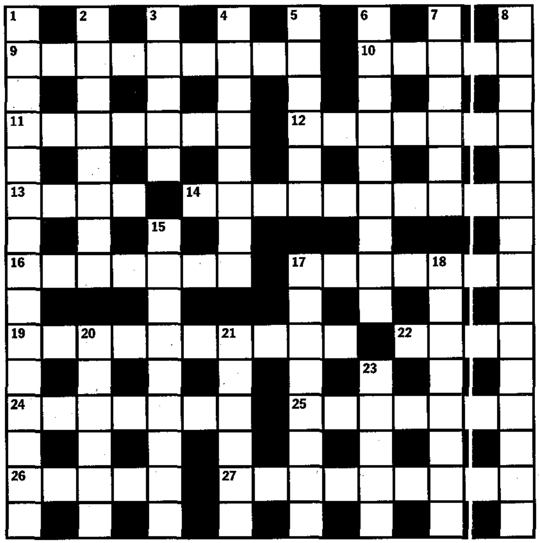
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- **9** A case for cultural development. (9)
- **10** Are about to perform worship. (5)
- **11** She's seen spinning round at a rink. (7)
- **12** Knew what was expected. (7)
- **13** Role reversal can let an actor down. (4)
- **14** Learn a craft? He's bound to. (10)
- **16** Arranged, but not voluntary. (7)
- **17** Get rid of players on strike. (4,3)
- **19** Extra space may be mensurable. (10)
- **22** Small yet troublesome inflammation. (4)
- **24** Stinging bill is returned and is cut, perhaps. (7)
- **25** Ends interim arrangements. (7)
- **26** Fantastic to be out and about. (5)
- **27** Stand by ascetic. (9)



DOWN

- **1** Persistent parking offender at the station. (6,9)
- **2** Not the only part of the UK wanting tax to come down. (8)
- **3** Stirring up a gathering. (5)
- **4** Bound to be short of cash. (8)
- **5** Quietly mention favor. (6)
- **6** Frequent praise not unusual. (9)
- **7** Carbon said to contain growth of small trees. (6)
- **8** Where there's space for readers to use their imagination. (7,3,5)
- **15** Girls that are darker—from better sun? (9)
- **17** Chips for computers. (8)
- **18** Layman has little chance of success. (8)
- **20** Its captain was put off by the crew. (6)
- **21** Prescription for success in the kitchen. (6)
- **23** Construct ring road on royal command. (5)

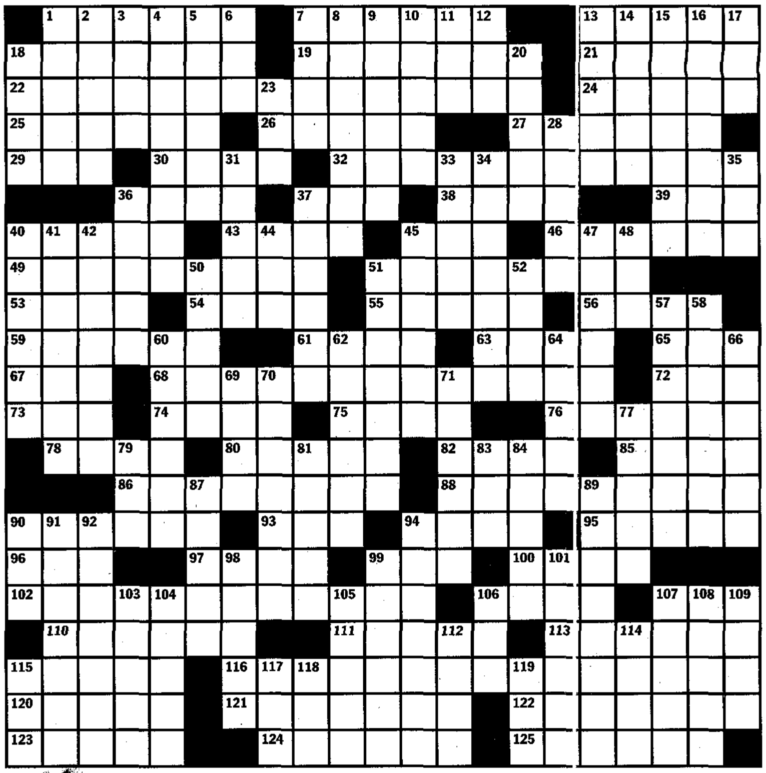
'Cockney, Interpreted': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- **1** *Athletic activities*
- **7** Frightened
- **13** Door fastening
- **18** Hash house
- **19** Virginia vine
- **21** Small egg
- **22** Plane flying off?
- **24** *Ricochet*
- **25** Remaining undamaged
- **26** "Tomorrow" singer
- **27** Mental ability
- **29** Car fill-up
- **30** Pile
- **32** How to change llama to lama?
- **36** Aviary resident
- **37** Foot, to Caesar
- **38** Bisected portion
- **39** Psychic Geller
- **40** Dining-room must
- **43** Otologists' concerns
- **45** "Go get 'em, Fido!"
- **46** Makes joyful
- **49** Who's Who?
- **51** Soused
- **53** Unassertive
- **54** Arabic A
- **55** Much larger
- **56** Bottled (up)
- **59** One of the Gallo brothers
- **61** Agenda listing
- **63** "A ——clock scholar"
- **65** German pronoun
- **67** Criterion: abbr.
- **68** Tired feeling from pigging out?
- **72** Second consonant
- **73** Golf ball's perch
- **74** Last Hebrew month
- **75** Fairy-tale villain
- **76** Snake poisons
- **78** Heavy cart
- **80** Indira Gandhi's father
- **82** Songsmith Paul
- **85** East of the Urals
- **86** Rocket feature
- **88** Message about Archie's health?
- **90** *Delay bedtime*
- **93** "Boob tubes"
- **94** Splitsville, U.S.A.
- **95** Weight-watcher's possession
- **96** Fort near Monterey
- **97** Berne's river
- **99** Cedar Rapids college
- **100** *Goes one better*
- **102** GM models welcome?
- **106** Kremlin abbr., once
- **107** Feedbag morsel
- **110** Shock effect
- **111** New York city on the Allegheny
- **113** *Place of worship*
- **115** Reek
- **116** Procedure before making sushi?
- **120** Therefore
- **121** Chewy, as pasta
- **122** Volcanic rocks
- **123** Slight advantages
- **124** Evaluate
- **125** King of Naples, in "The Tempest"

DOWN

- **1** *Silents actress Owen*
- **2** Treaties
- **3** Highest draft rating
- **4** O. Henry's "The Ransom of ——"
- **5** More hackneyed
- **6** Antonym's opposite: abbr.
- **7** CAT, for one
- **8** Cowers
- **9** Eagles' nests
- **10** Sublease
- **11** Lampshade finial
- **12** Iniquity site
- **13** All-stops train
- **14** Benefit
- **15** Number of people in attendance
- **16** Termination
- **17** *Sew the border*
- **18** Military hoosegow
- **20** ames Dean's image
- **23** Missing link
- **28** Gave nourishment again
- **31** What Monty Hall made
- **33** "A —— of beauty is . . .": Keats
- **34** Comedy's Buddy
- **35** Retort to "'tain't"
- **36** British chap
- **37** Word-starting syllable
- **40** Least wild
- **41** Gave the danger signal
- **42** Kitchen appliance
- **44** Jack Horner's last words
- **45** City on the Loire
- **47** Patti who was Broadway's Evita
- **48** Barbary beast
- **50** Lethal
- **51** Ailment in Holland's capital?
- **52** After "Able was I" in a famed palindrome
- **57** Capital of Cyprus
- **58** Run of ——
- **60** "I'll —— in My Dreams"
- **62** Rosebush prickles
- **64** Kim of "Moll Flanders"
- **66** Used-car transaction
- **69** Adjust the piano
- **70** "Mourning Becomes ——"
- **71** U.S. Navy builder
- **77** Drug cops
- **79** No matter which
- **81** Hang like a helicopter
- **83** Monastic lady
- **84** Nautical speed units
- **87** Twitch
- **89** Starbucks order
- **90** Chip off the old block
- **91** Raced in the Hambletonian
- **92** Doting on
- **94** Rats and such
- **98** Manila hemp
- **99** 1999 Grammy-winner Dion
- **101** Of the bones
- **103** Bengal soldier's weapon
- **104** Ellington and Wellington
- **105** Acting jobs
- **106** First numero
- **107** Some autobahn autos
- **108** —— the good
- **109** Trueheart of the comics
- **112** Ripens
- **114** Omery
- **115** "Murder, —— Wrote"
- **117** Ending for pay or schnozz
- **118** Zonked-out E.R. cases
- **119** Hoop gp.



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Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 10

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